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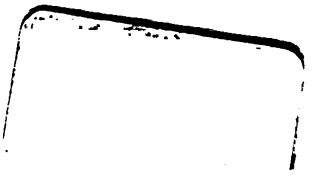

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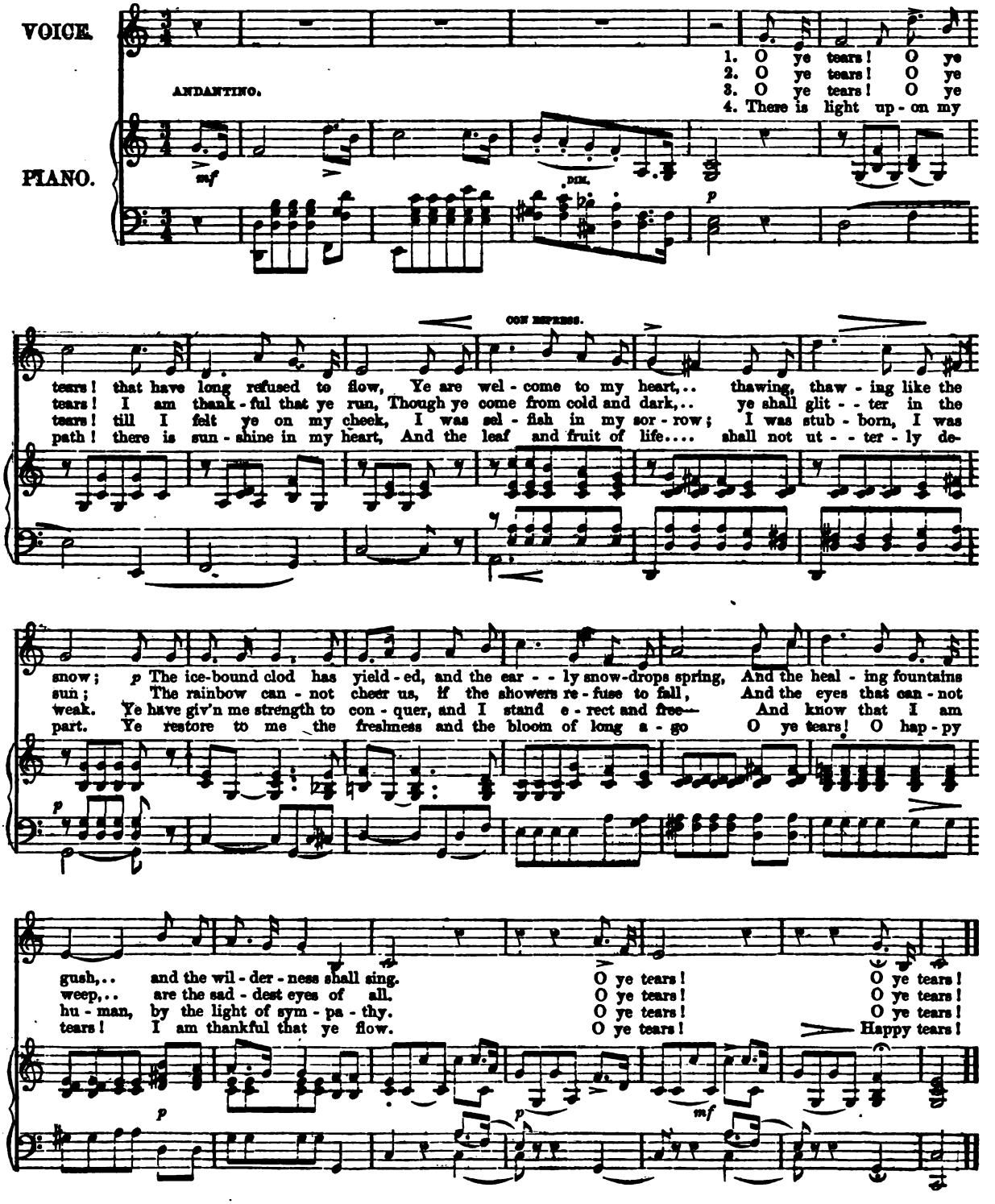
O YE TEARS! O YE TEARS!

Words by Dr. MACKAY. Music by FRANZ ABT.



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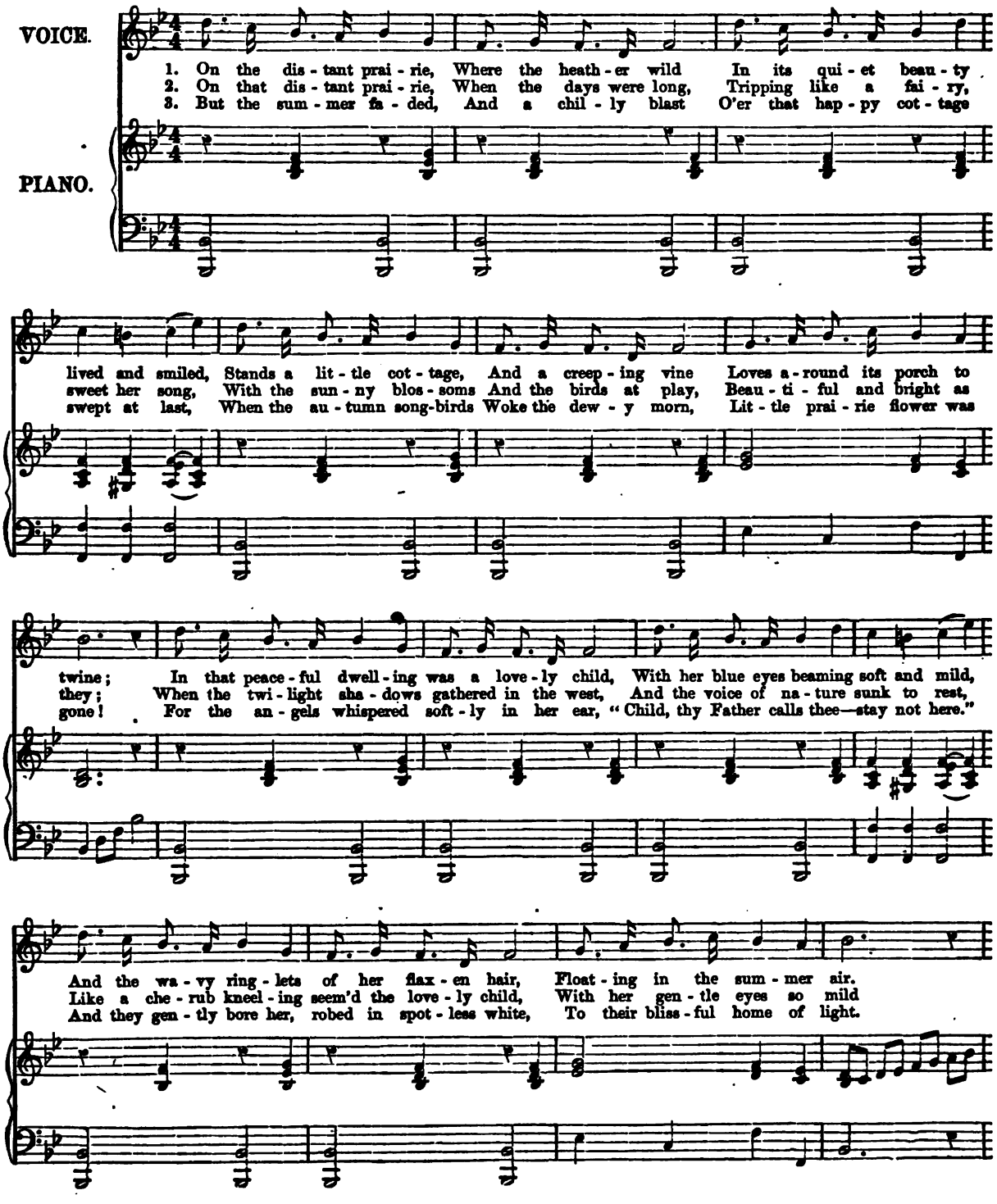
ROSALIE THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

MODERATO. G. F. ROOT.



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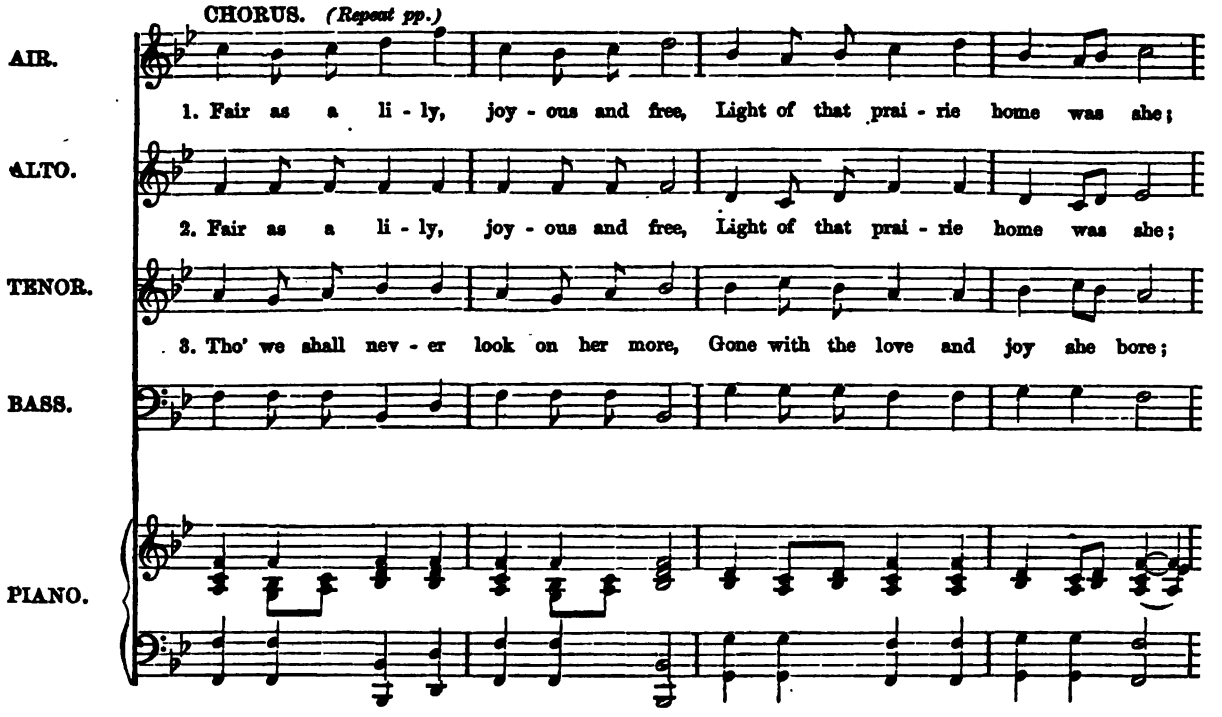

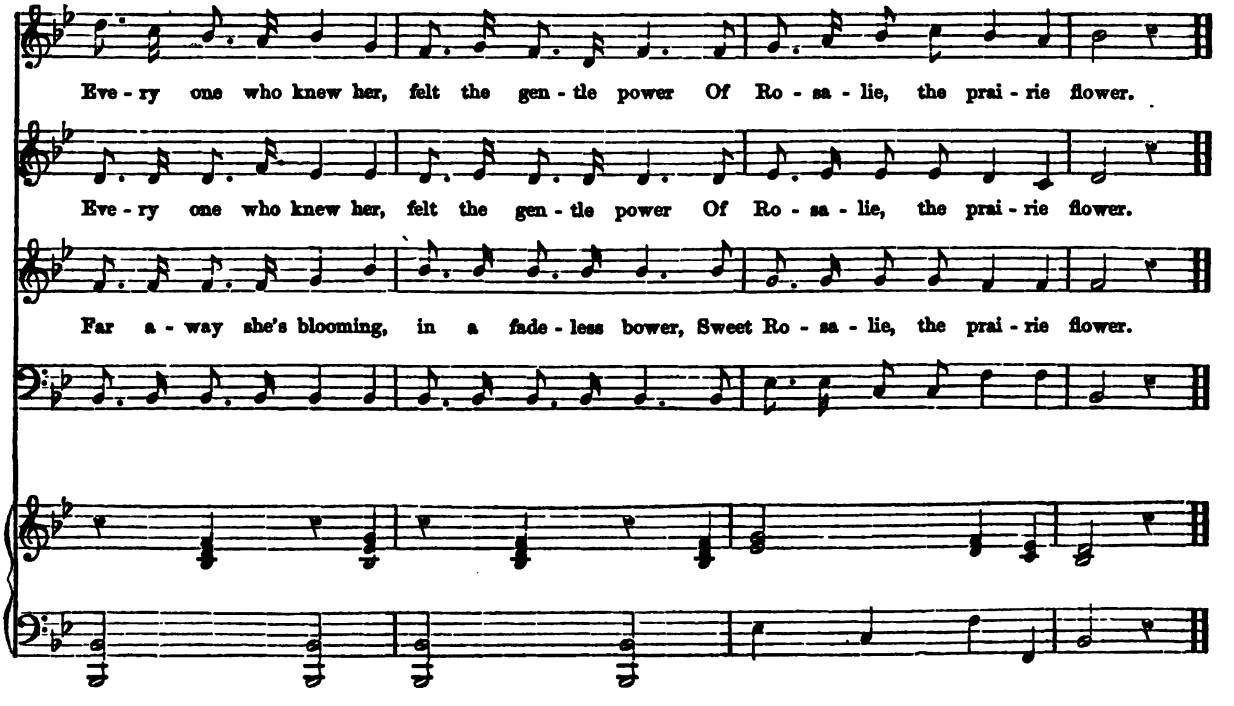

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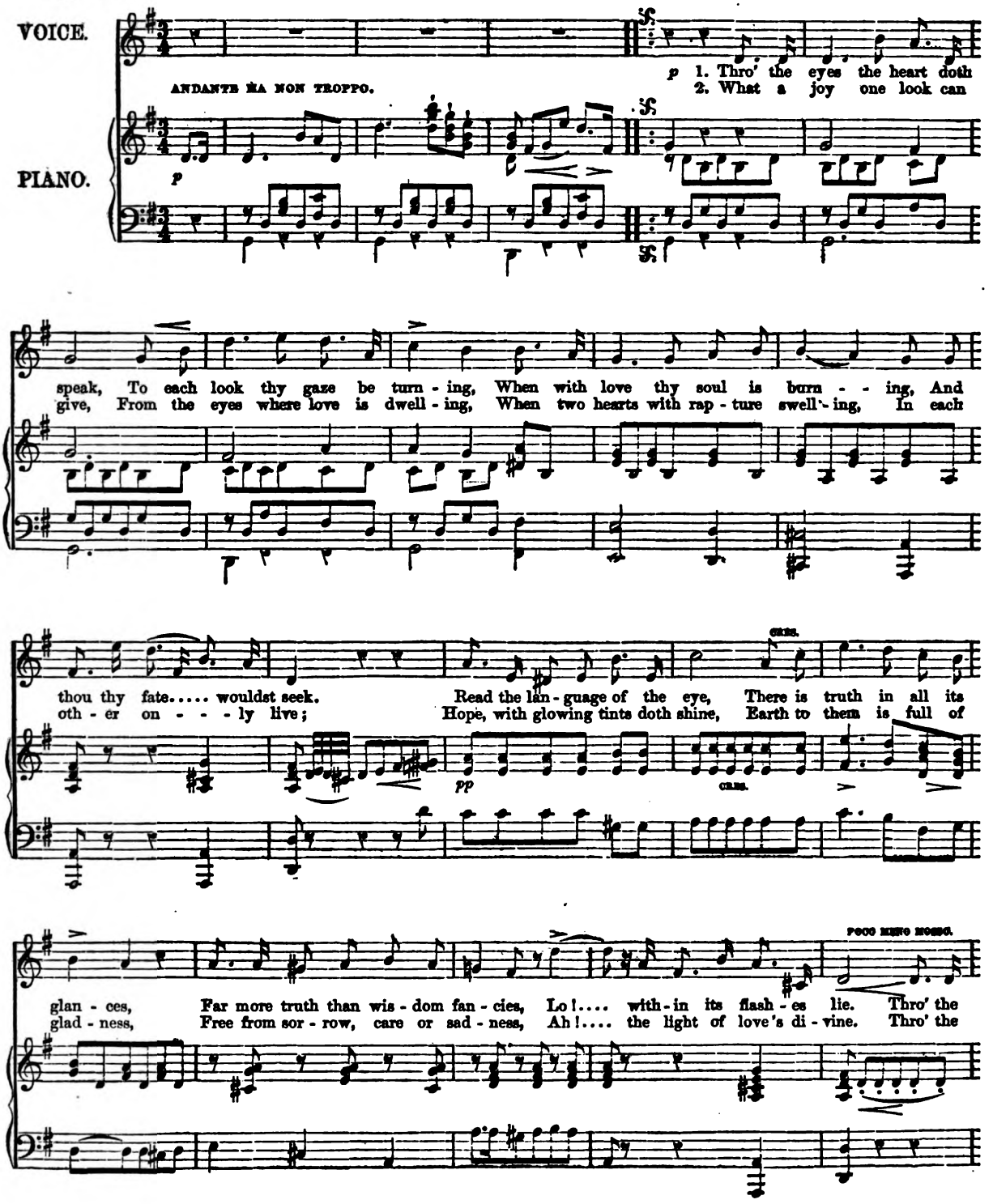
IN THE EYE THERE LIES THE HEART.

English Version by GEORGE LINLEY. Composed by FRANZ ABT.



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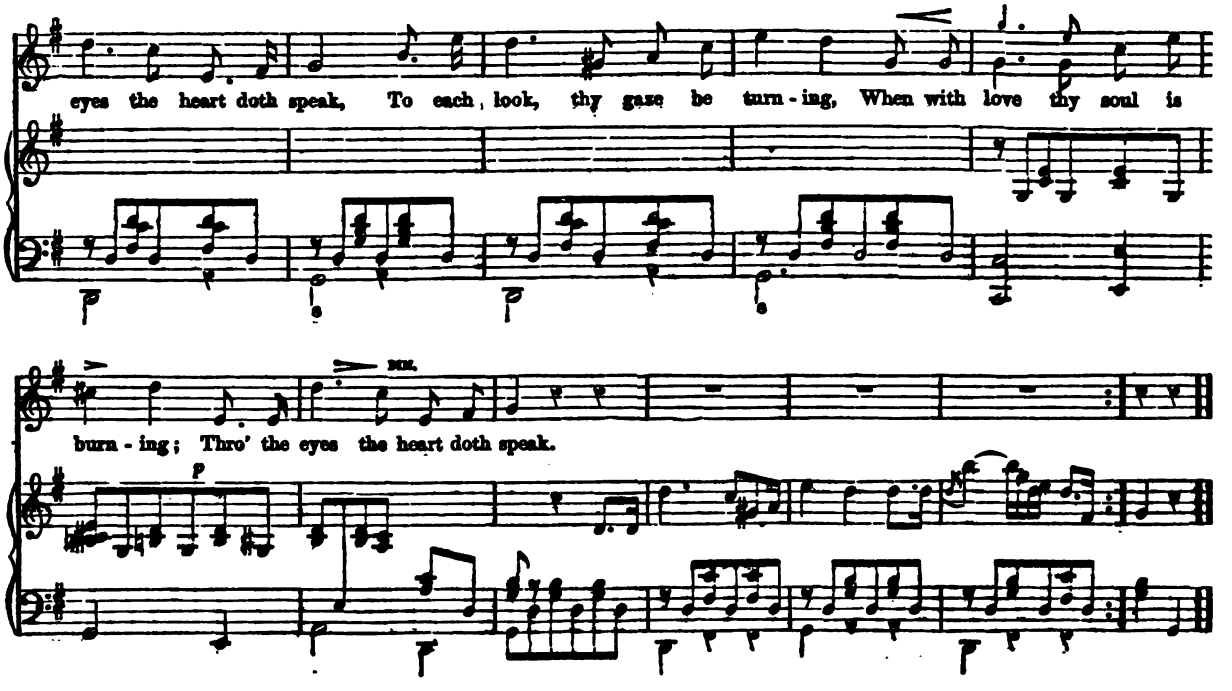
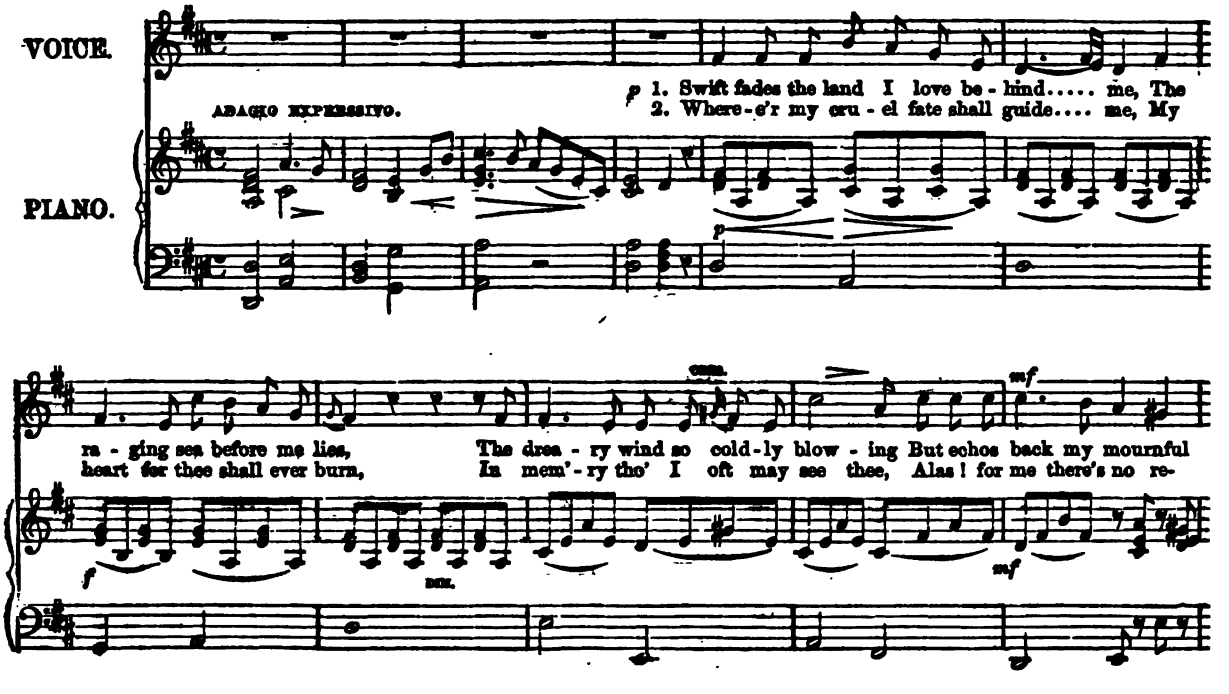
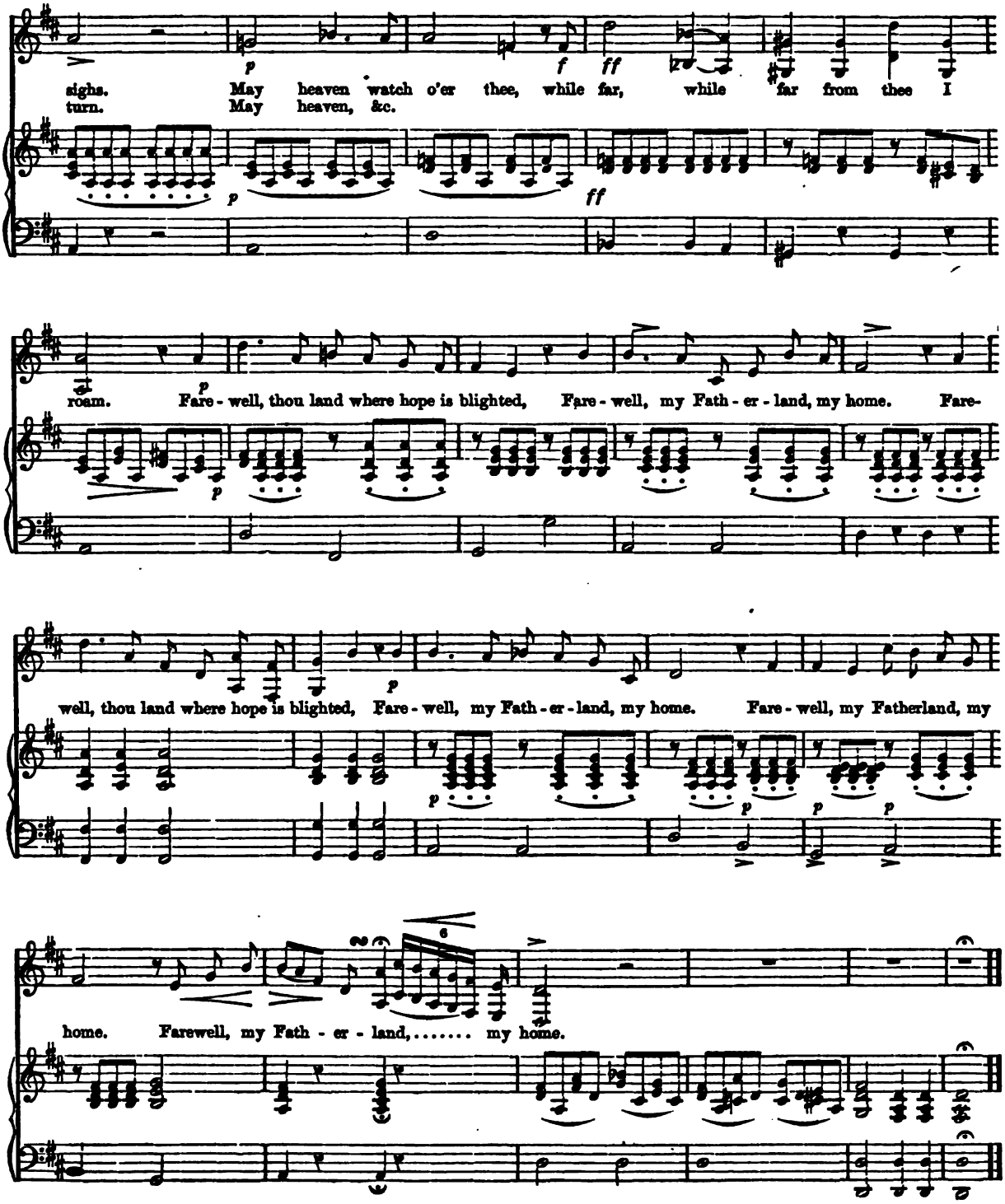


THE EXILE.

O. KELLER.





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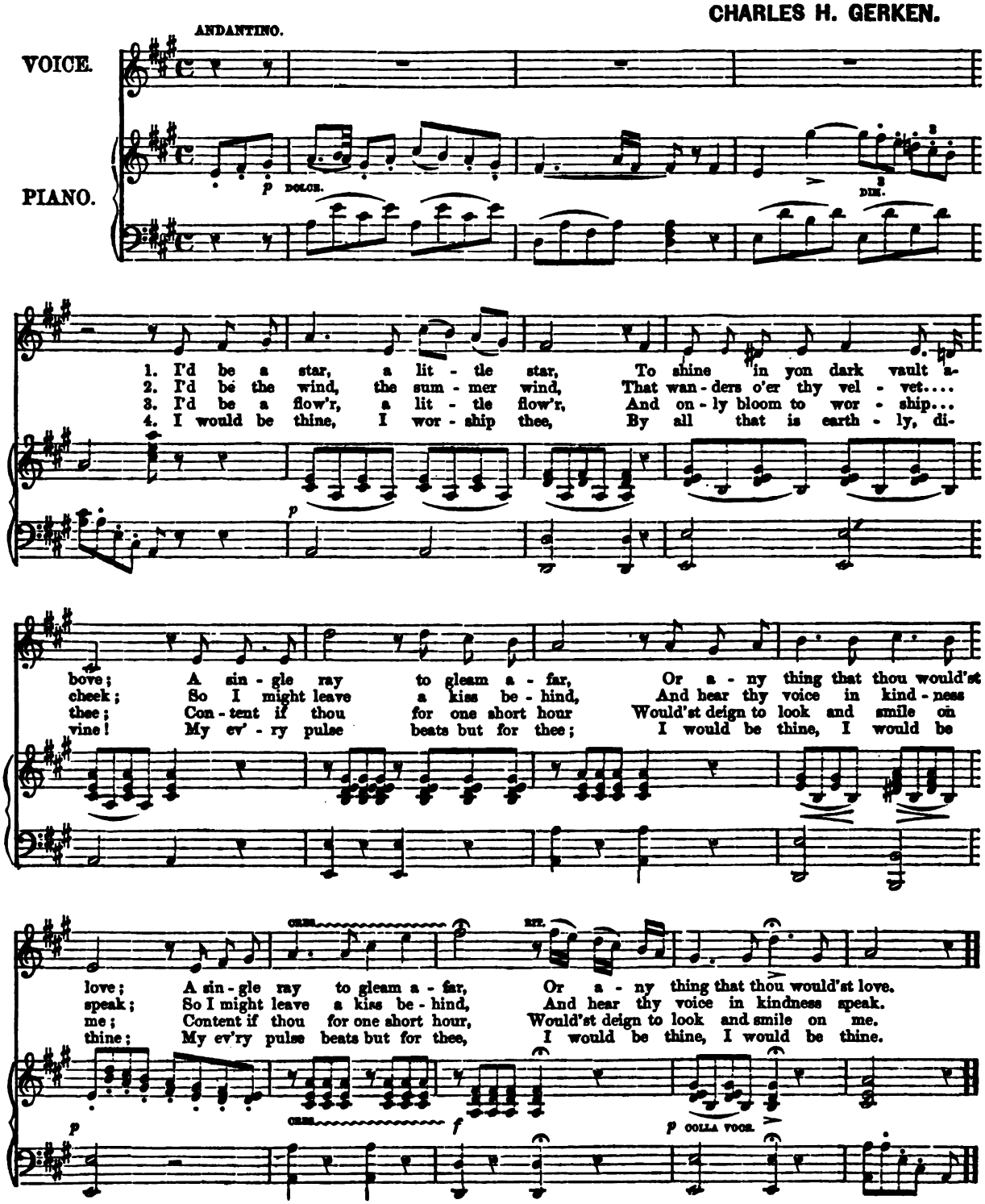
I'D BE A STAR.

CHARLES H. GERKEN.



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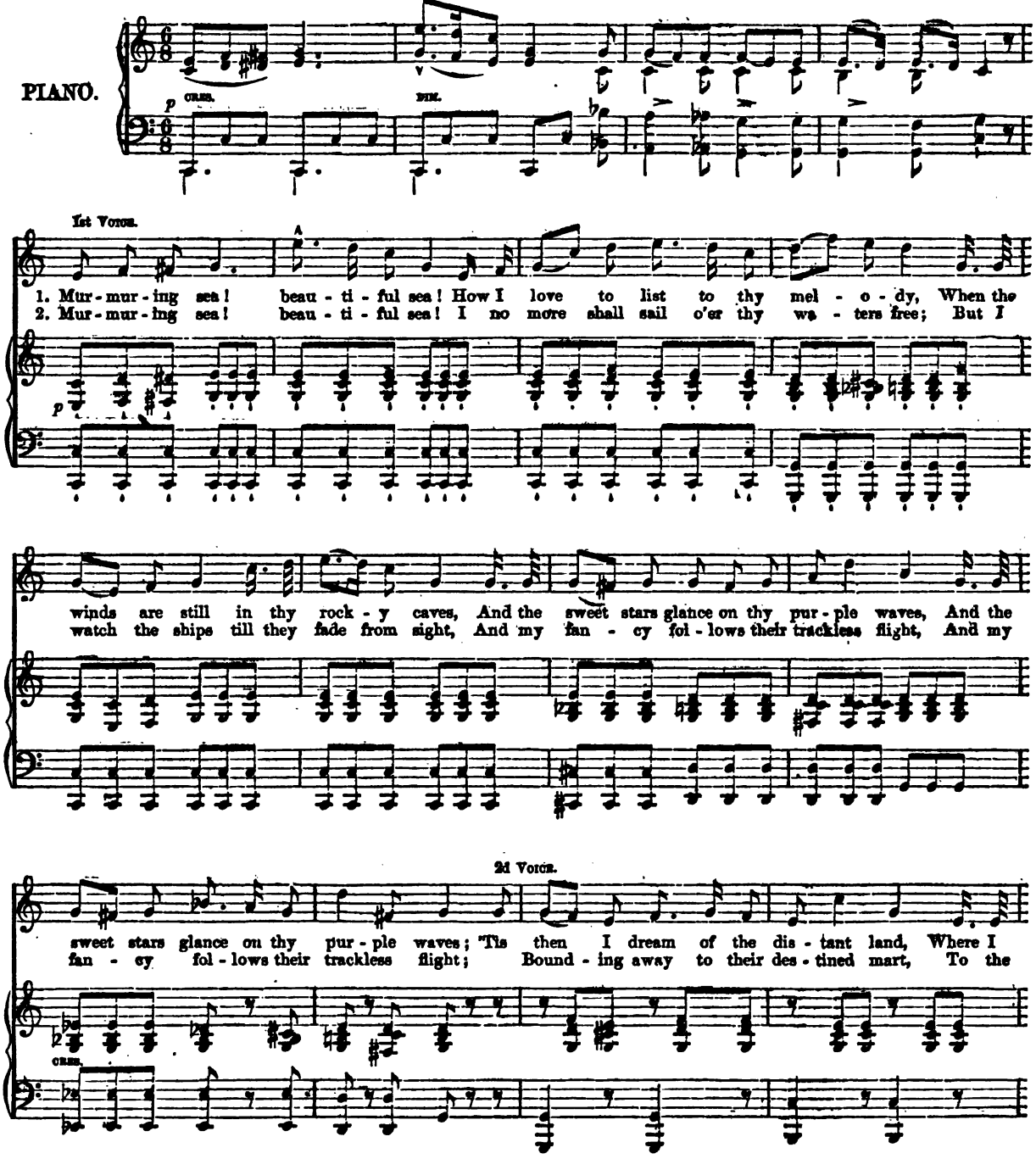
THE MURMURING SEA.

DUETT.

Words by Mrs. CRAWFORD. Music by S. GLOVER.



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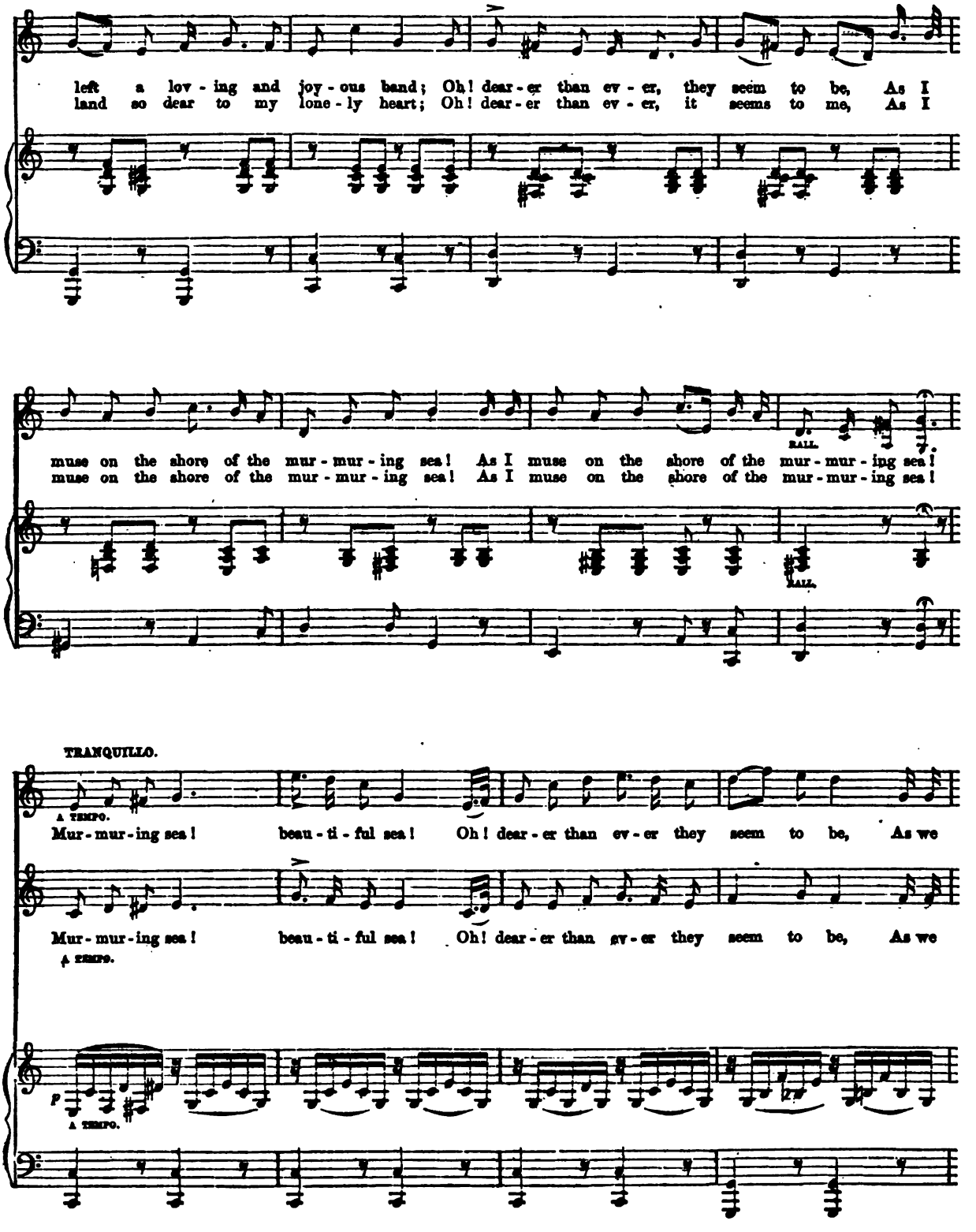
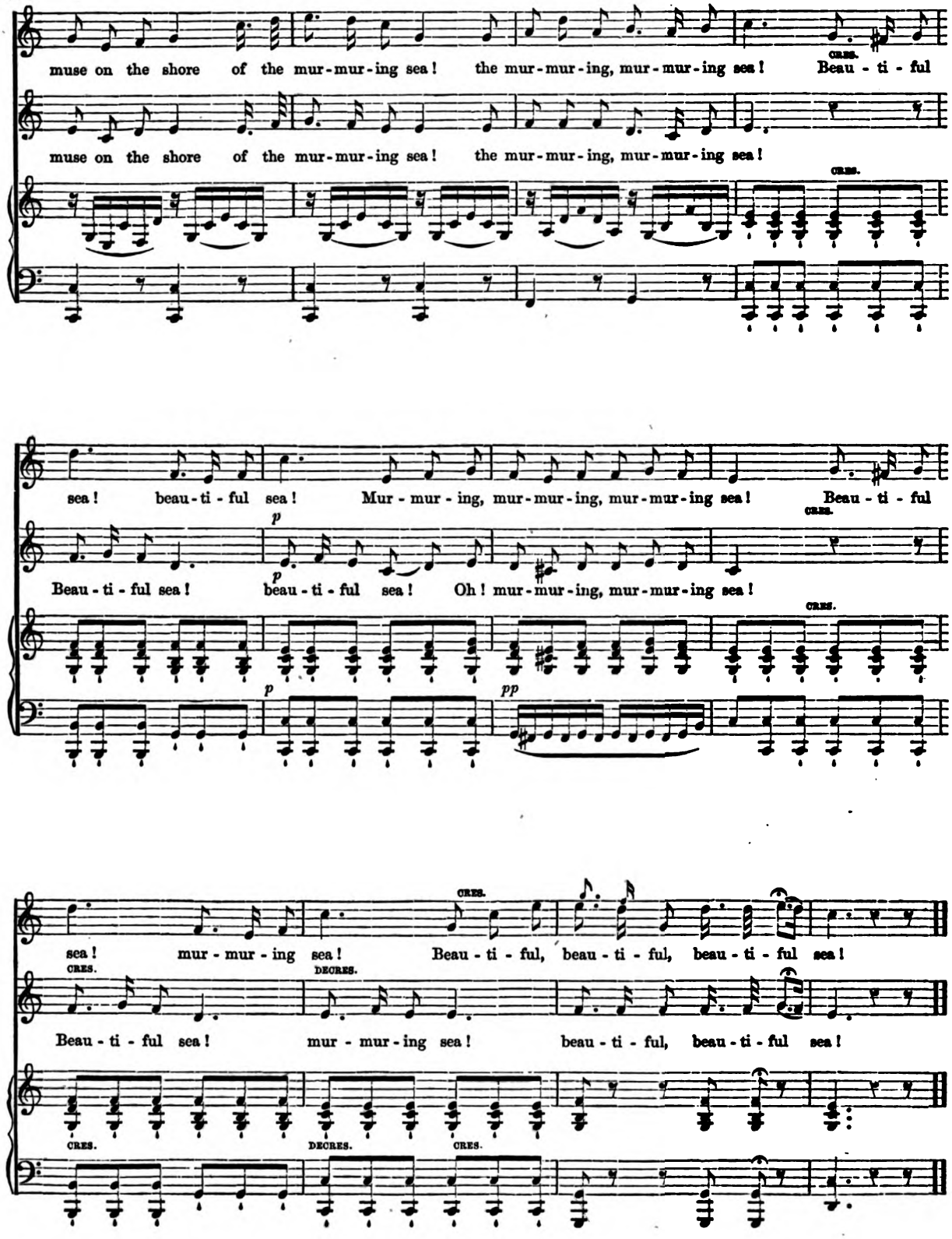

left a lov - ing and joy - ous band; Oh! dear - er than ev - er, they seem to be, As I
land so dear to my lone - ly heart; Oh! dear - er than ev - er, it seems to me, As I
muse on the shore of the mur - mur - ing sea! As I muse on the shore of the mur - mur - ing sea!
muse on the shore of the mur - mur - ing sea! As I muse on the shore of the mur - mur - ing sea!
RALL.
RALL.
TRANQUILLO.
A TEMPO.
Mur - mur - ing sea! beau - ti - ful sea! Oh! dear - er than ev - er they seem to be, As we
Mur - mur - ing sea! beau - ti - ful sea! Oh! dear - er than ev - er they seem to be, As we
A TEMPO.
P
A TEMPO.

THE MURMURING SEA.



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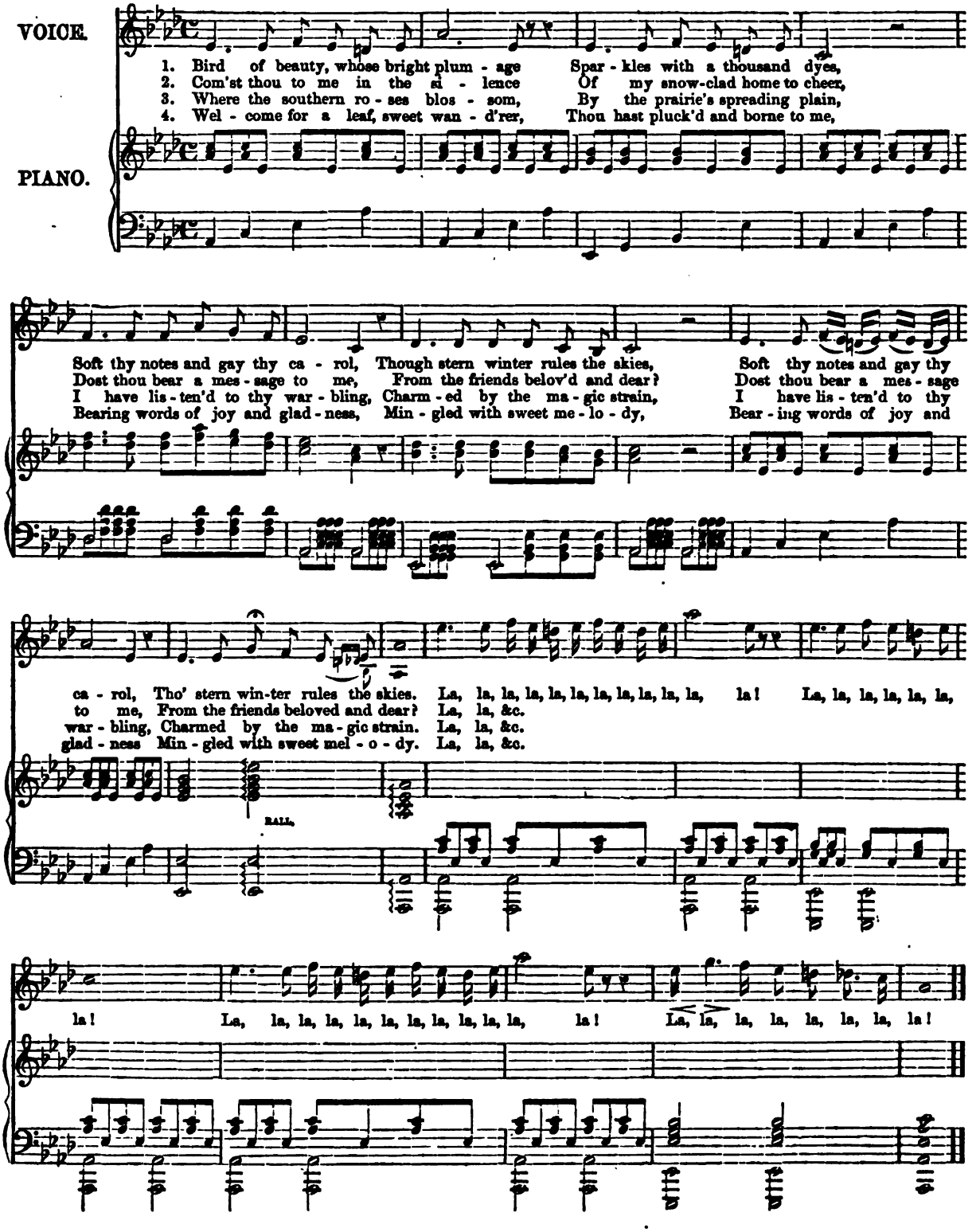
BIRD OF BEAUTY.

Miss M. B. SCOTT.



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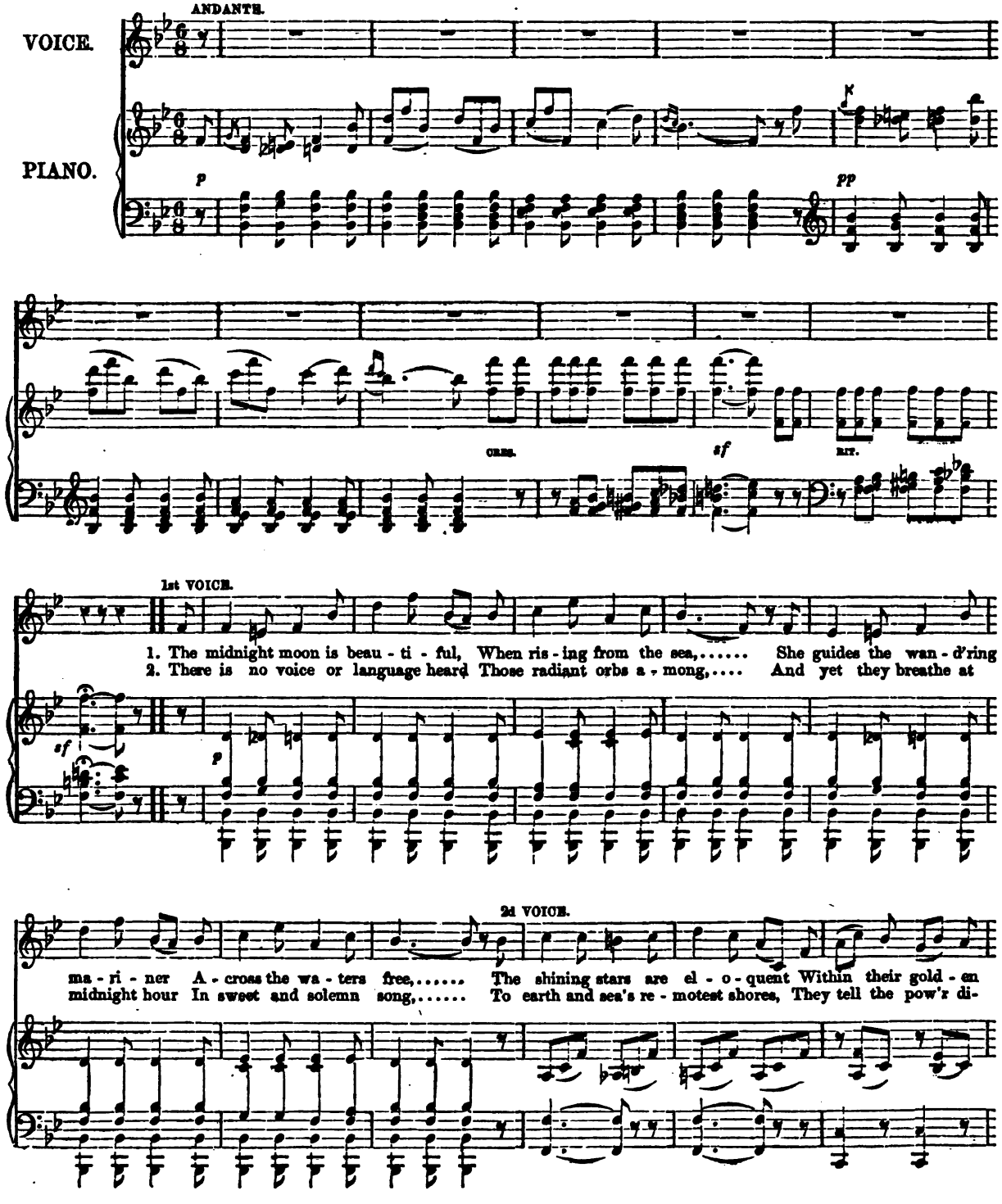
THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

DUETT.

Written by Mrs. CRAWFORD. Composed by S. GLOVER.



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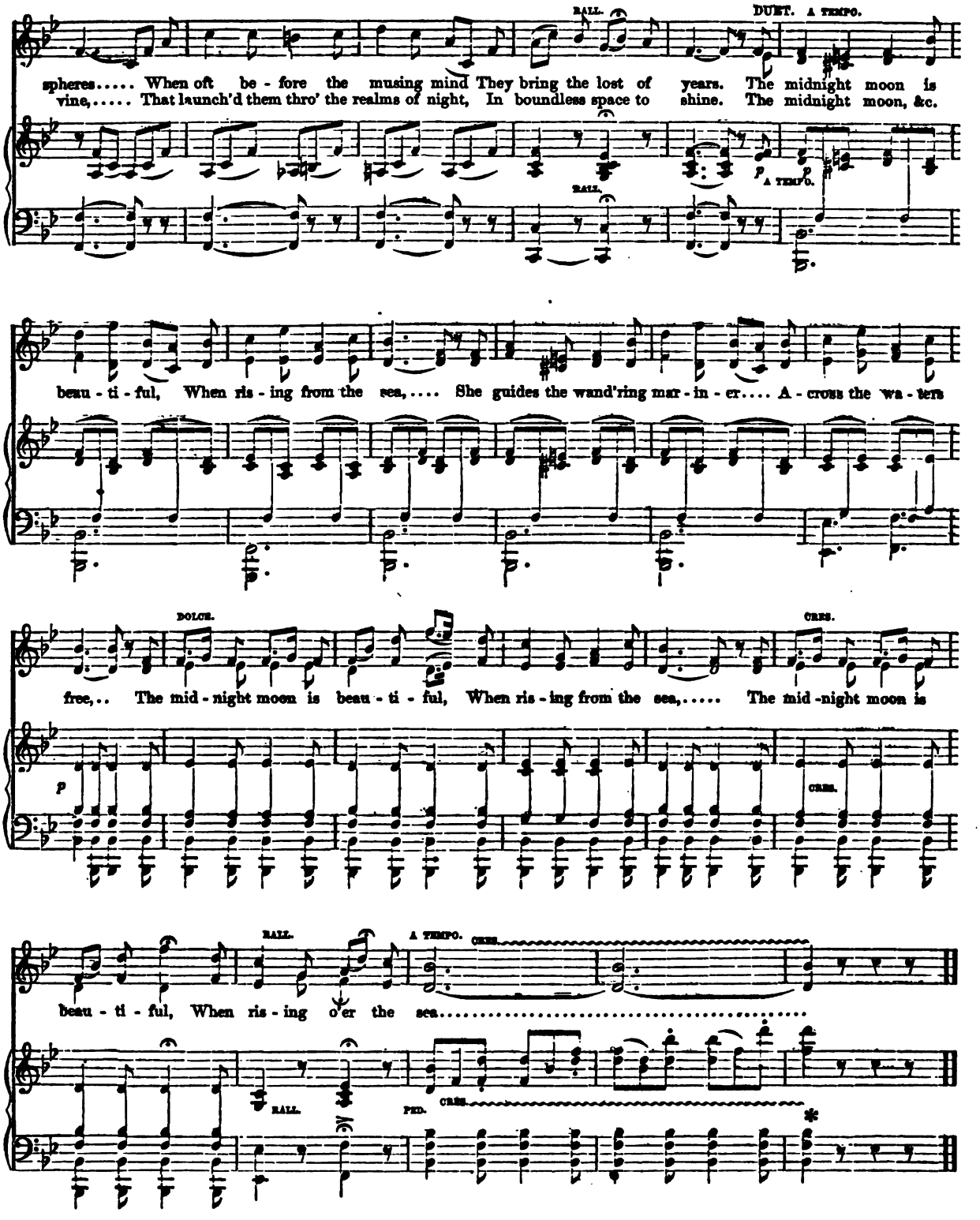
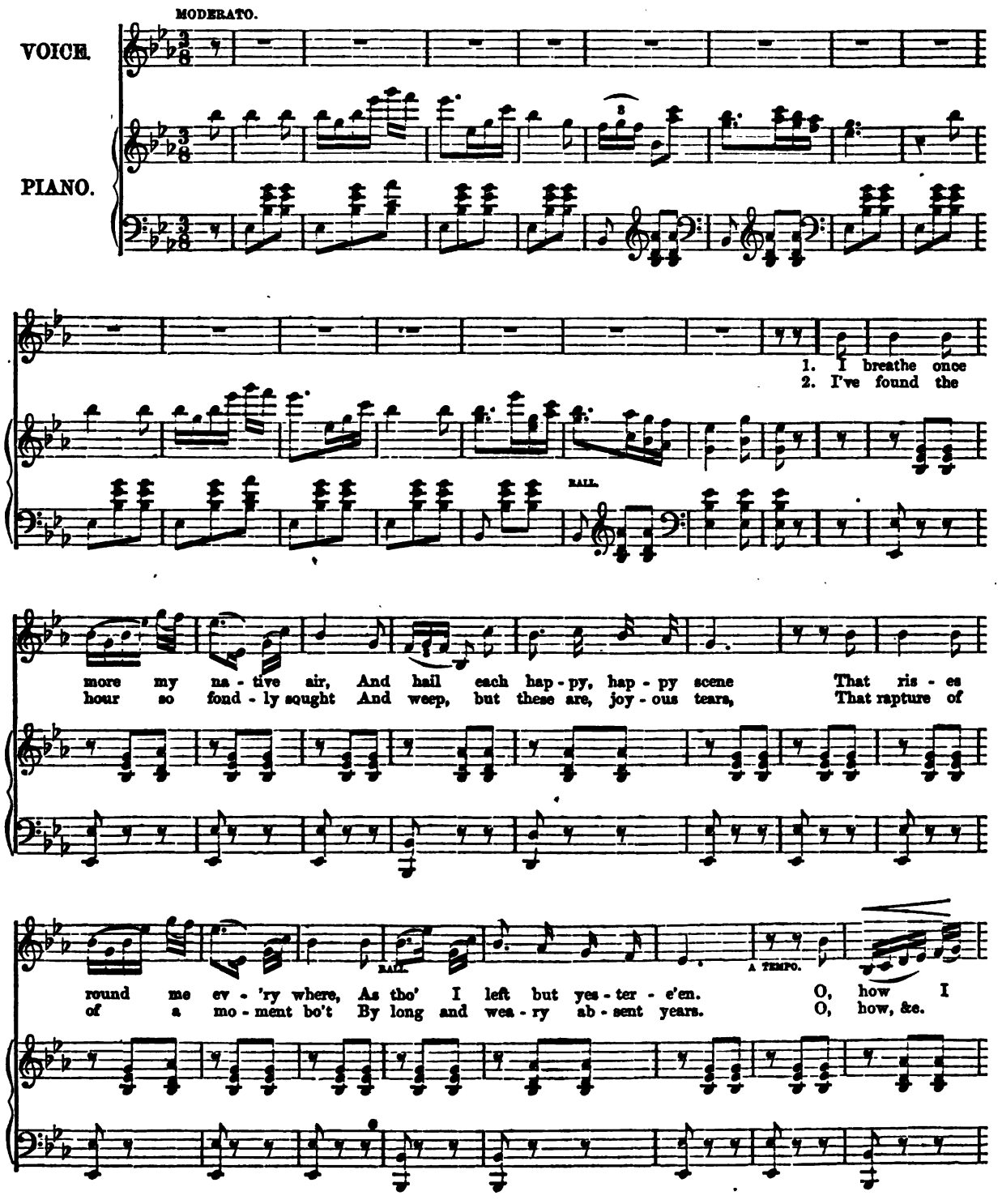

RALL.
DUET. A TEMPO.
spheres..... When oft be - fore the musing mind They bring the lost of years. The midnight moon is
vine,..... That launch'd them thro' the realms of night, In boundless space to shine. The midnight moon, &c.
A TEMPO.
RALL.
beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the sea,.... She guides the wand'ring mar - in - er.... A - cross the wa - ters
DOLCE.
CRES.
free,.. The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the sea,..... The mid - night moon is
CRES.
RALL.
A TEMPO.
CRES.
beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing o'er the sea.....
RALL.
PED.
CRES.

I BREATHE ONCE MORE MY NATIVE AIR.

Words by W. J. C. Music by R. F. HARVEY.



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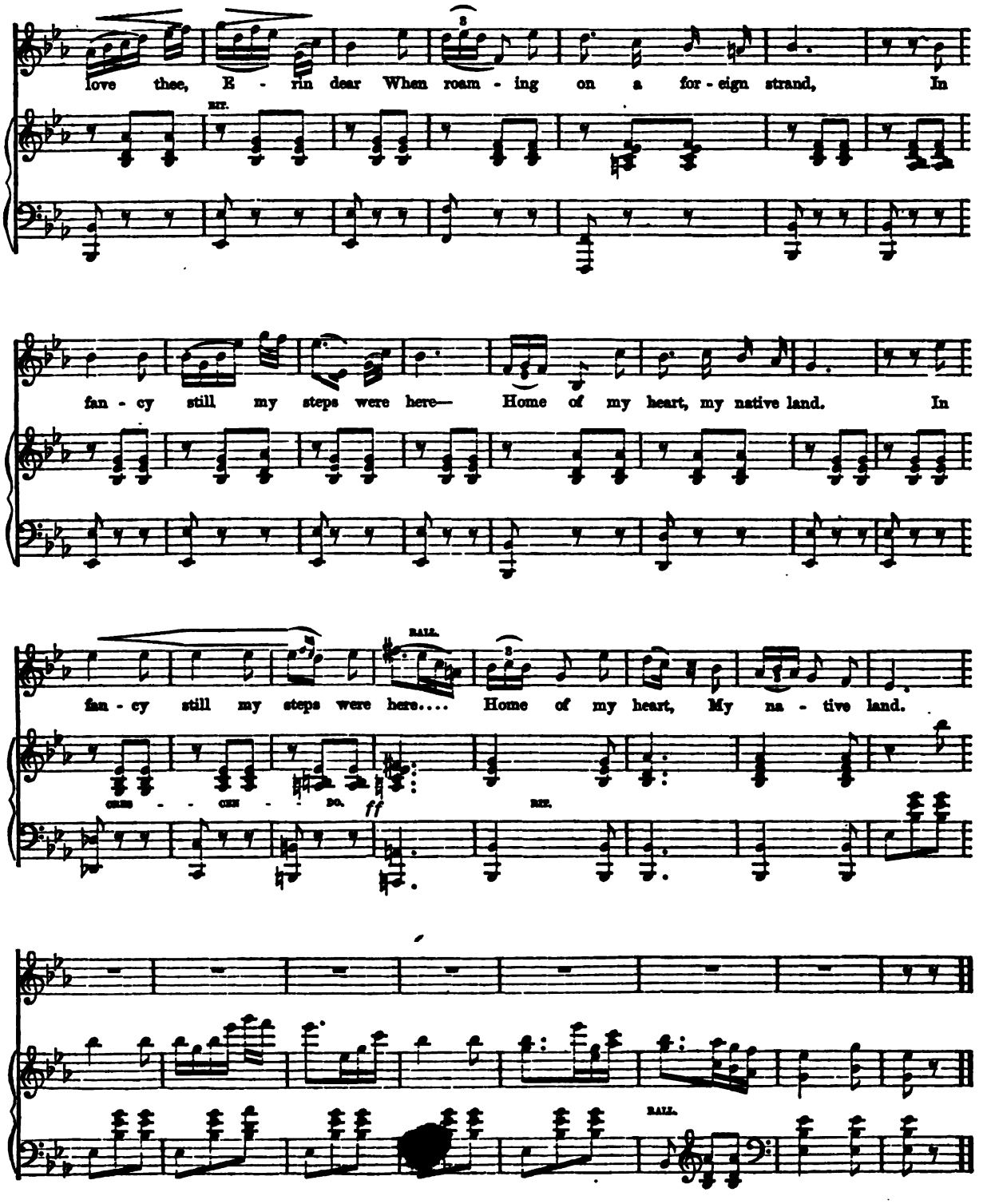

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I WANDERED BY THE BROOK SIDE.

Words by R. MONCKTON MILNES, Esq. Music by JAMES HINE.

ANDANTE AFFETUOSO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I wan - - der'd by the brook side, I wan - - der'd by the mill; I could not hear the brook flow, The noi - sy wheel was still; There was no burr of
2. I sat..... beneath the elm tree, I watch'd.... the long, long shade, And as it grew still long - er, I did not feel a - fraid; For I list - en'd for a
3. He came not, ah! no, he came not, The night..... came on a - lone; The lit - tle stars sat one by one, Each on his gold - en throne; The ev - 'ning air pass'd
4. Fast, si - - lent tears were flowing, When some - - thing stood be - hind— A hand was on my shoul - der, I knew its touch was kind; It drew me near - er,

grass - hopper, No chirp of a - ny bird— But the beat - ing of my own heart.... was
foot - fall, I list - en'd for a word— But the beat - ing of my own heart.... was
by my cheek, The leaves a - bove were stirr'd— But the beat - ing of my own heart.... was
near - er, We did not speak one word— But the beat - ing of our own hearts.... was

all the sound I heard.
all the sound I heard.
all the sound I heard.
all the sound we heard.

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ANNIE LAWRIE.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

ALLEGRETTO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - nie, where ear - ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Law - rie gave me her pro - mise true, Gave me her pro - mise true, true, and ne'er for - get will I, But for bon - nie An - nie Law - rie I'd lay me down and die.

2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, her throat is like the swan; Her..... face..... is the fair - est that e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie, &c.

3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, and she's a' the world to me, And for bon - nie, &c.

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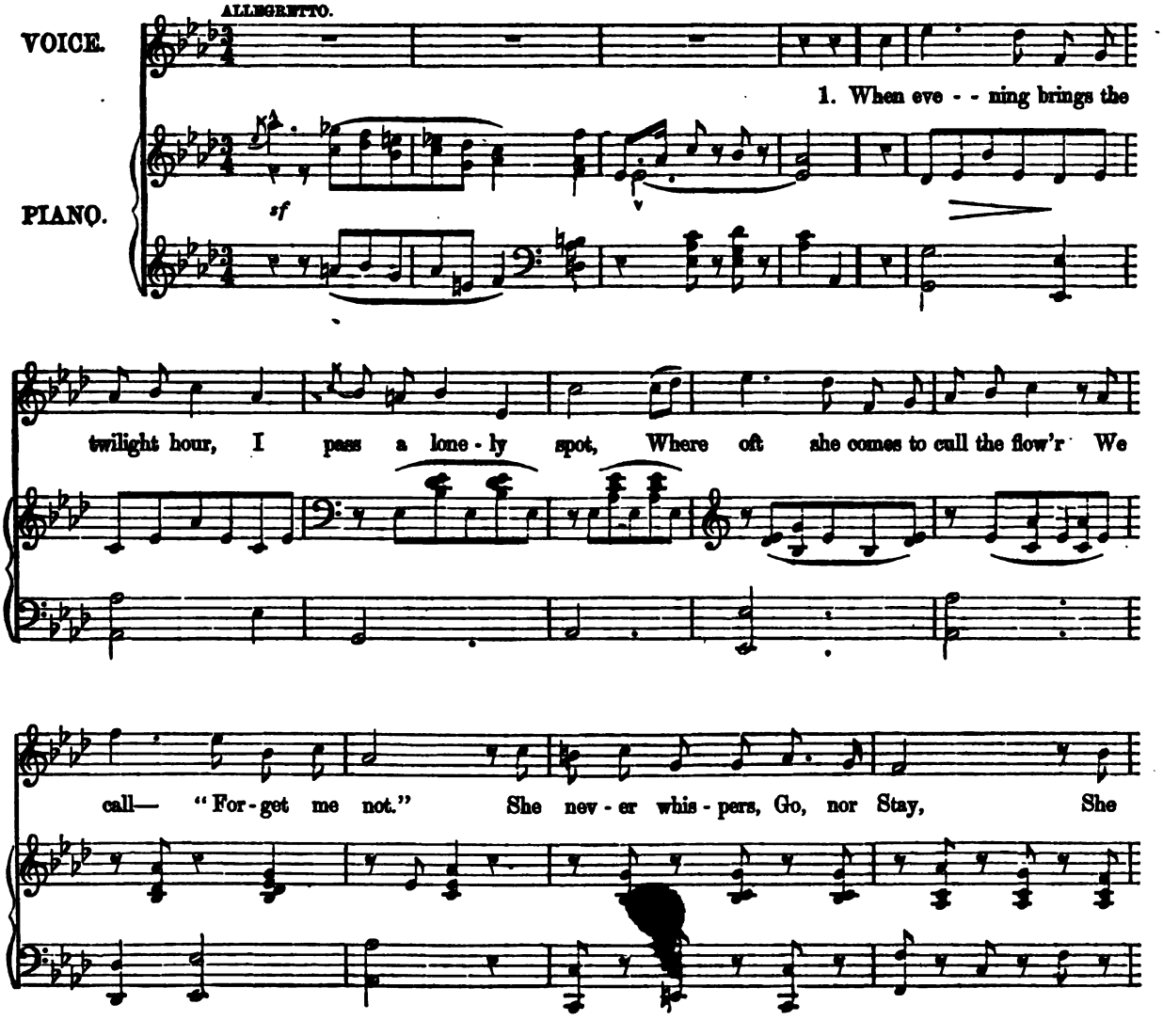
WE MET BY CHANCE.

A BALLAD.

Words by W. BARTHOLOMEW. Music by F. KUCKEN.



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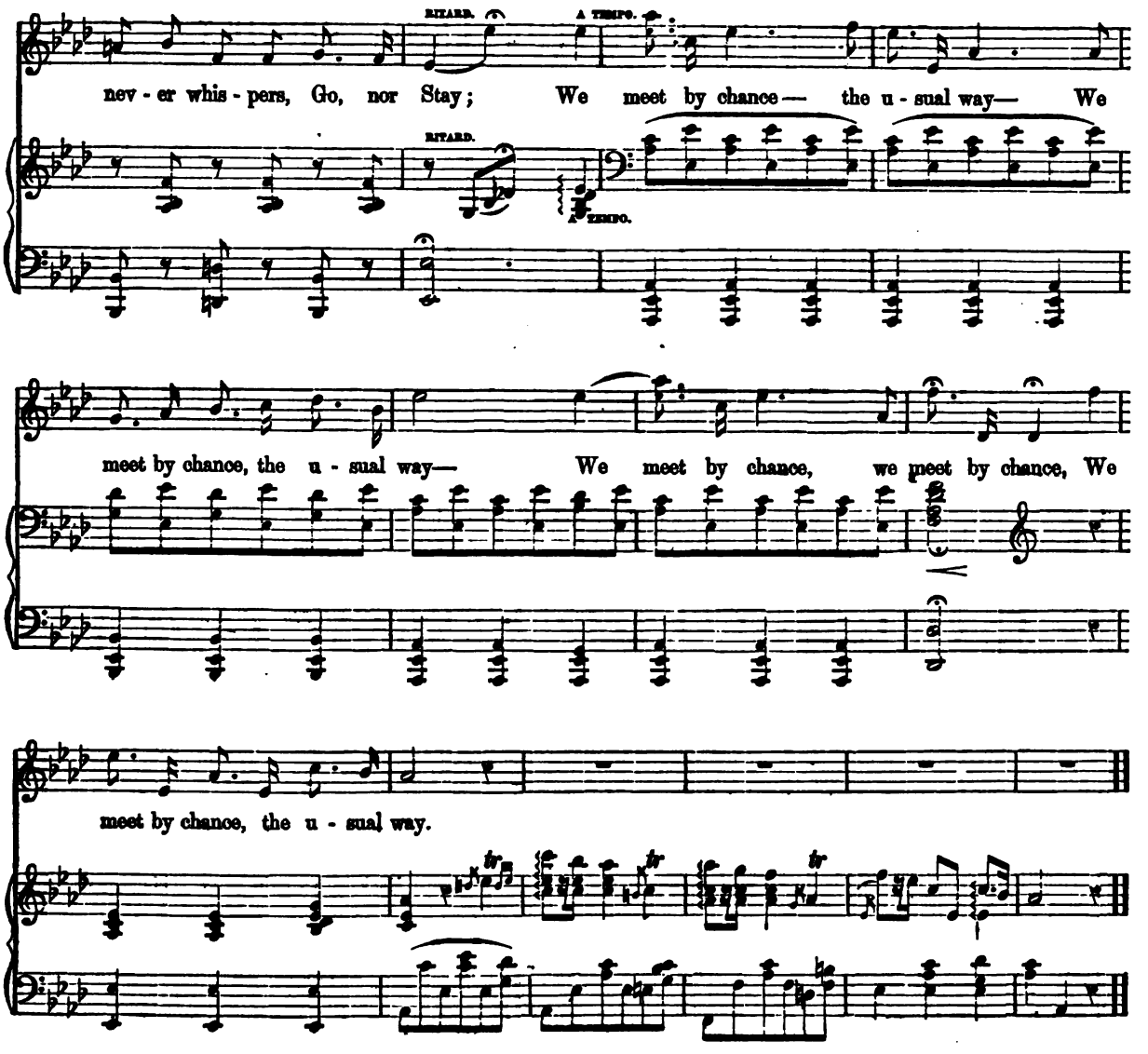

2.

Once,—how, I cannot well divine,
Unless by chance,—we kiss'd;
I found her lips were close to mine,
So I could not resist;
As neither whispered, Yea, nor Nay,
They met by chance—the usual way.

3.

The roses, when the zephyrs woo,
Impart what they receive;
They sigh, and sip the balmy dew,
But never whisper, Give.
Our love is mutual, this we know,
Though neither tells the other so.

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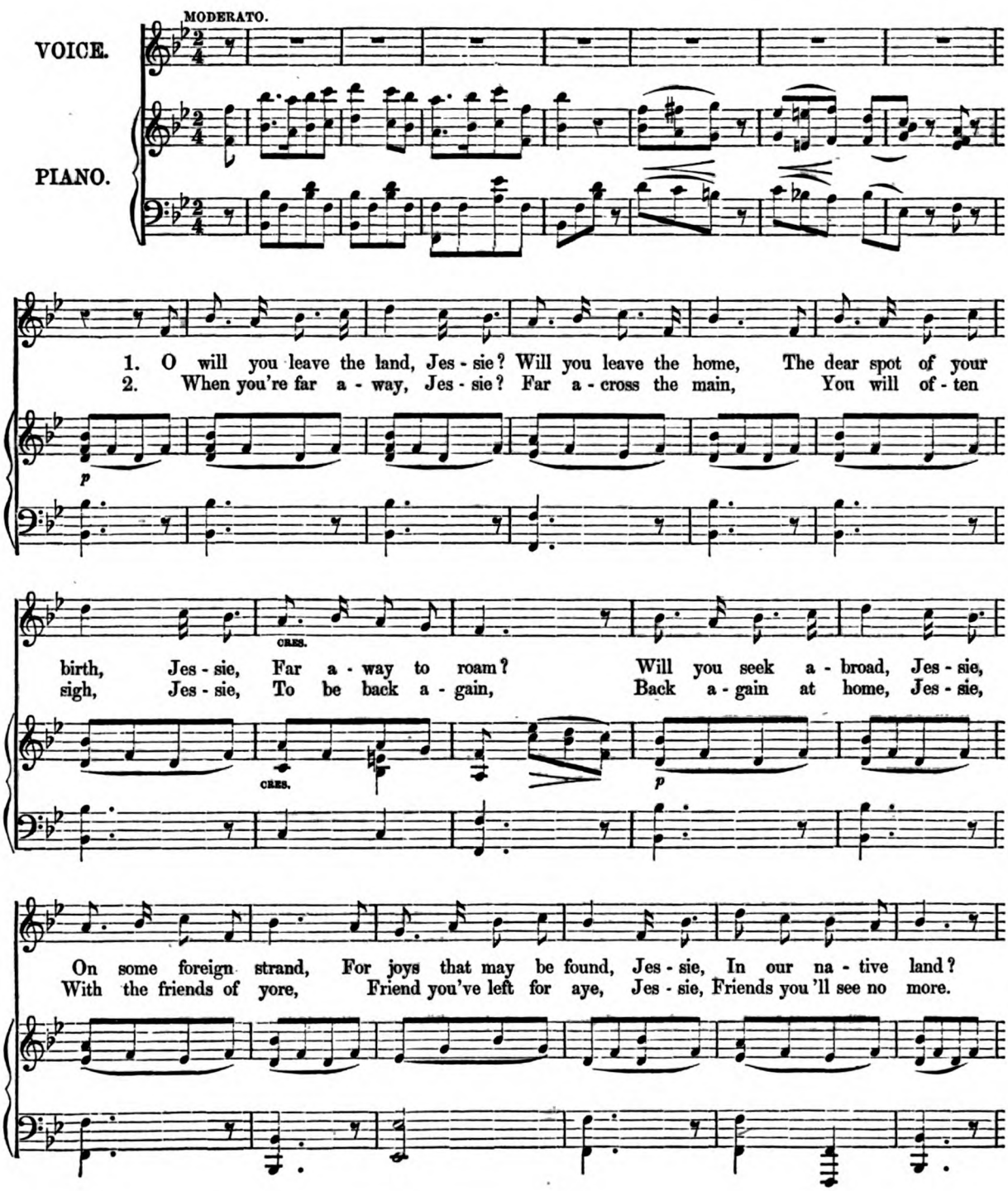
WILL YOU LEAVE THE LAND, JESSIE?

J. W. CHERRY.



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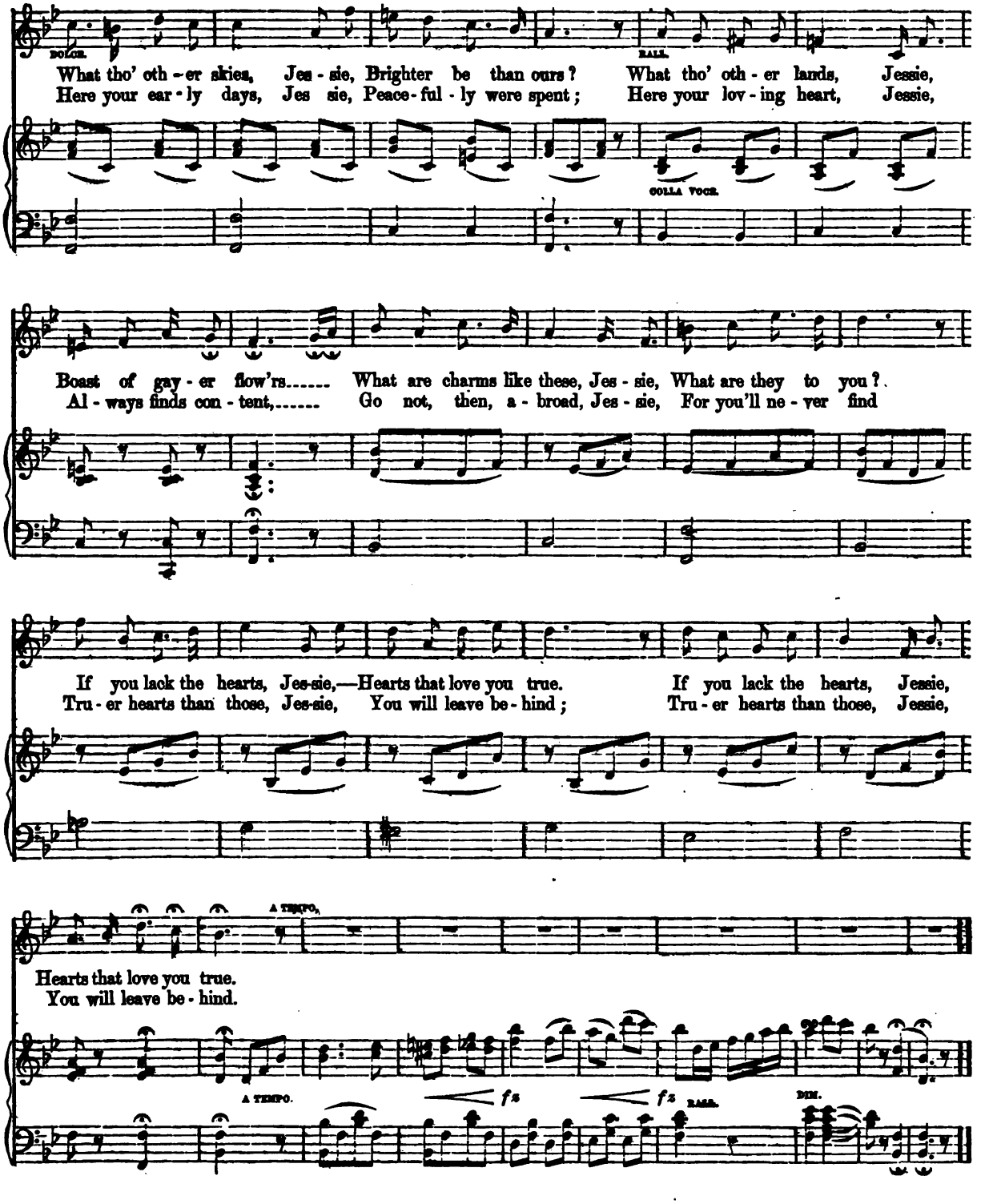

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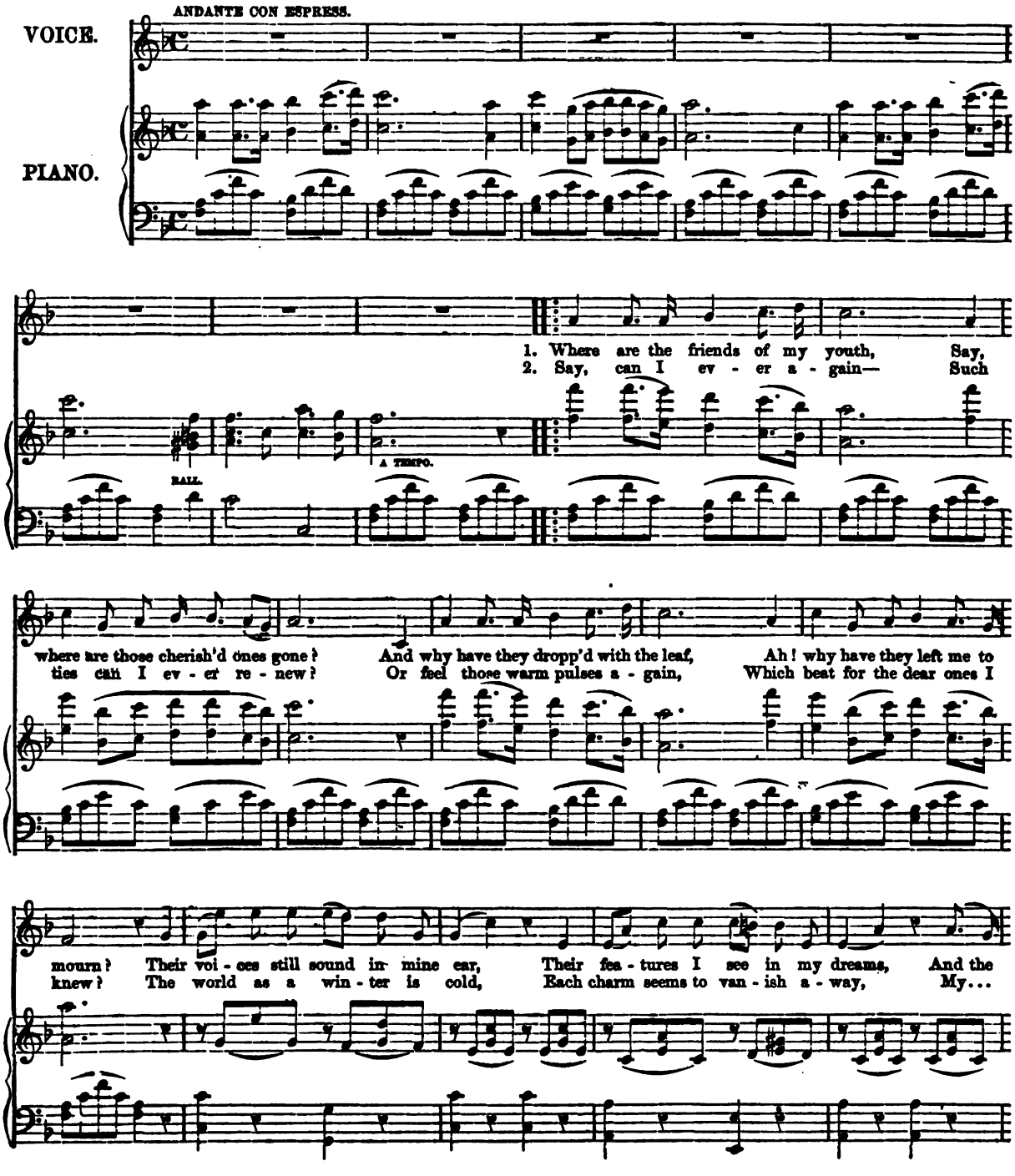
Where are the Friends of my Youth?

GEORGE BARKER.



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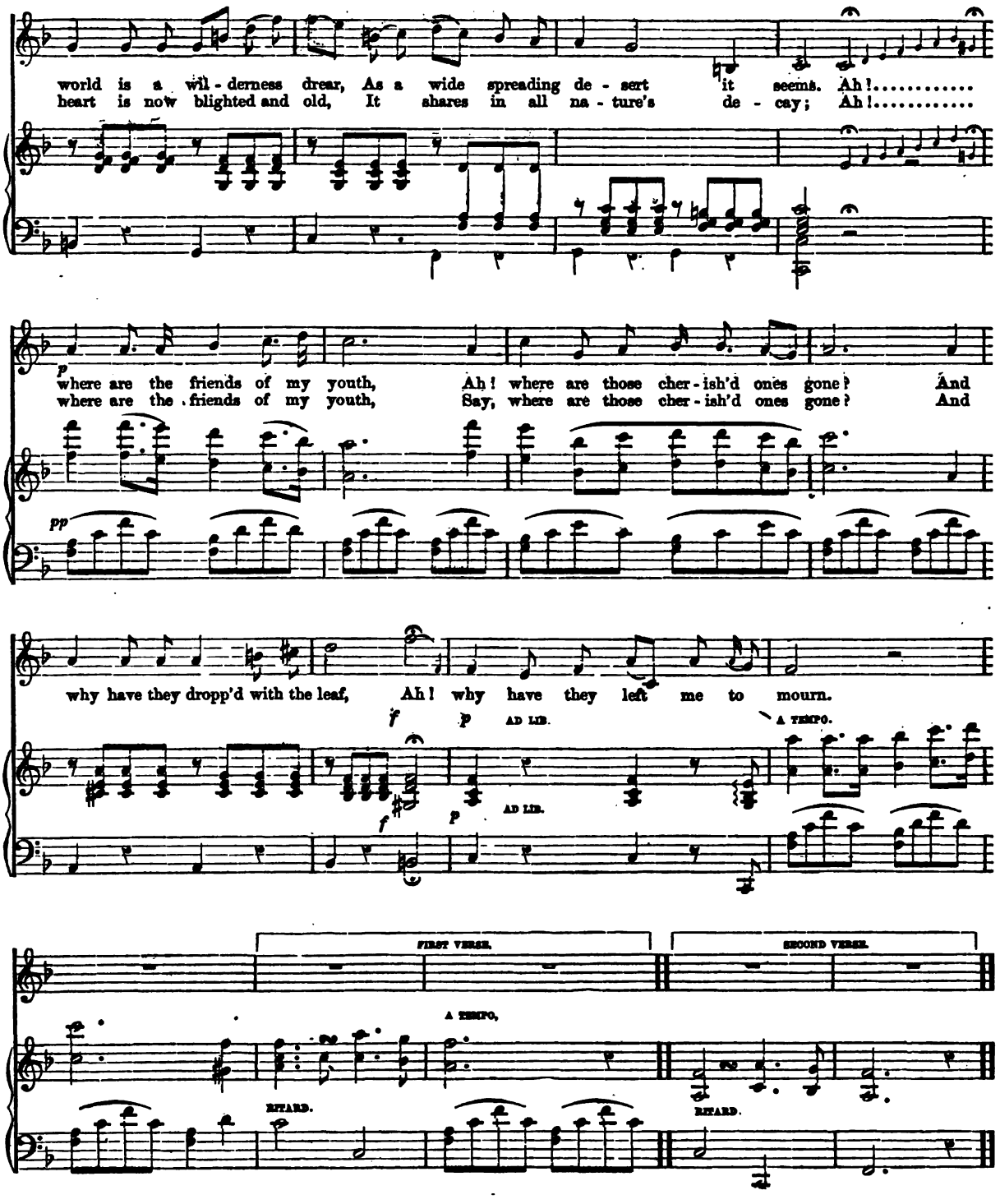

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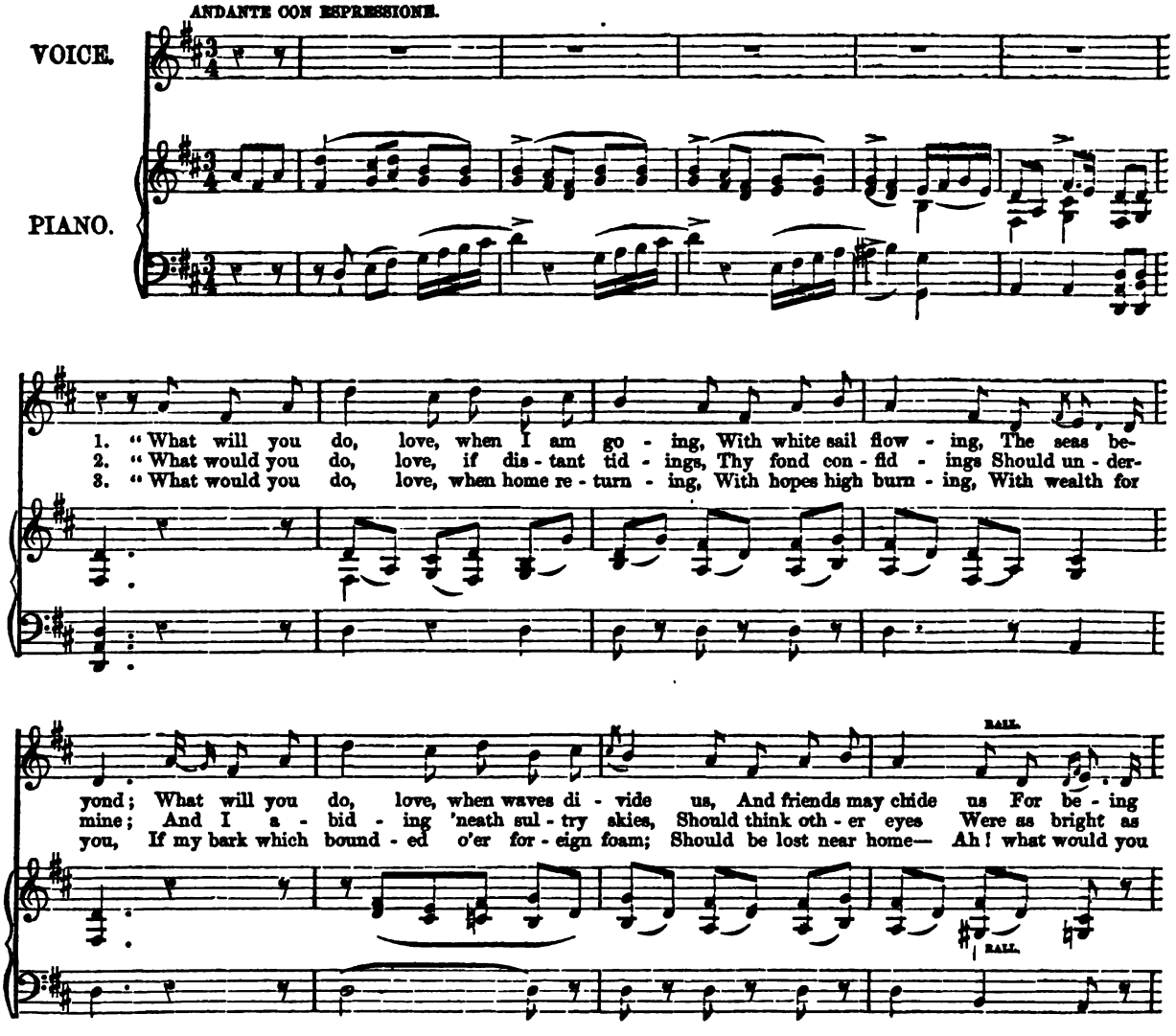
WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

A BALLAD.

Written and Composed by SAMUEL LOVER.



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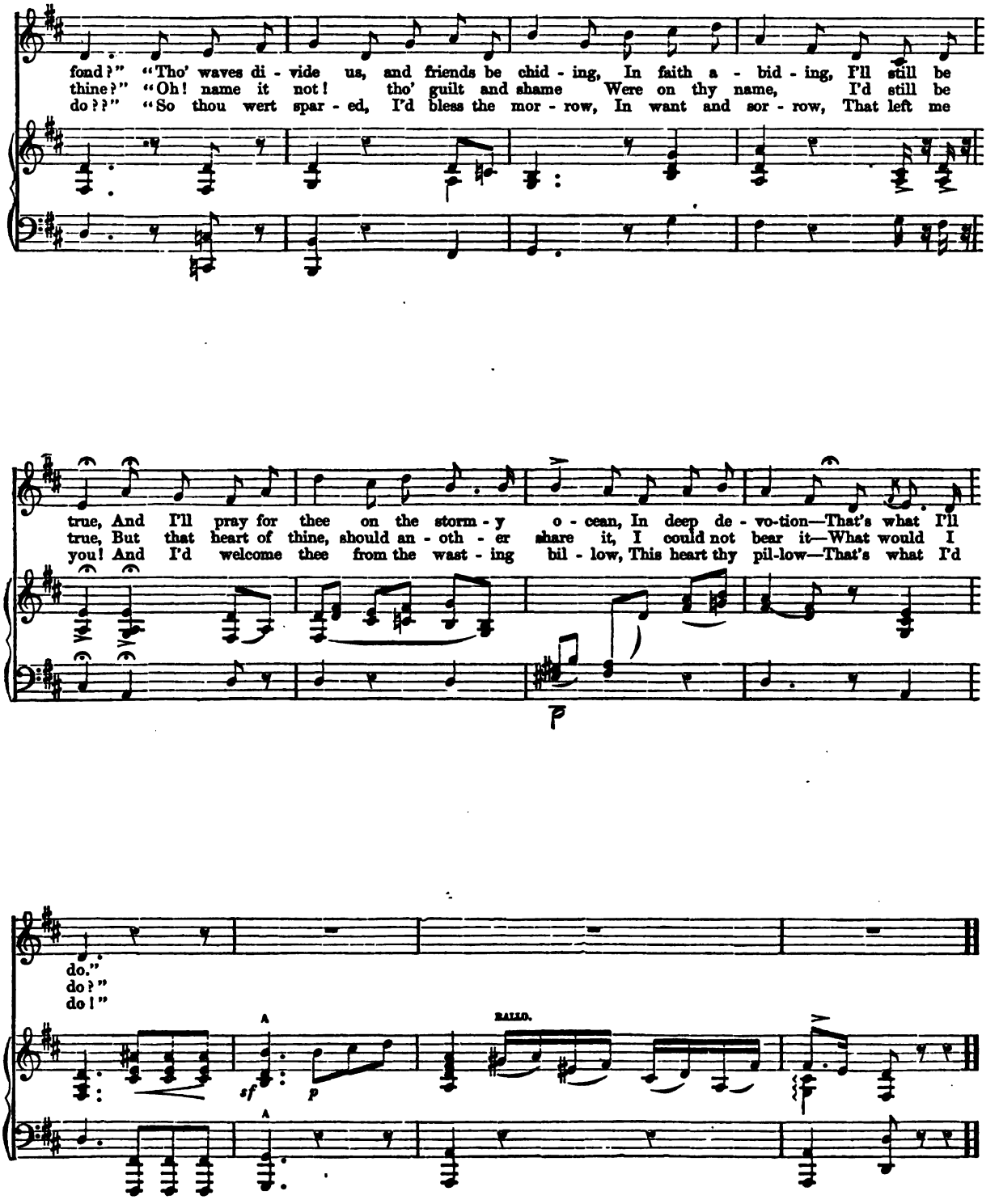

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"URIELLA."

SONG AND CHORUS.

GRAZIOZO.

H. P. DANKS.

PIANO.

1. Close be - side a rip - pling riv - er, Where the sweet - est ze - phyrs stray;.....
2. Where the for - est path was wild - est, There she lov'd the most to roam;.....
3. But her soul is now a - bove me, 'Mid the realms of peace and rest;.....

I could kneel and weep for - ev - - er, By a lit - tle mound of clay.
Where the soft winds blew the mild - est, U - ri - el - la made her home.
And the form God gave to love me, Dwells for - ev - er with the blest.

'Neath it lies my i - dol cher - ished, Rose - bud of my boy - hood's dream;
Sing - ing like the charm - ing lin - net, Laugh - ing, bright, and full of glee;
Still a - bout this grave I wan - der, While the au - tumn leaves grow sere,—

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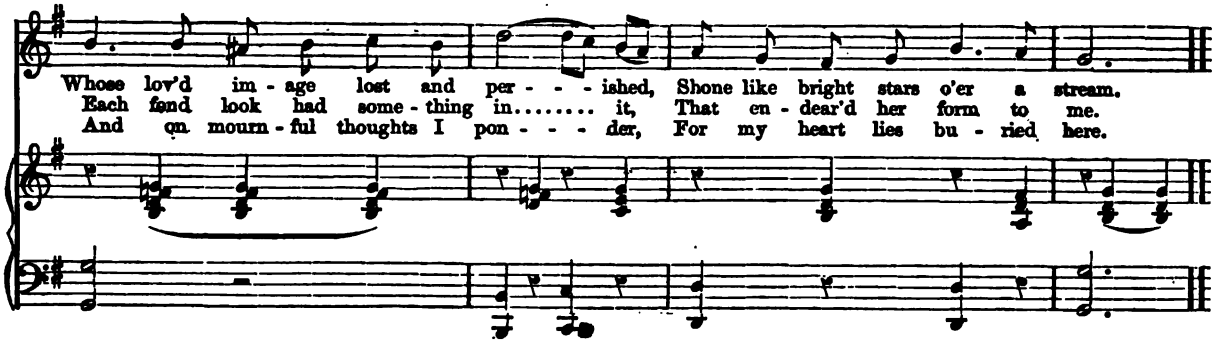
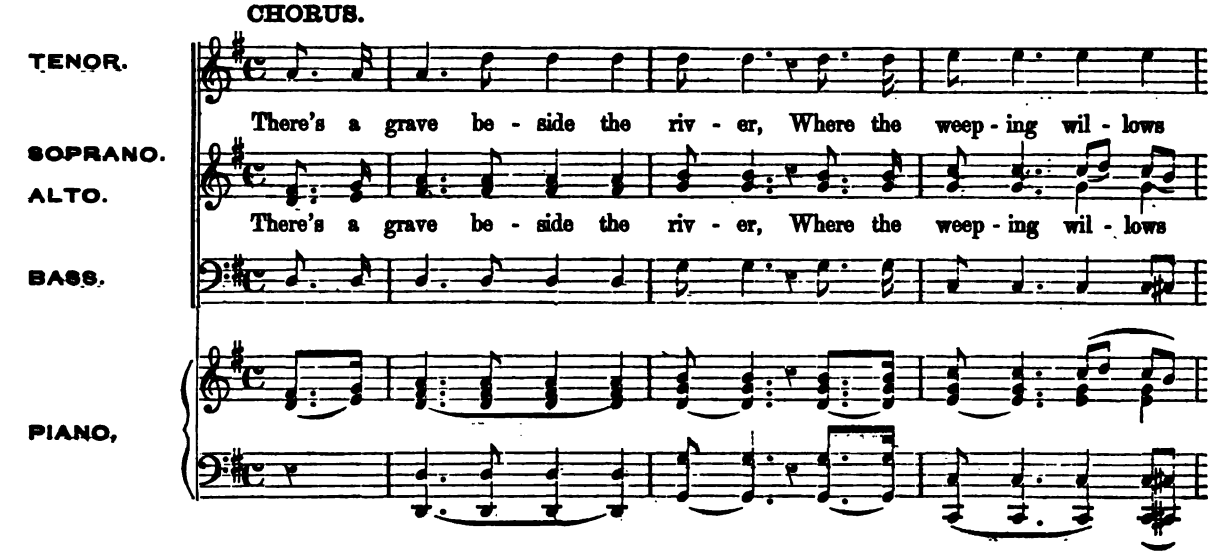
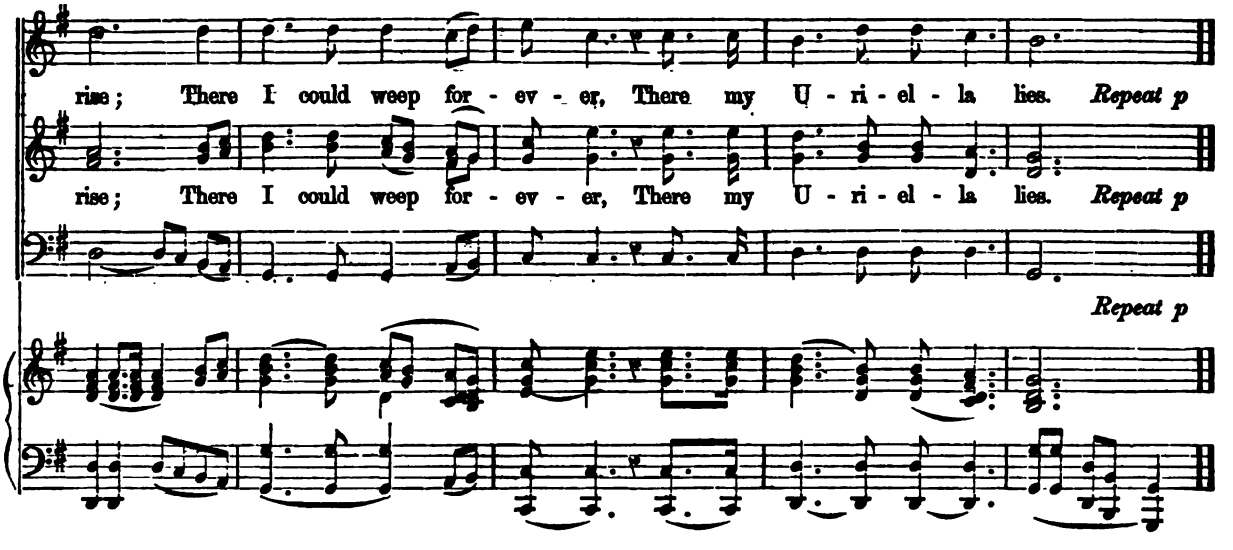


CHORUS.





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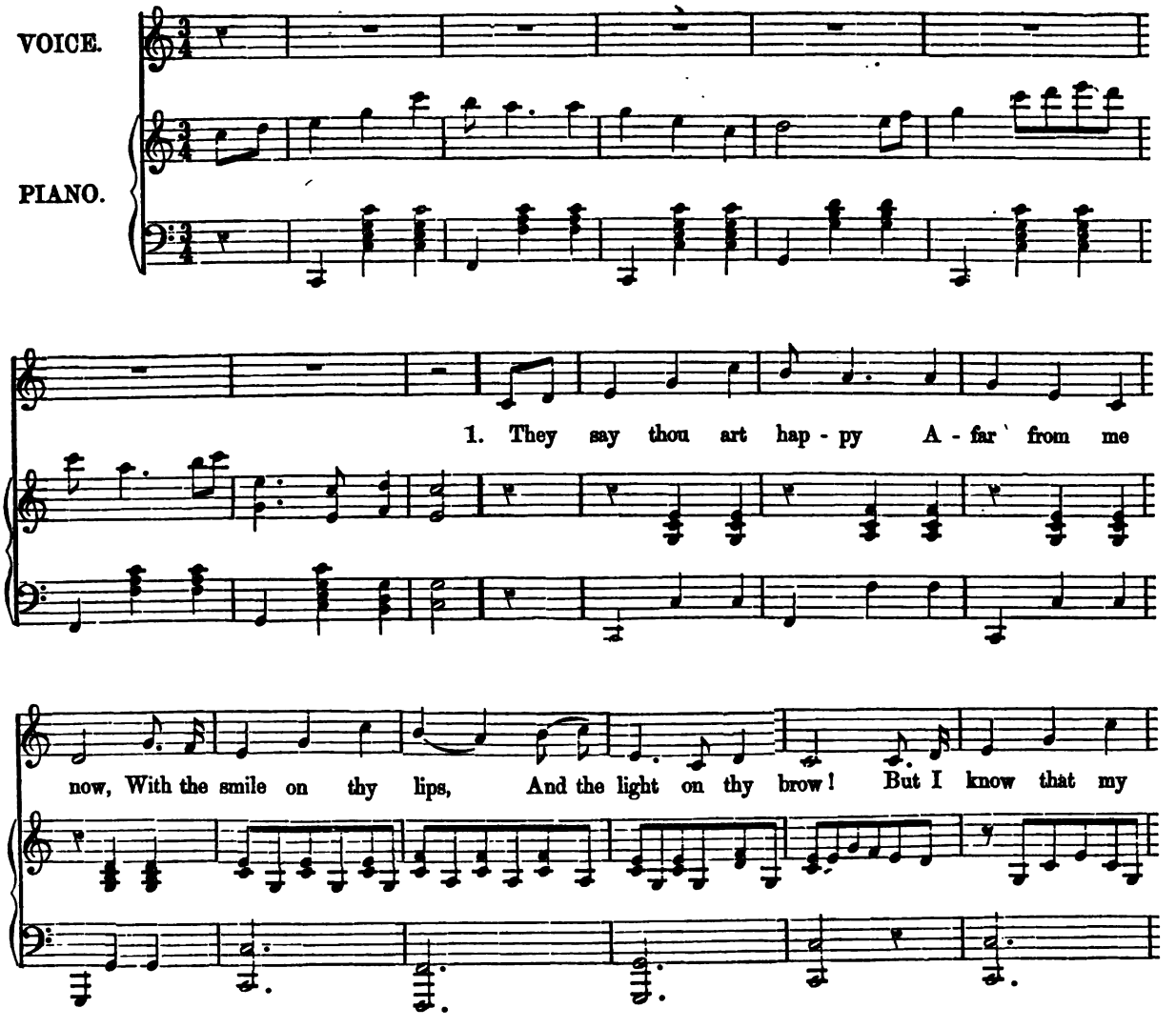
THOU MUST LEARN TO FORGET.

A BALLAD.

Words and Music by A. BROOKS EVERETT, M. D.



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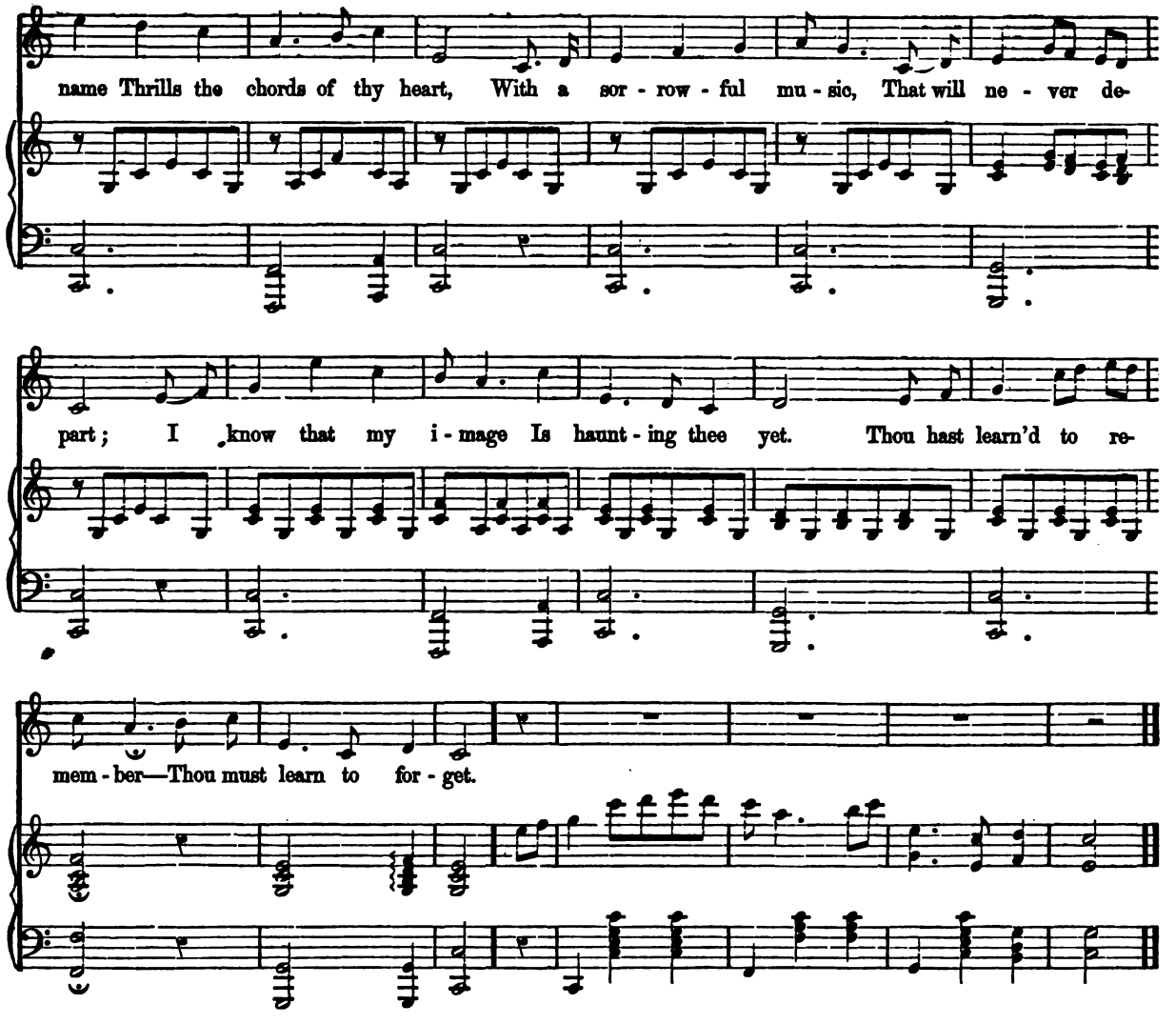

2 Yes, thou must forget me,
And all the bright hours
That have lighted our pathway
Like dew-drops the flowers.
Let the words we have spoken
Be blotted away
From the beautiful tablet
Of thy life's early day.
Ah! the hopes of our childhood,
How early they set!
Though 'tis sweet to remember,
Thou must learn to forget!

3 For why should'st thou love me,
And doat on me still?
I can never requite thee,
The love thou dost feel;
I would rather thy heart
Should forget and be free,
Than to leave thee in sorrow
On life's stormy sea.
Ah! the hopes of our childhood,
How early they set!
Though 'tis sweet to remember,
Thou must learn to forget!

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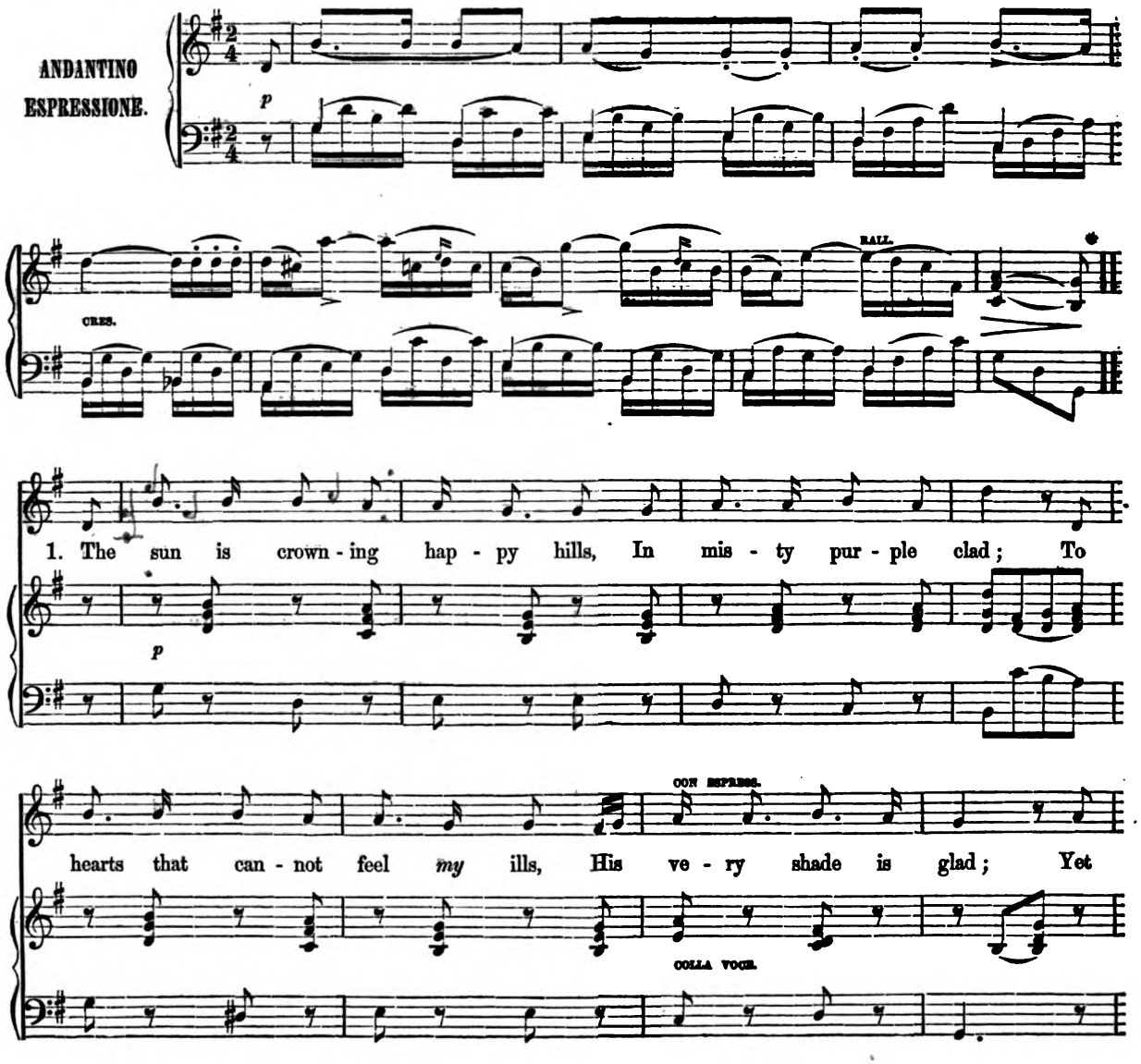
THE SUN IS CROWNING HAPPY HILLS.

A SONG.

Words by T. HOOD, the Younger. Music by Mrs. ELIZA WINSTANLEY.



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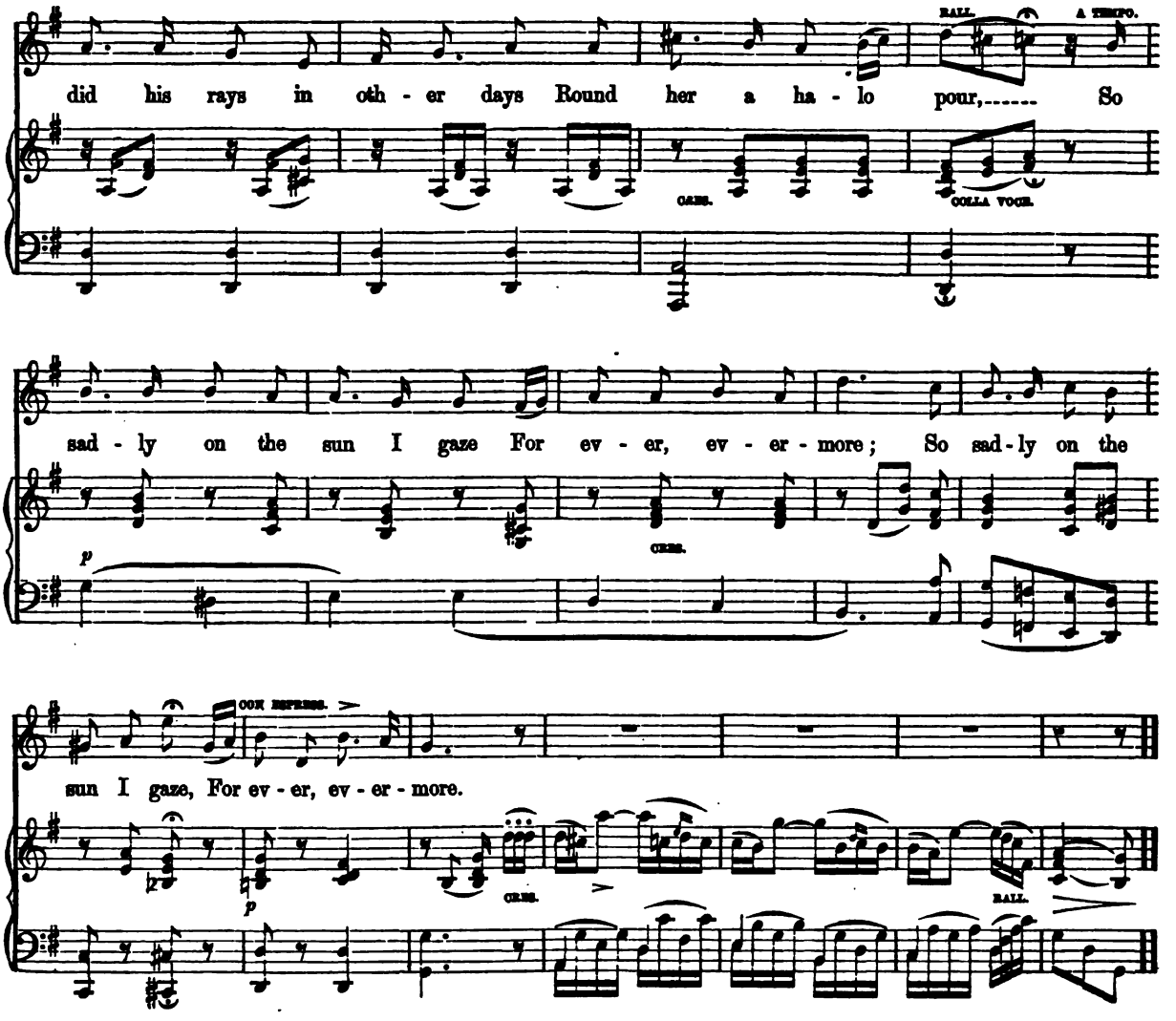

2 The wind is waving merry trees,
The homes of joyous birds;
You say it has no melodies
Attuned to mournful words;
But, ah, each tress of hers no less
It wav'd in days before—
And now 't will speak of happiness
To me, ah, never more!

3 The stream goes winding ever on,
With music all its own;
And sportive fly, and silent swan,
Find joy in every tone—
But mem'ry hears, in bygone years,
Her voice beside the shore;
And now the ripple sounds like tears,
That fall for evermore.

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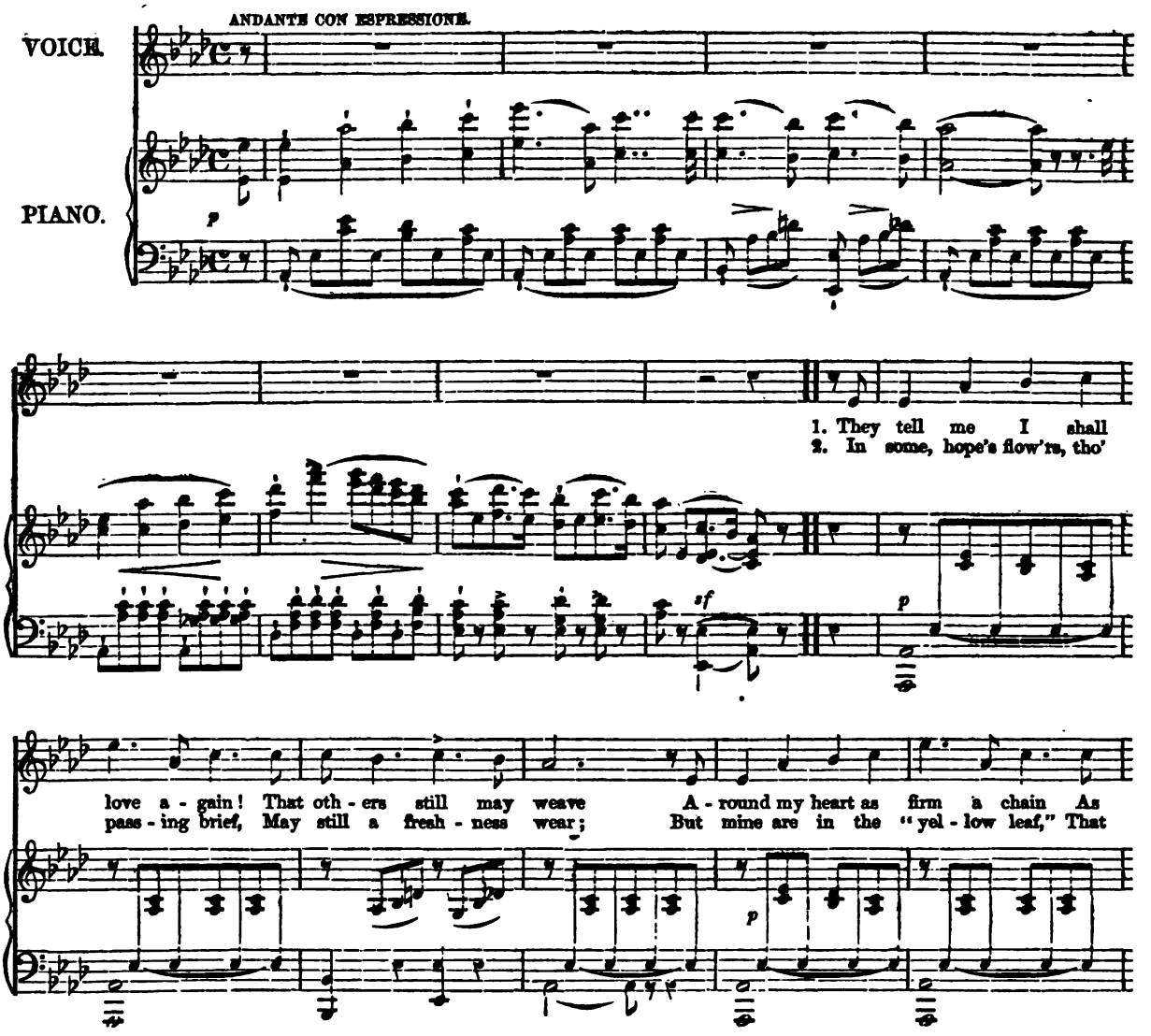
THEY TELL ME I SHALL LOVE AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

Words by W. JONES. Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.



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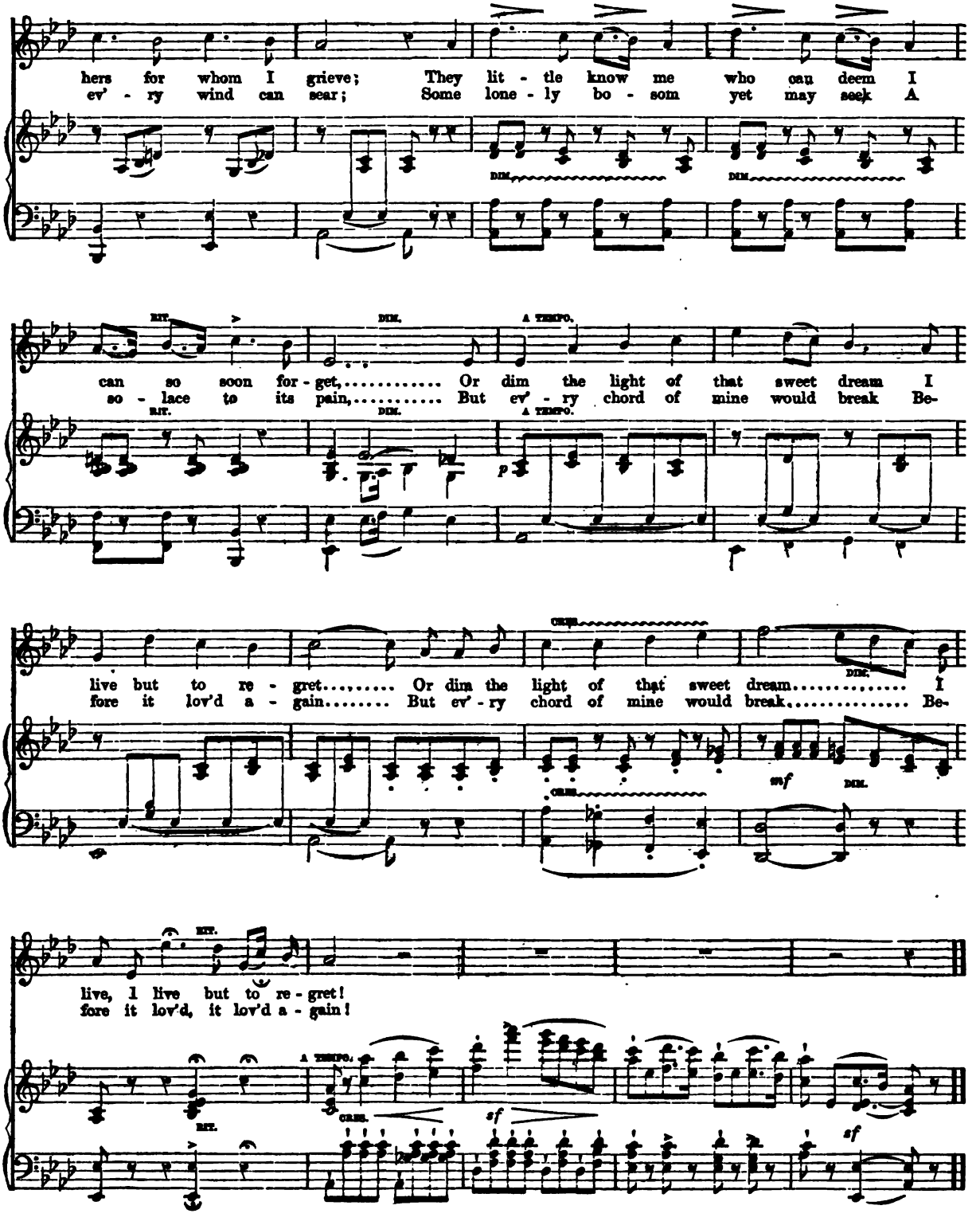

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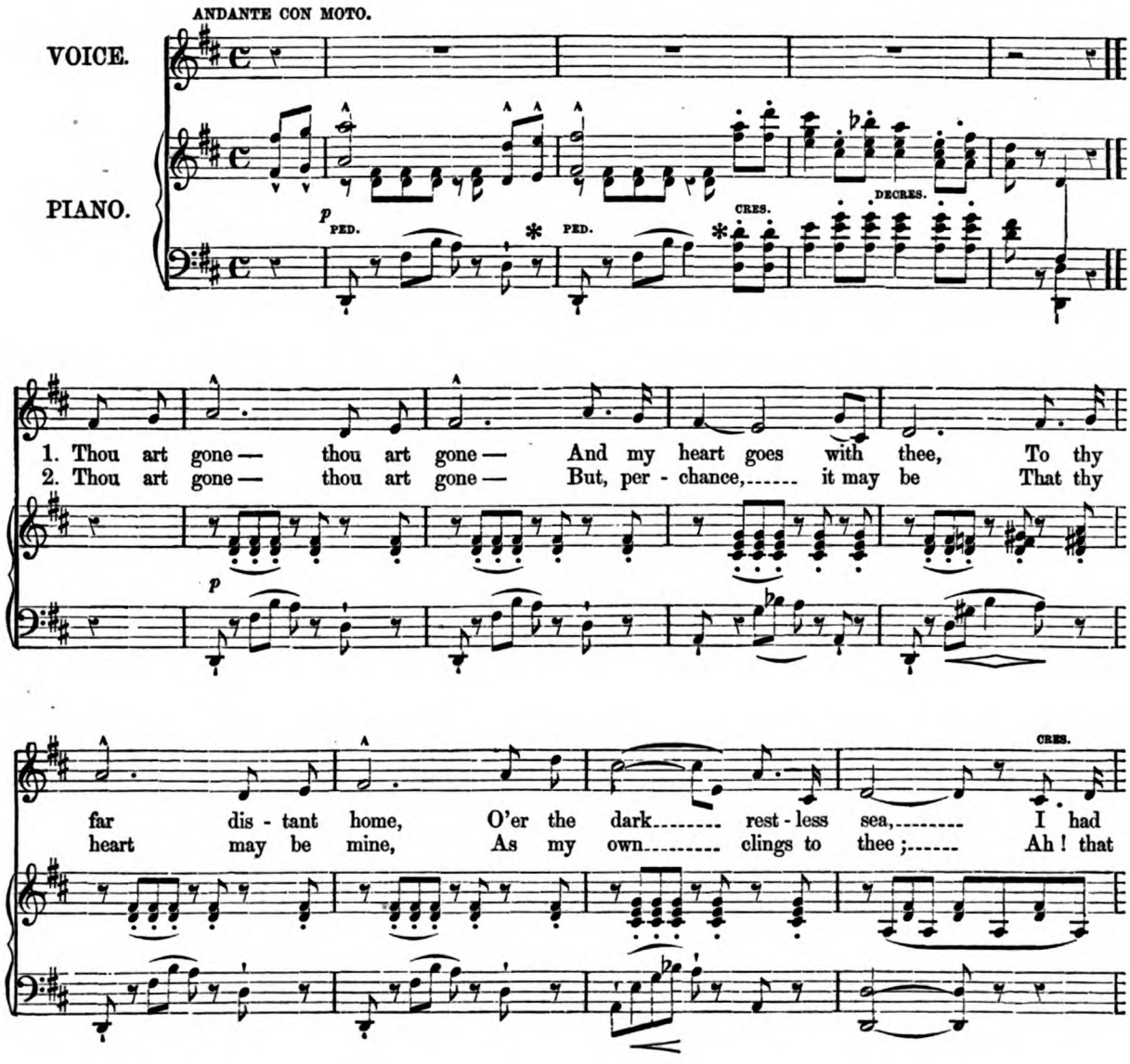
THOU ART GONE, THOU ART GONE!

A BALLAD.

STEPHEN GLOVER.



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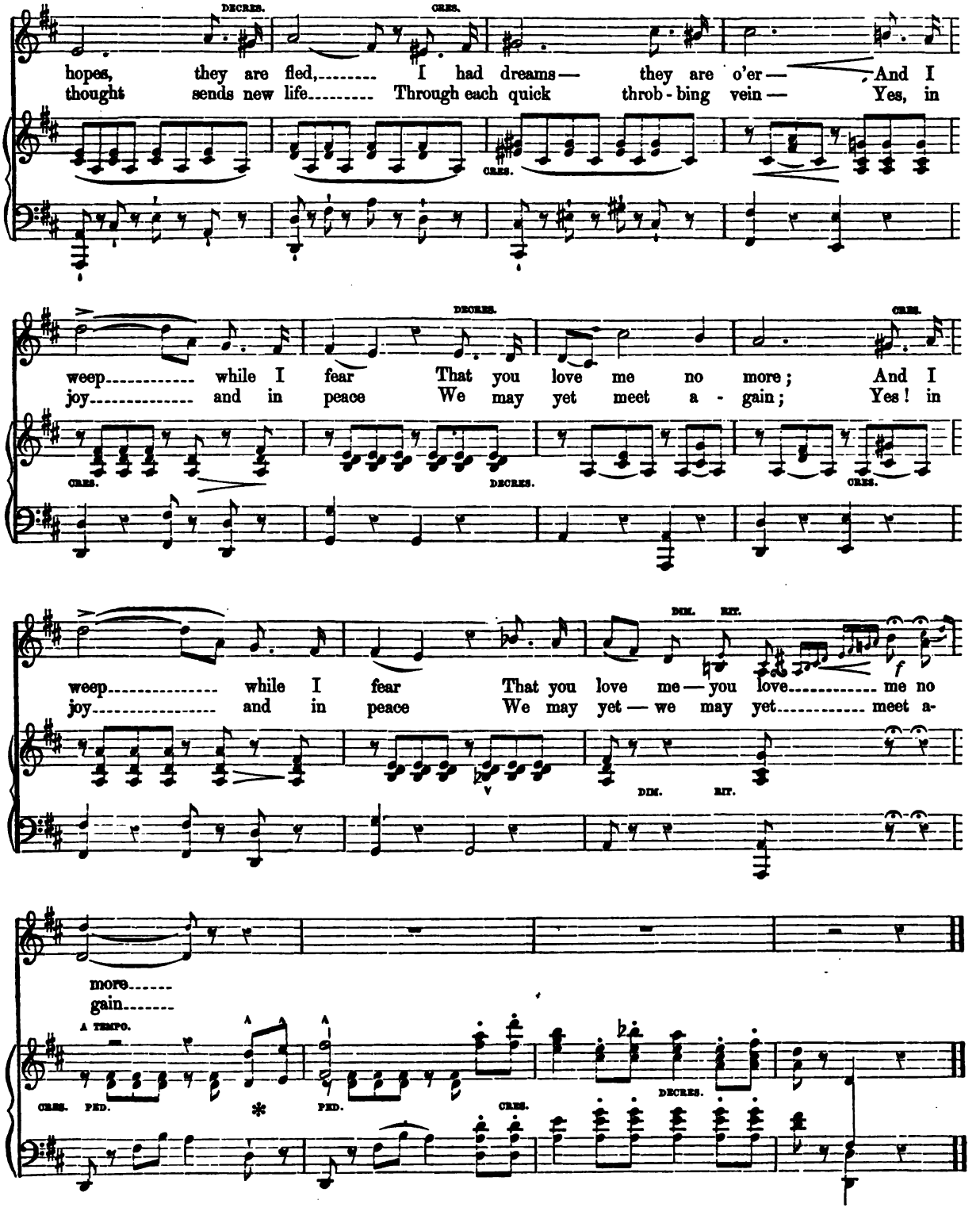

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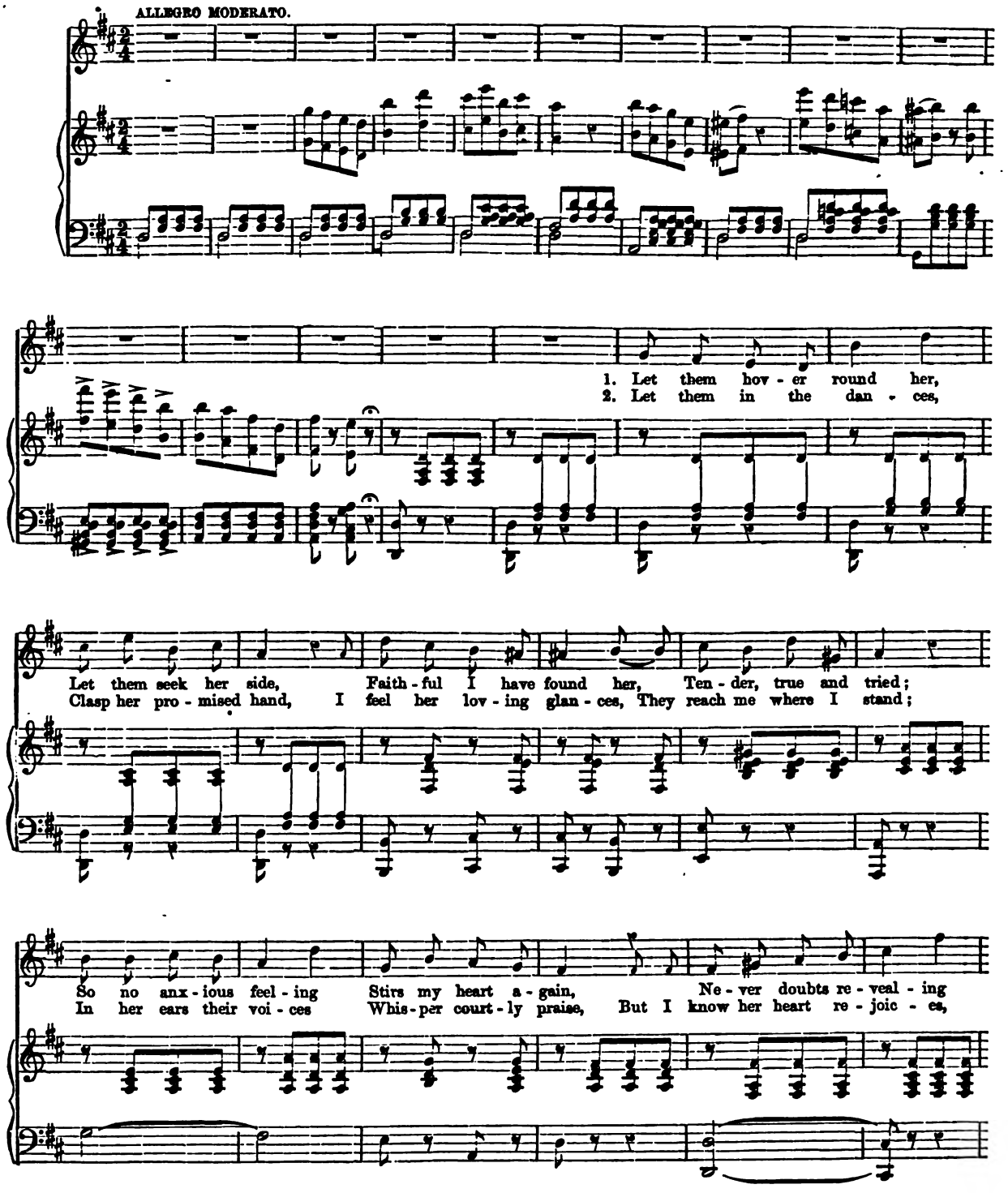
SHE MAY SMILE ON MANY.

HOWARD GLOVER.



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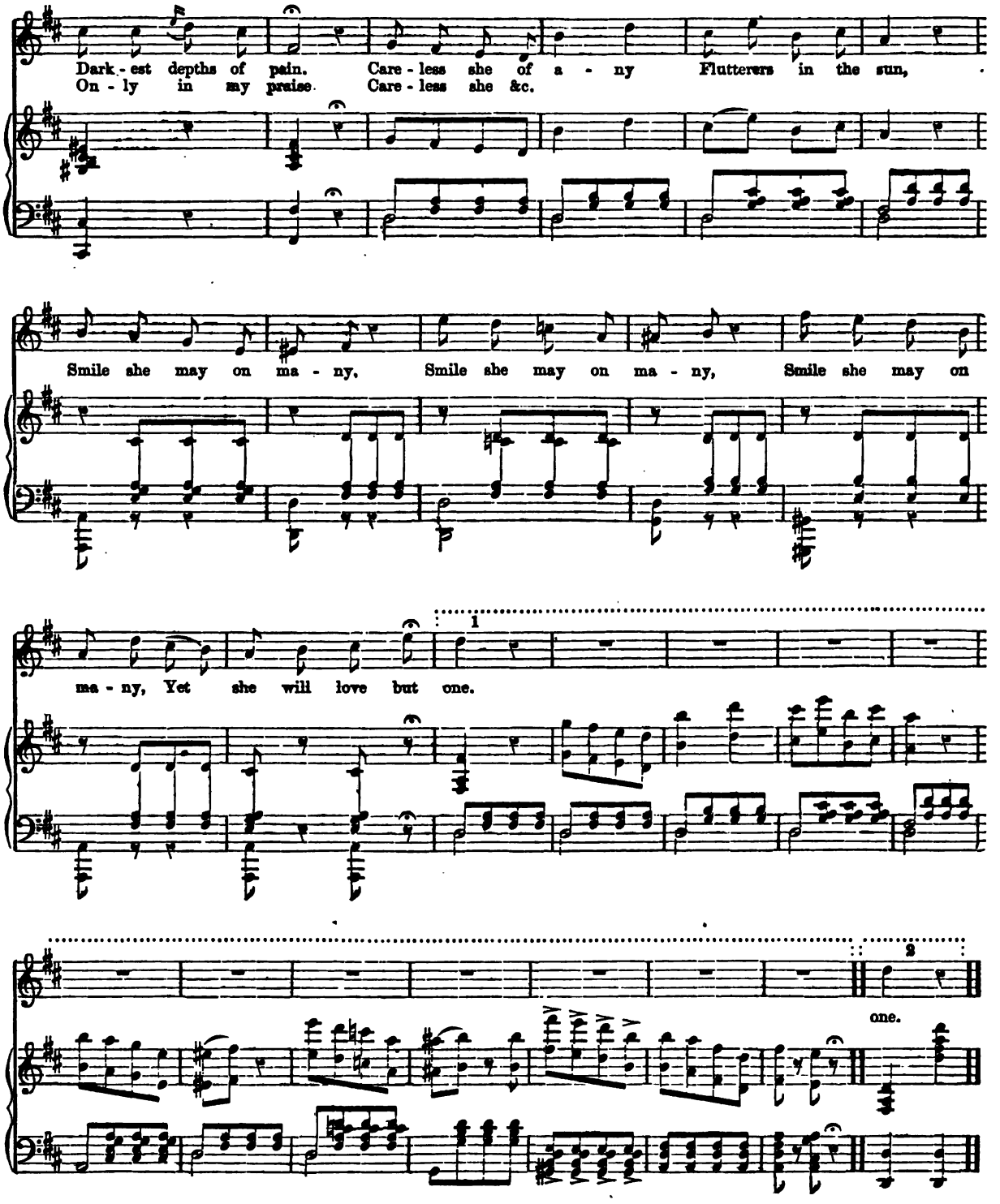

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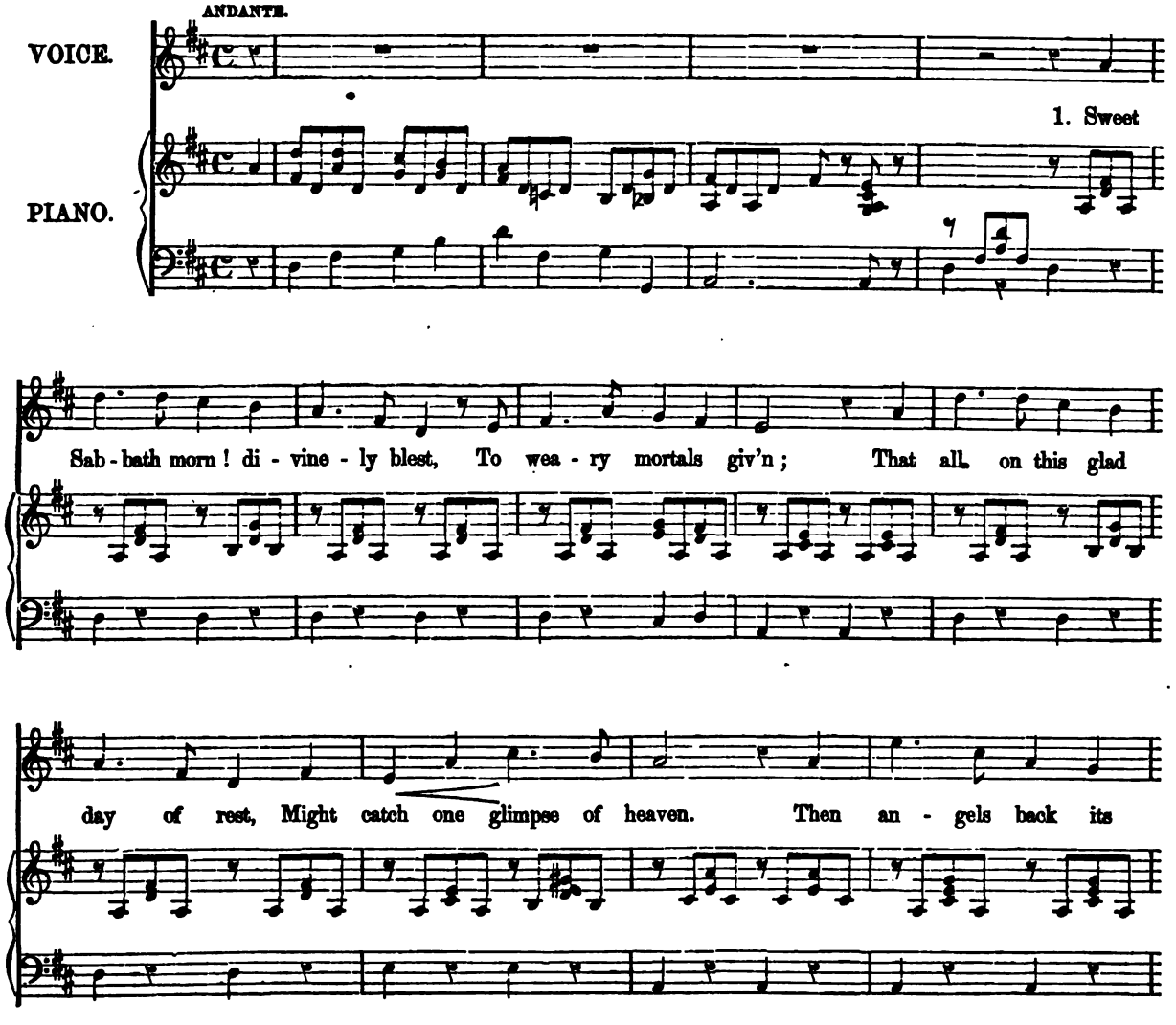
SWEET SABBATH MORN.

A SONG.

Words by W. S. PASSMORE. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.



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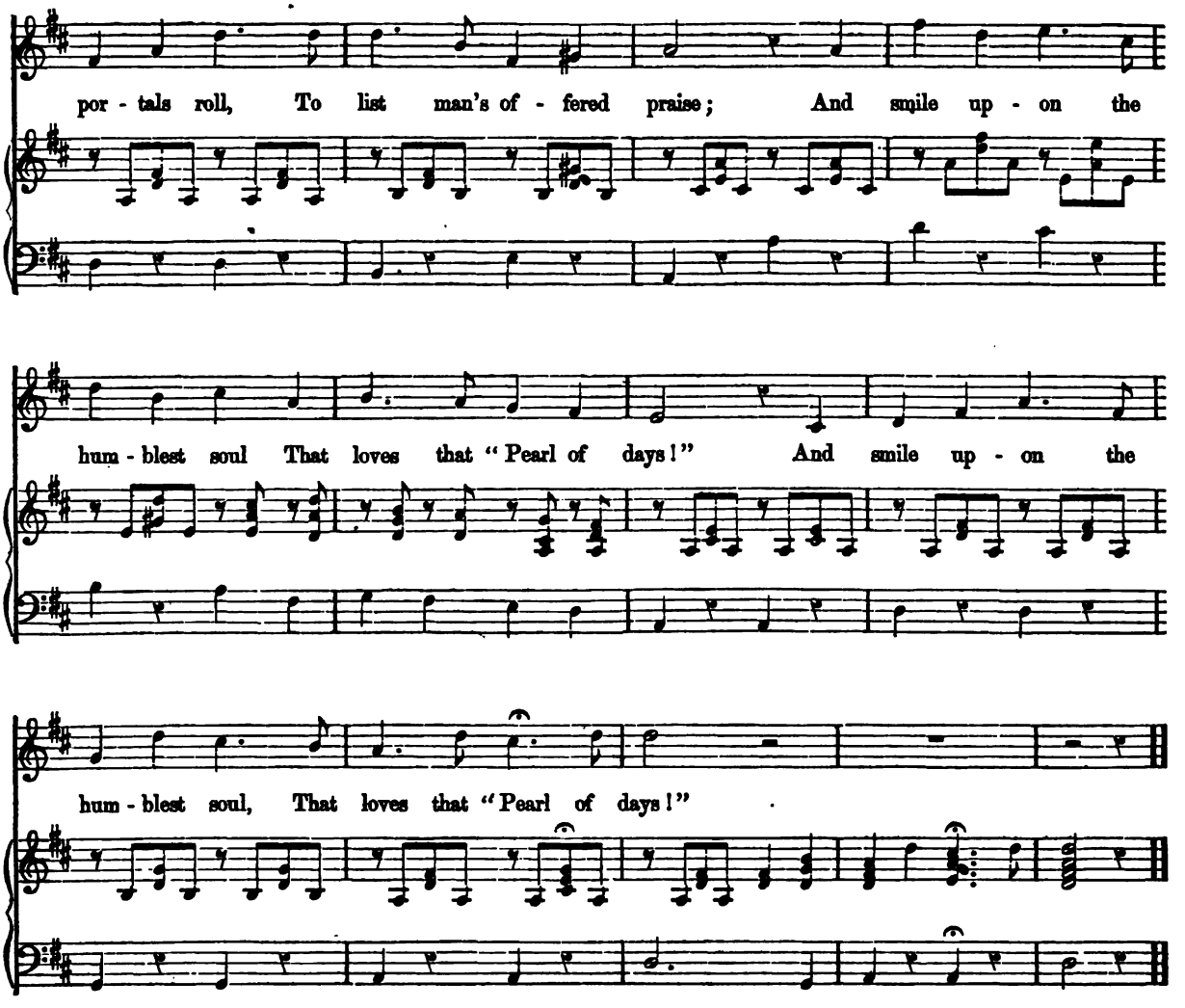
SWEET SABBATH MORN.



2.

Sweet Sabbath chimes! your welcome cry,
To every home is driven;
Reminding all, each spire on high,
Doth point the way to heaven!
There clouds of angels fair are seen,
To chant their Maker's praise;
Through one eternal evergreen
Of glorious Sabbath days!

3.

Sweet Sabbath eve! thy blest repose
To weary souls seems given;
As earnest of the calm that glows
For aye in yonder heaven!
Great Father! bountiful and wise,
Inspire our hearts with praise;
That we this gem of time may prize,
Thy hallowed "Pearl of days!"

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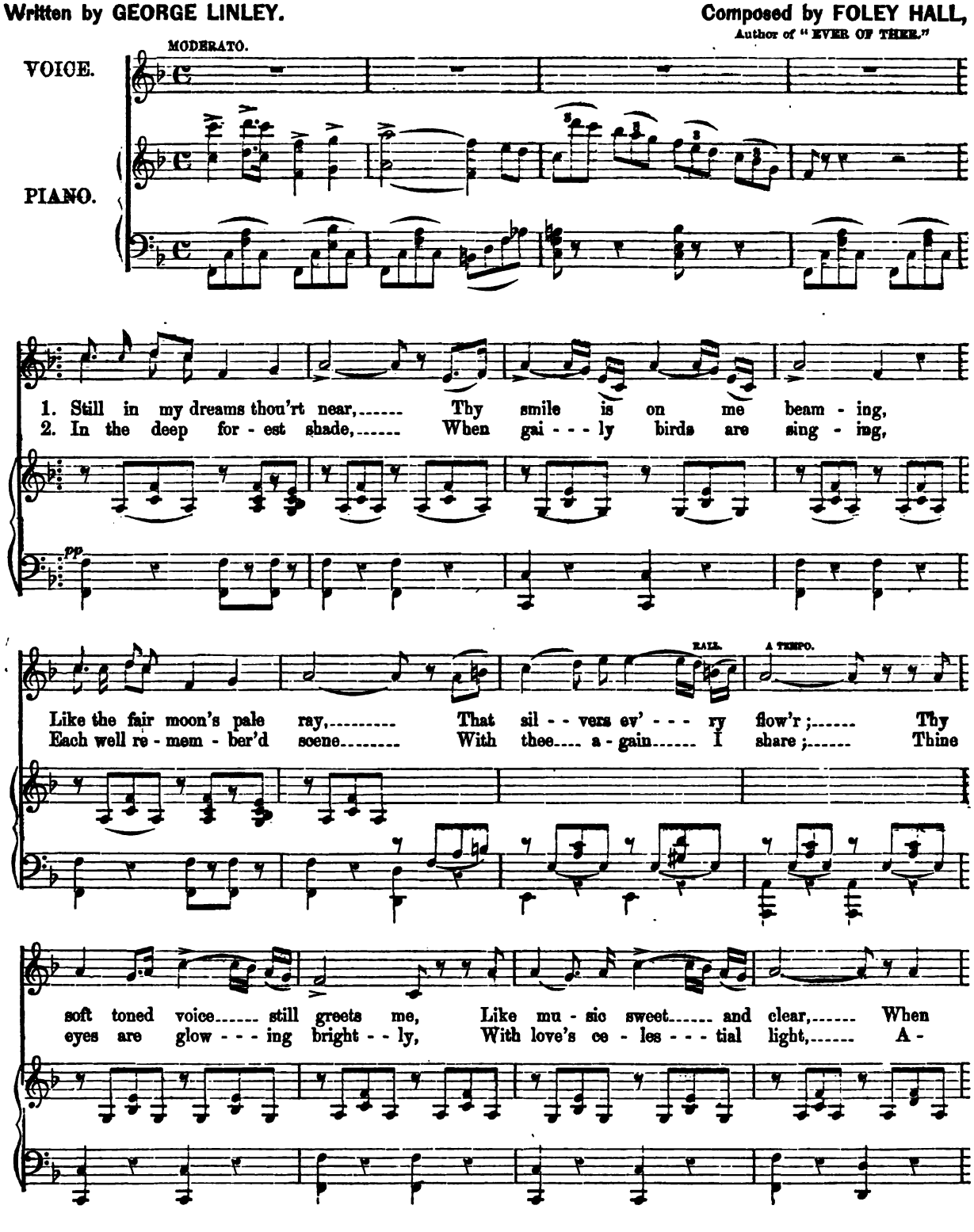
STILL IN MY DREAMS THOU'RT NEAR.

Written by GEORGE LINLEY.

Composed by FOLEY HALL,
Author of "EVER OF THEE."



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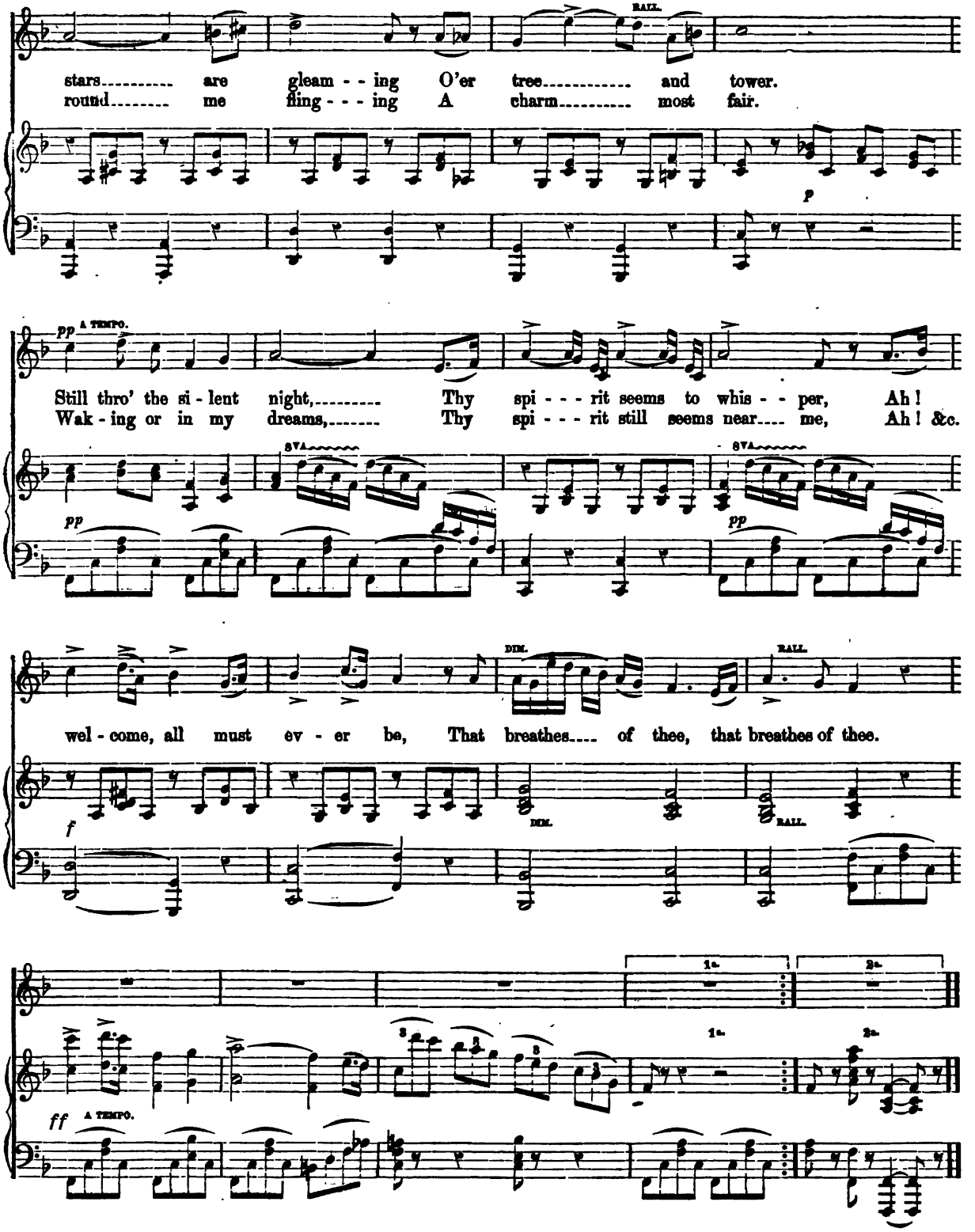

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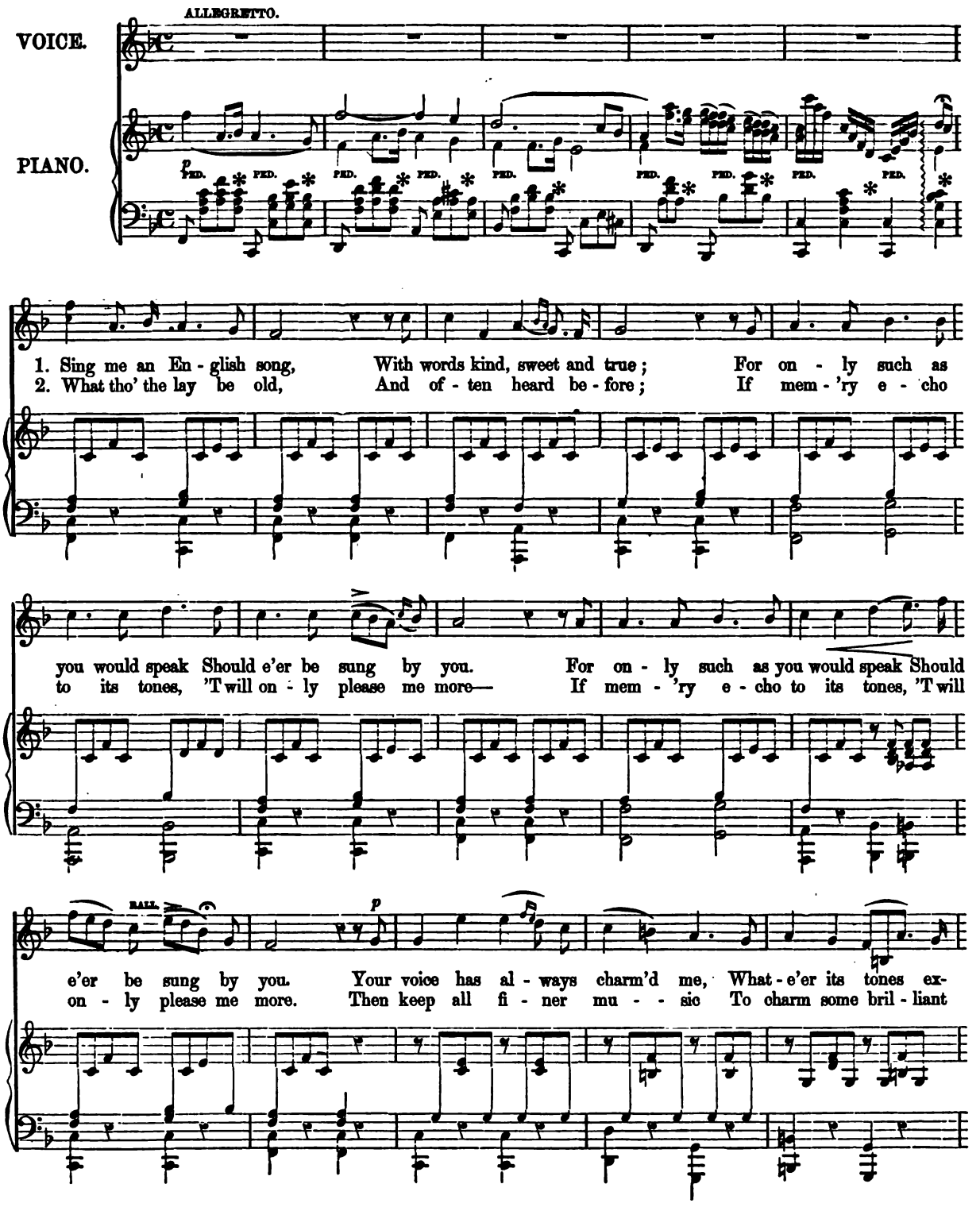
SING ME AN ENGLISH SONG.

W. T. WRIGHTON.



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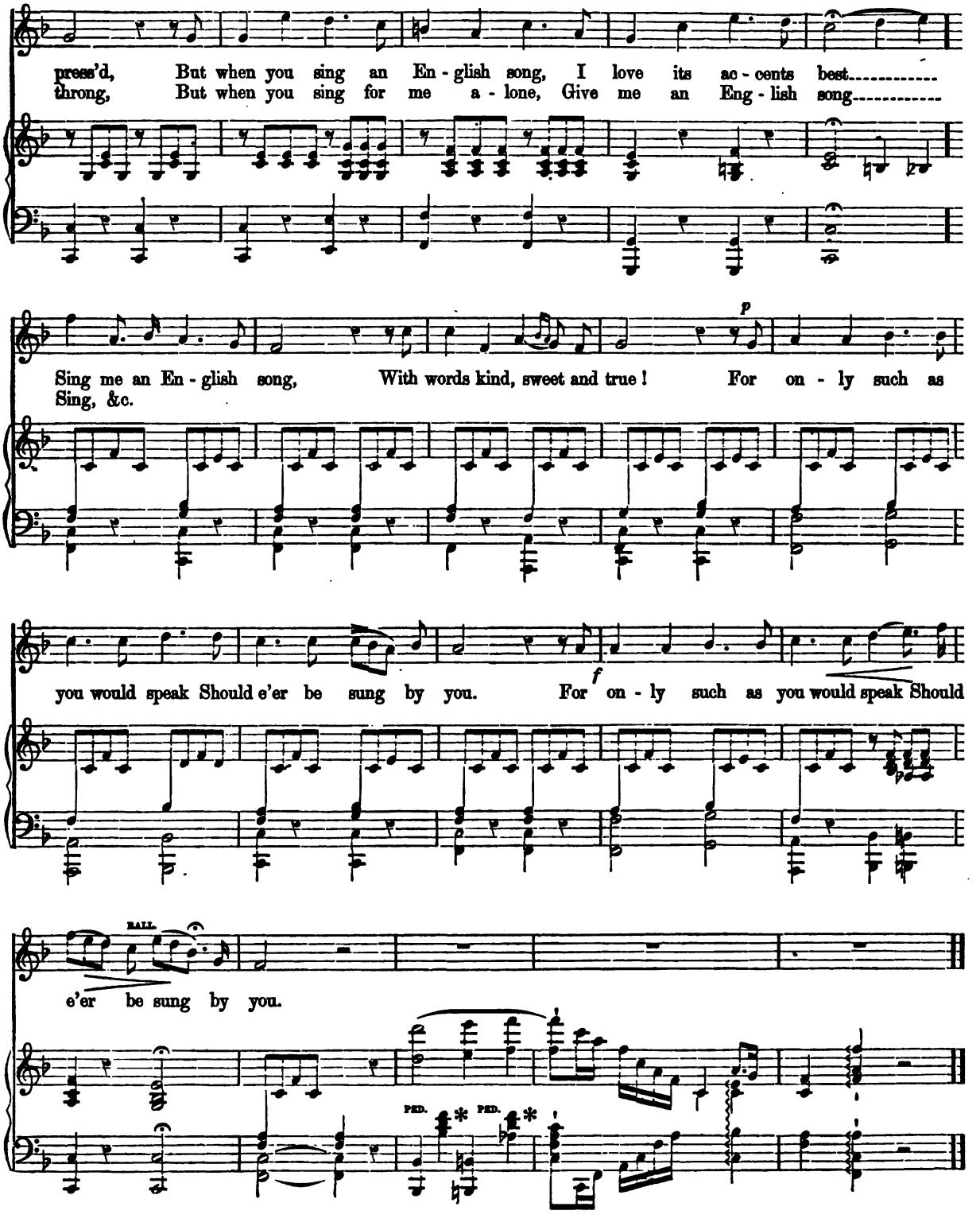

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ROSE OF HAZELDEAN.

Composed by J. W. CHERRY,
Author of "SHELLS OF OCEAN."

ANDANTE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf DOL.

p

A - long the lone - ly moun - tain side, At morn I chanc'd to stray, When sum - mer shone in bloom - ing pride, And all the world look'd gay, I met a maid with tar - tan plaid, As fair as e'er was seen; I
Her breath like flow'ring thorn was sweet, As star - light was her eye; In ev' - ry grace and charm re - plete, She like the fawn swept by; The birds sing sweet - er to mine ear, The flow'rs are fair - er seen— All

RIT.

p DOL.

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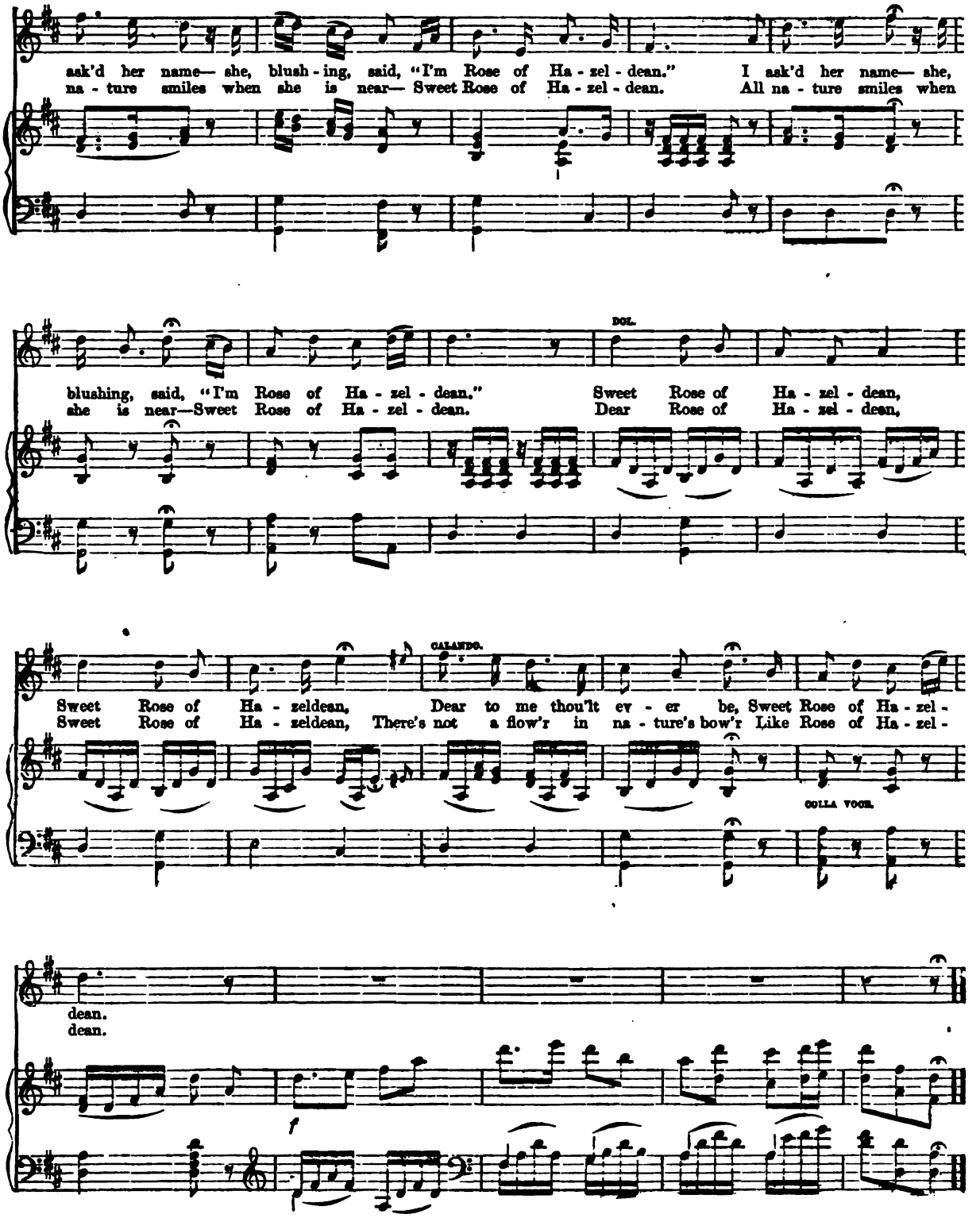
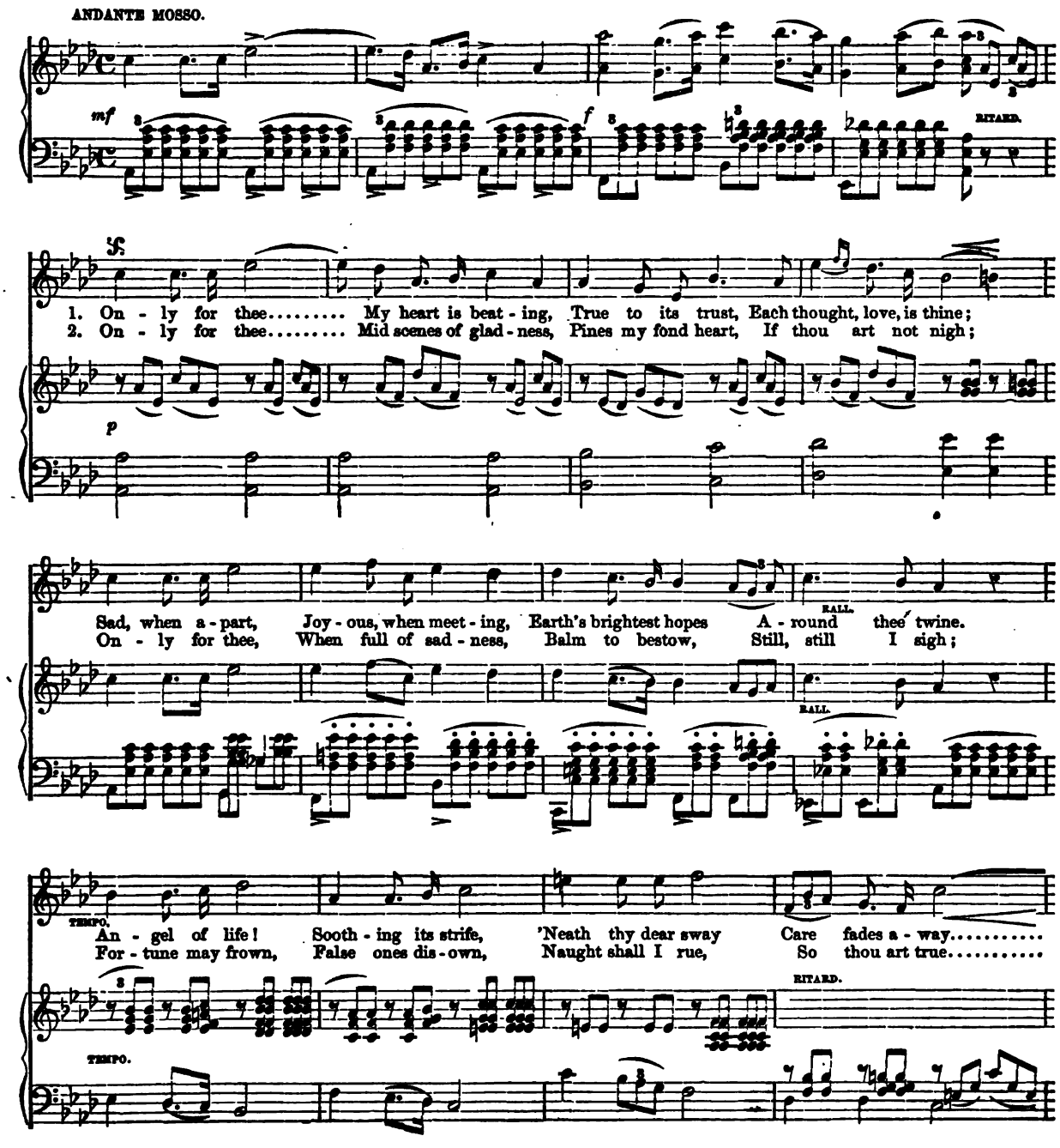

ask'd her name— she, blush - ing, said, "I'm Rose of Ha - zel - dean." I ask'd her name— she,
na - ture smiles when she is near— Sweet Rose of Ha - zel - dean. All na - ture smiles when
DOL.
blushing, said, "I'm Rose of Ha - zel - dean," Sweet Rose of Ha - zel - dean,
she is near—Sweet Rose of Ha - zel - dean. Dear Rose of Ha - zel - dean,
CALANDO.
Sweet Rose of Ha - zeldean, Dear to me thou'lt ev - er be, Sweet Rose of Ha - zel -
Sweet Rose of Ha - zeldean, There's not a flow'r in na - ture's bow'r Like Rose of Ha - zel -
COLLA VOCE.
dean.
dean.

ONLY FOR THEE.

ROMANCE.

Music by GEORGE LINLEY.



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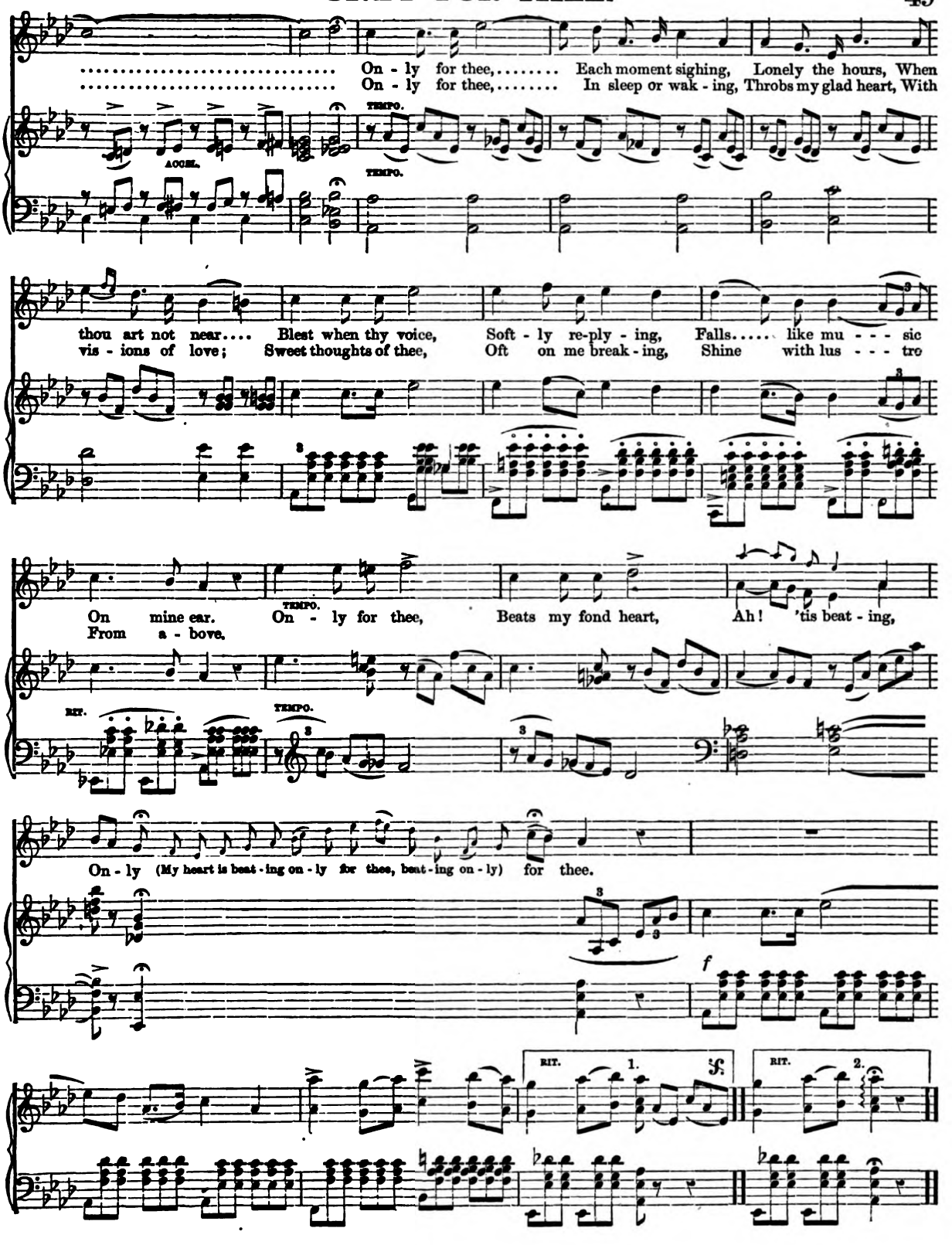

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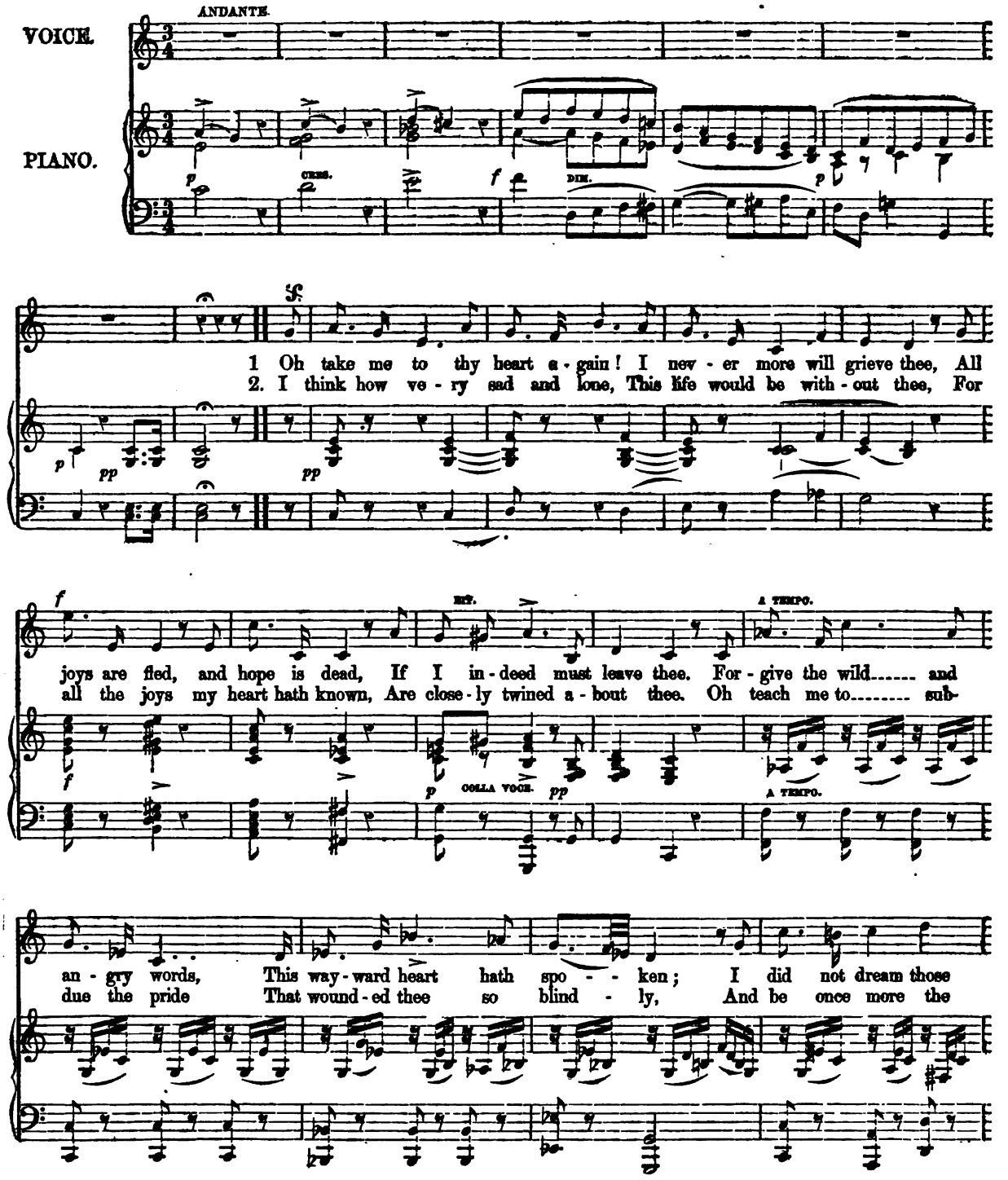
OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN!

Words by JESSICA RANKIN. Music by M. W. BALFE.



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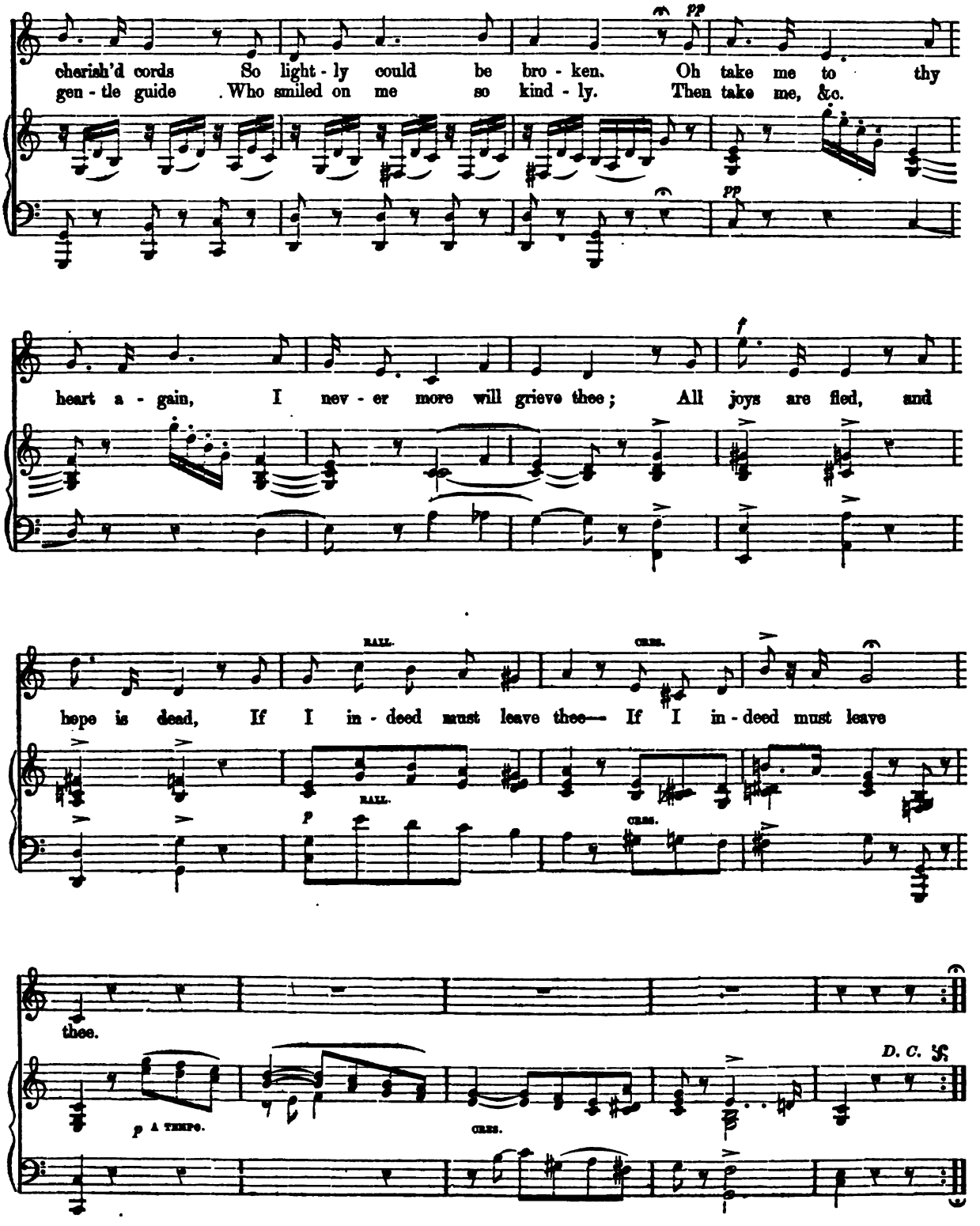

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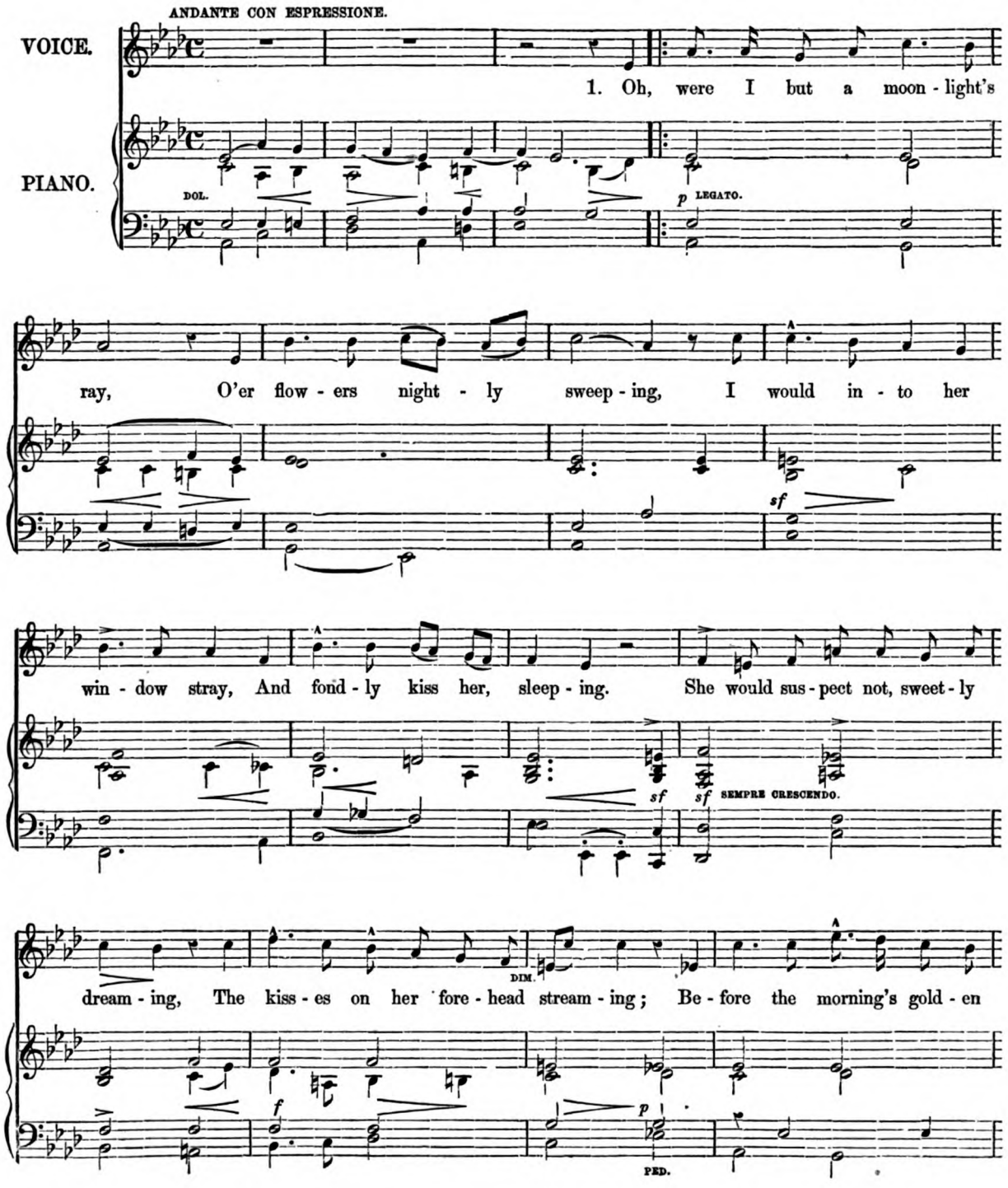
OH, WERE I BUT A MOONLIGHT'S RAY.

KUCKEN.



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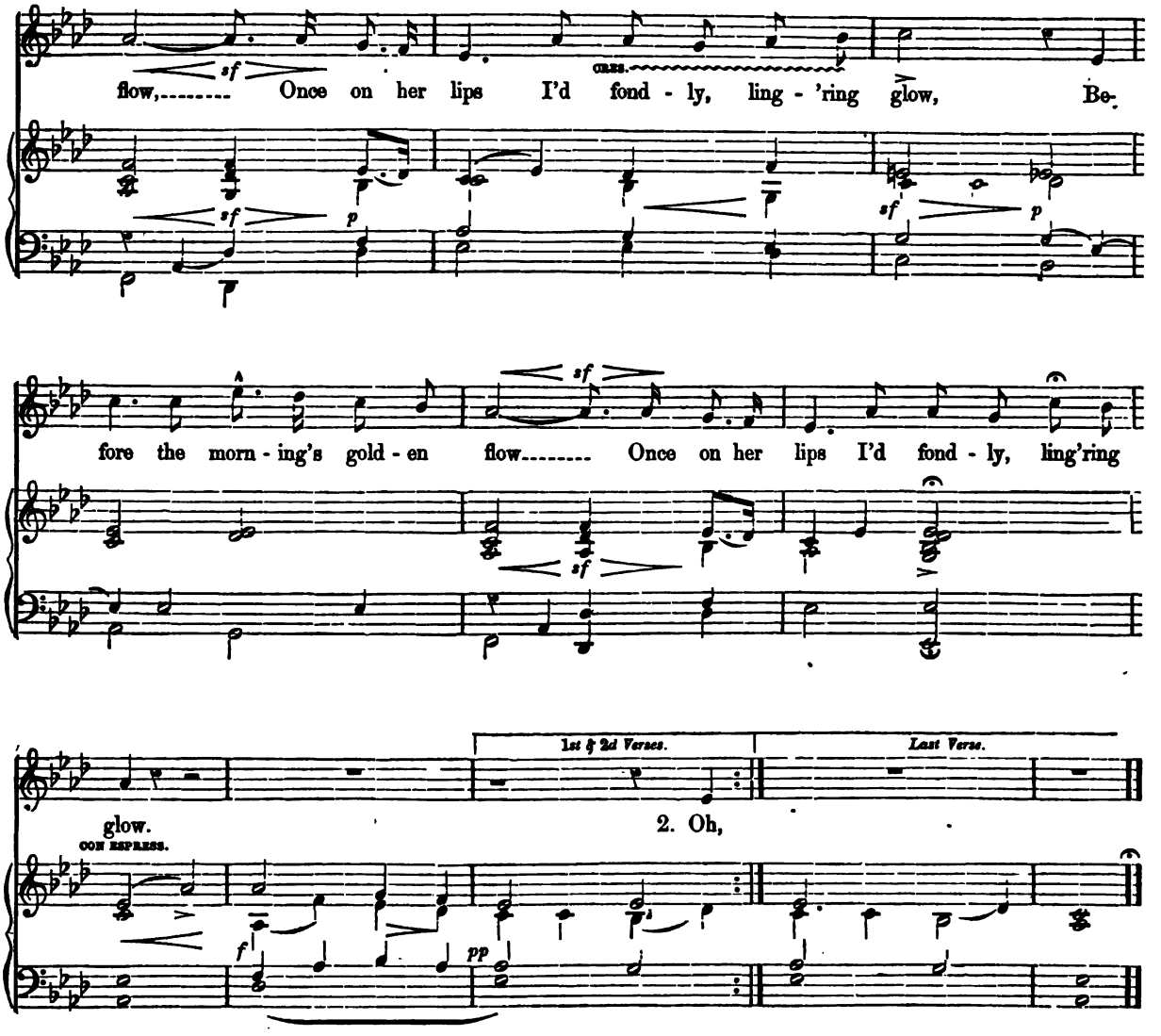

2.

Oh, were I but a nightingale,
With tales of secret longing
Would I make echo dell and vale,
With loving couples thronging;
I'd sing, from deepest heart outpouring,
The praise of her I am adoring,
And, round her early path and mine,
A wreath of song should ever light and shine.

3.

Oh, could I but a rose-bud be,
Her little room perfuming,
Where her soft eyes would smile on me,
And watch my lonely blooming;
I would, her bosom fair adorning,
Be dying once upon a morning;
There is no place on earth like this,
Where death is an eternal dream of bliss.

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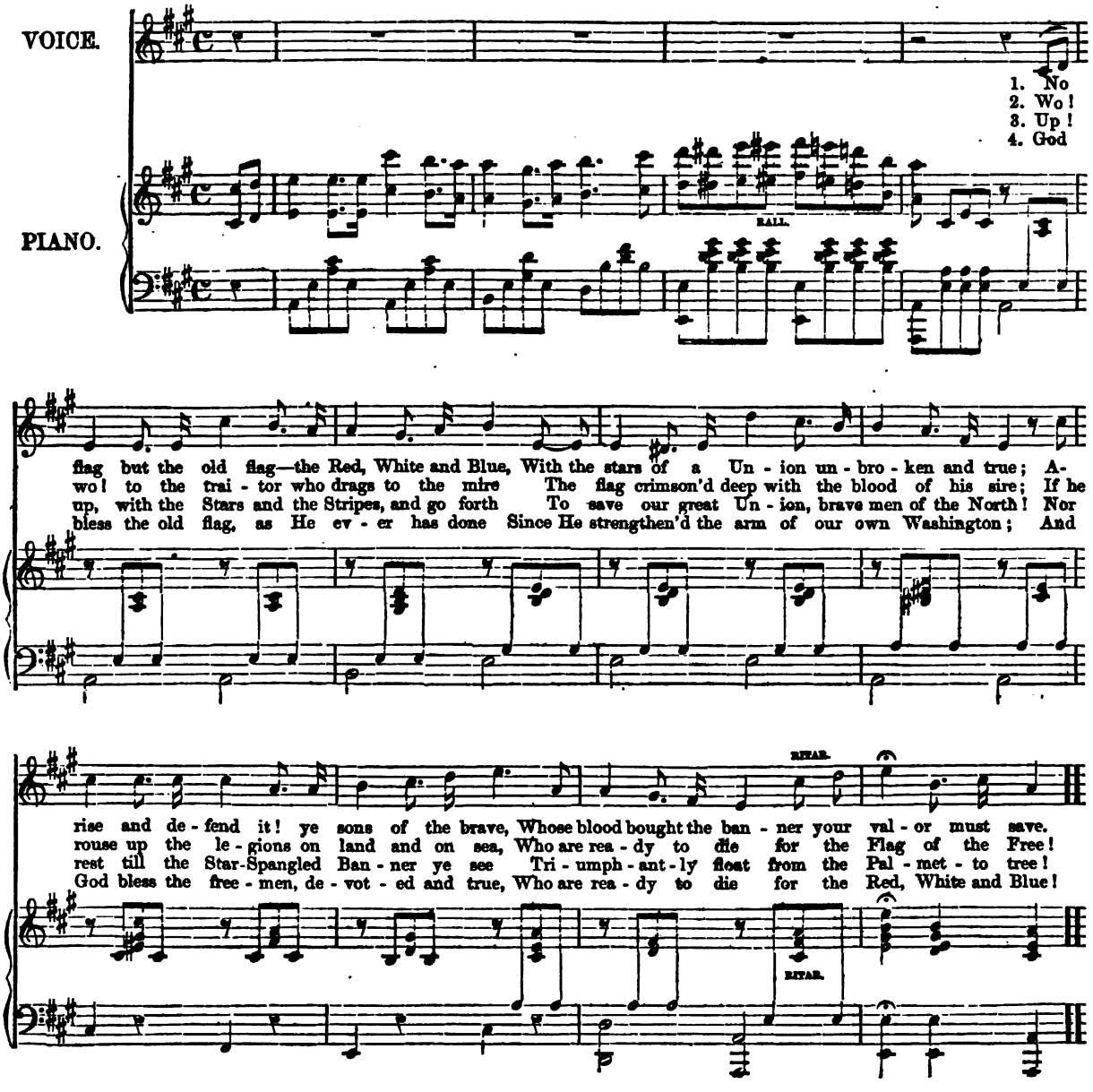
No Flag but the Red, White and Blue!

Words by Miss J. M. PARKER. Music by A. P. H.



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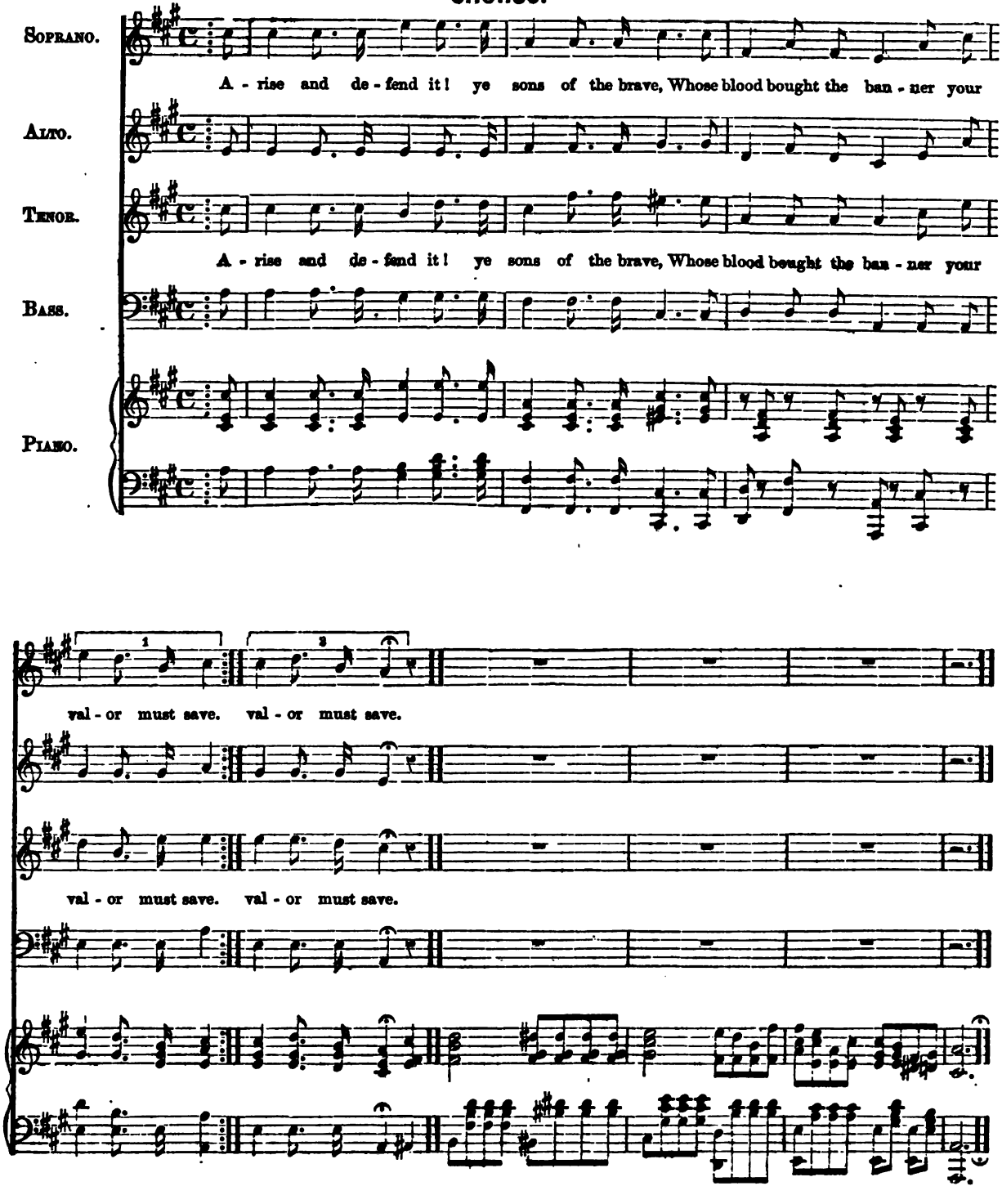
CHORUS.



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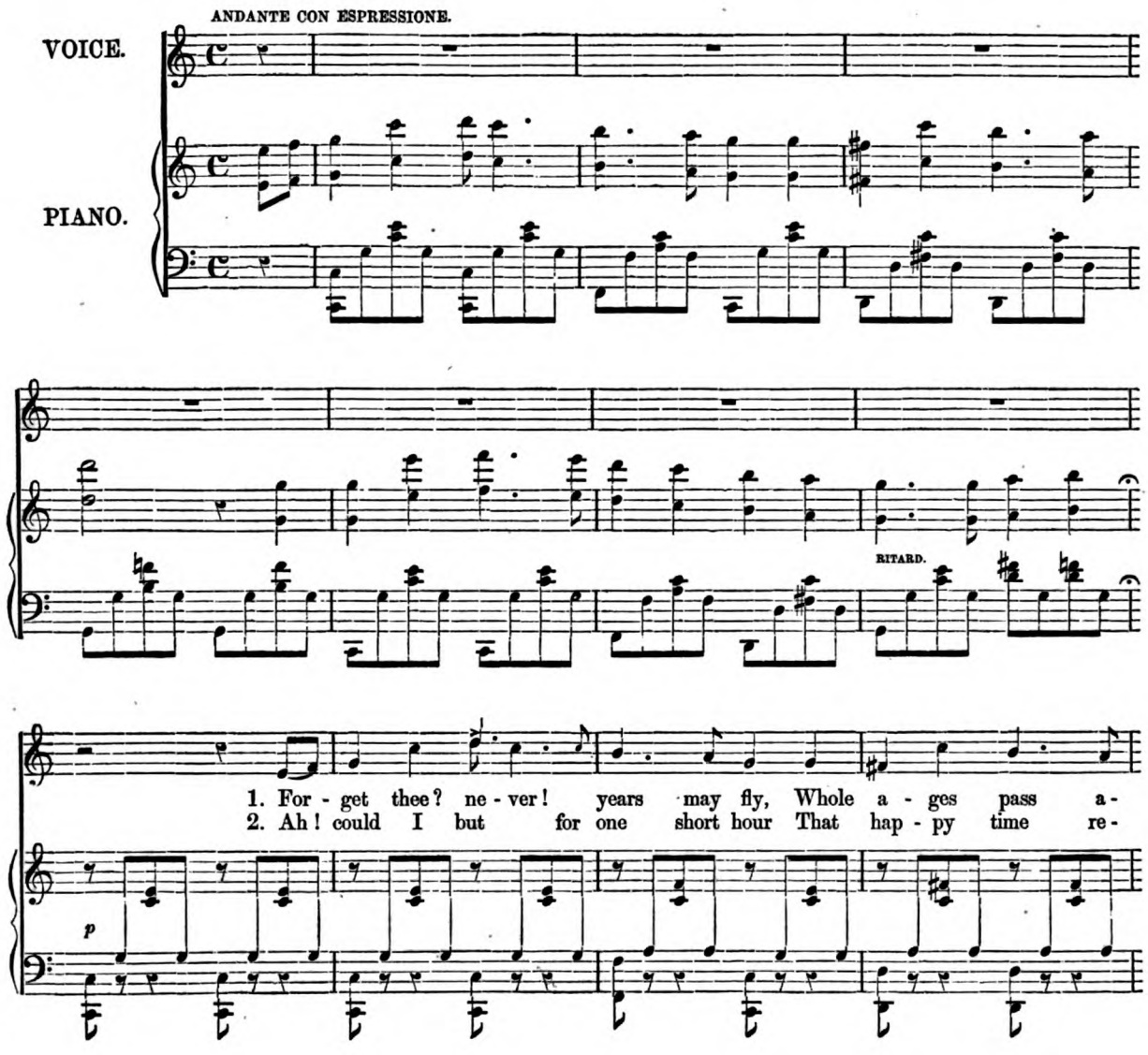
THE MEMORY OF THEE.

A BALLAD.

Written by W. R. T. D. Composed by JOHN W. MORGAN.



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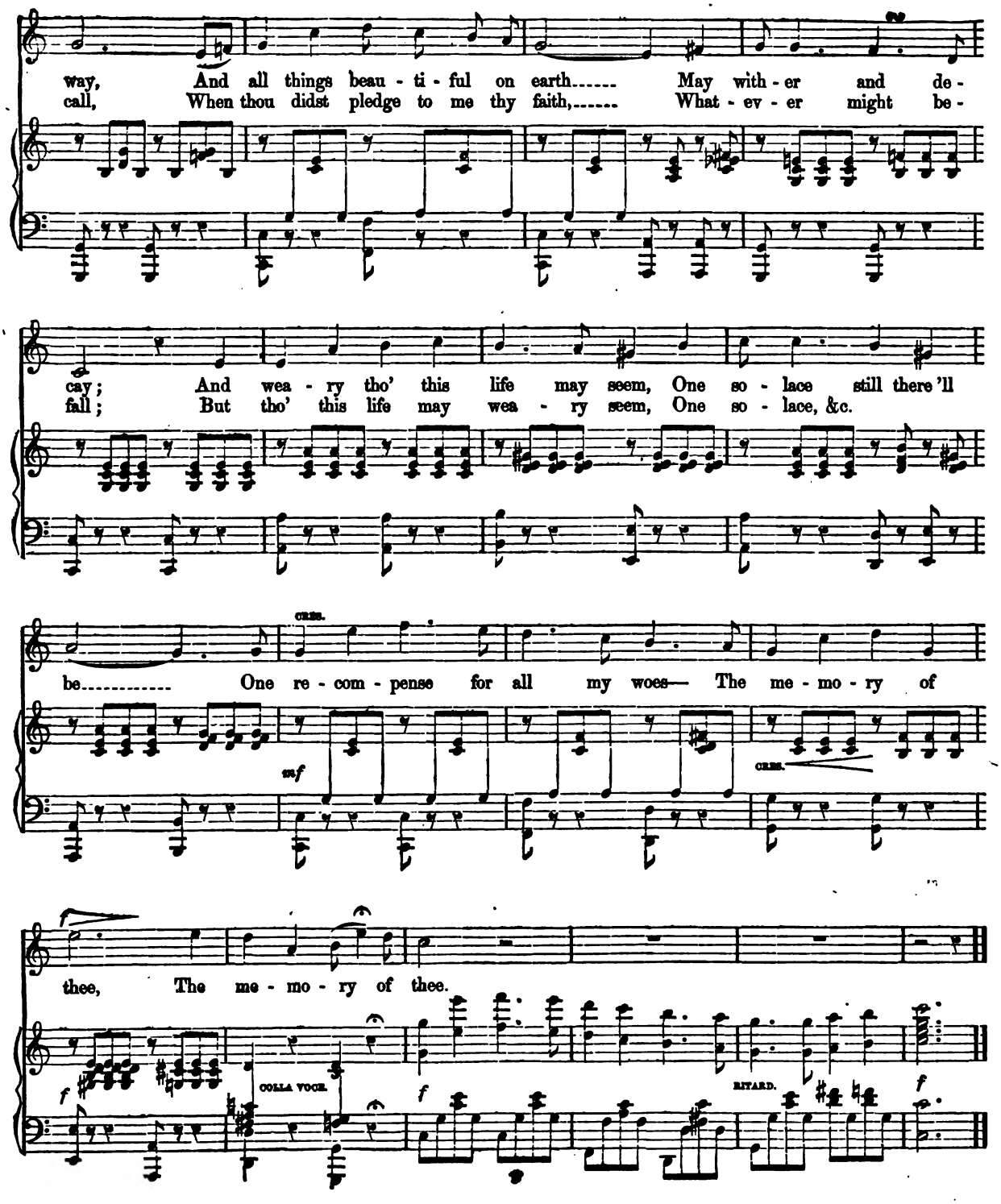

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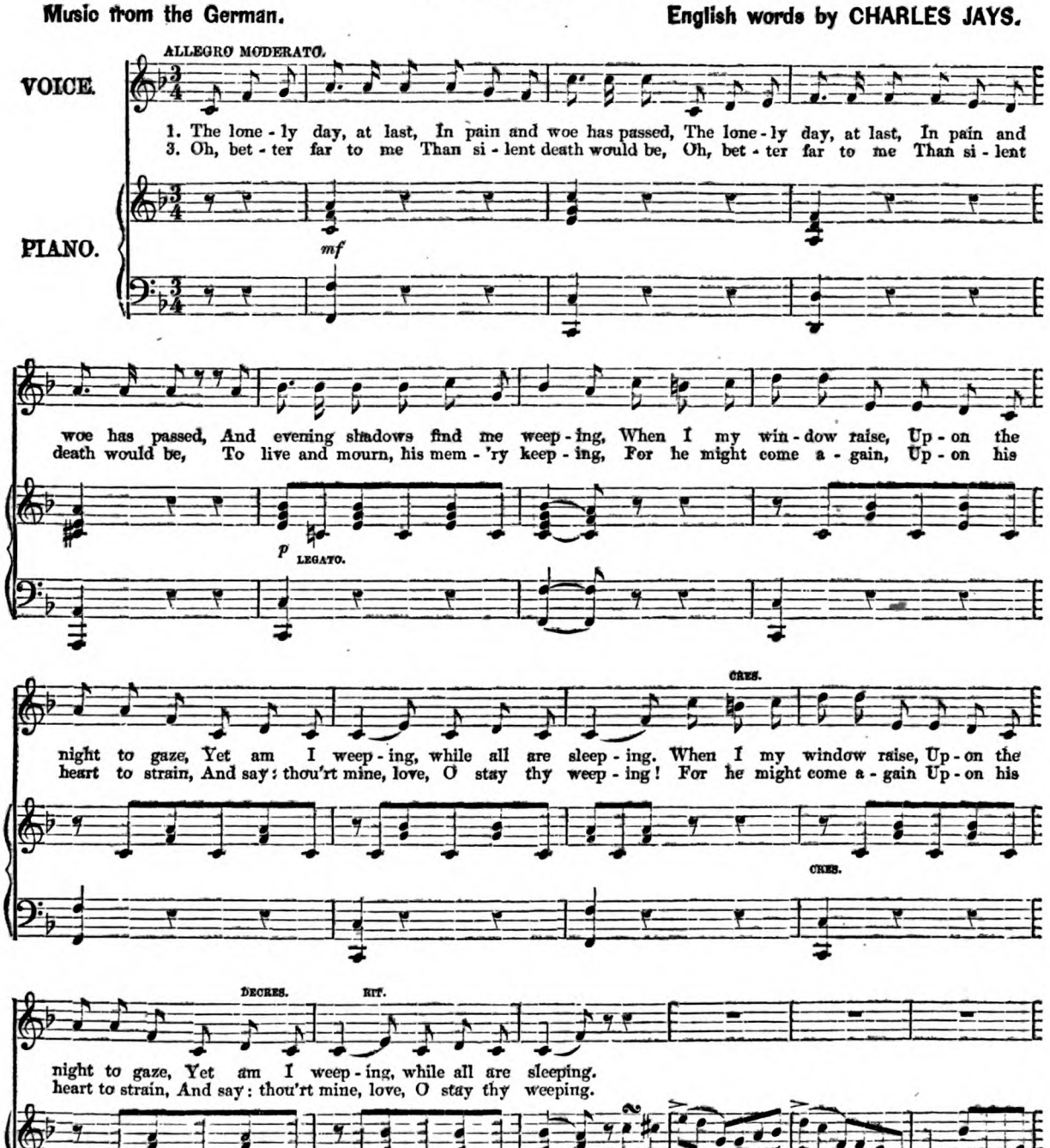
LONG, WEARY DAY.

Music from the German. English words by CHARLES JAYS.



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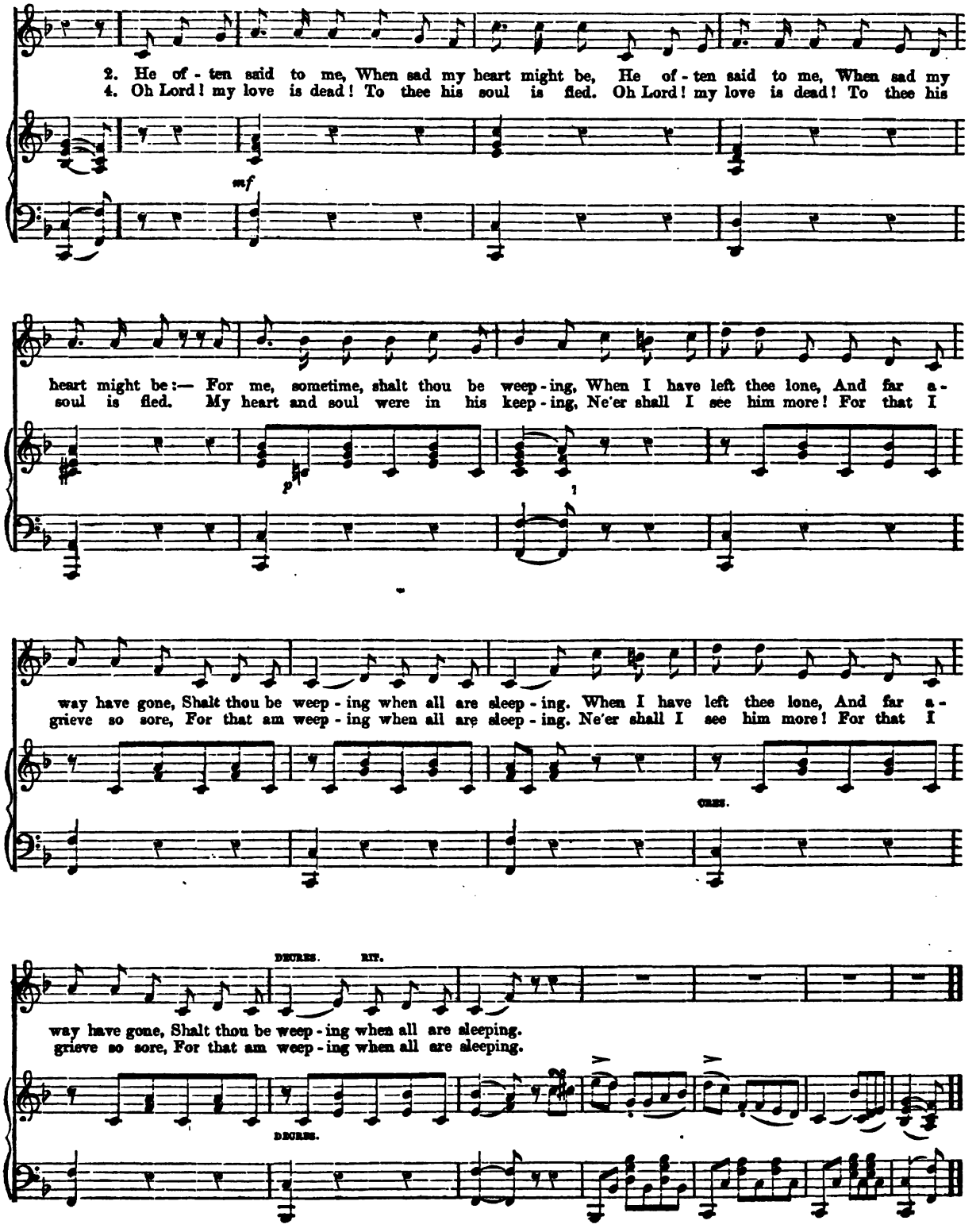

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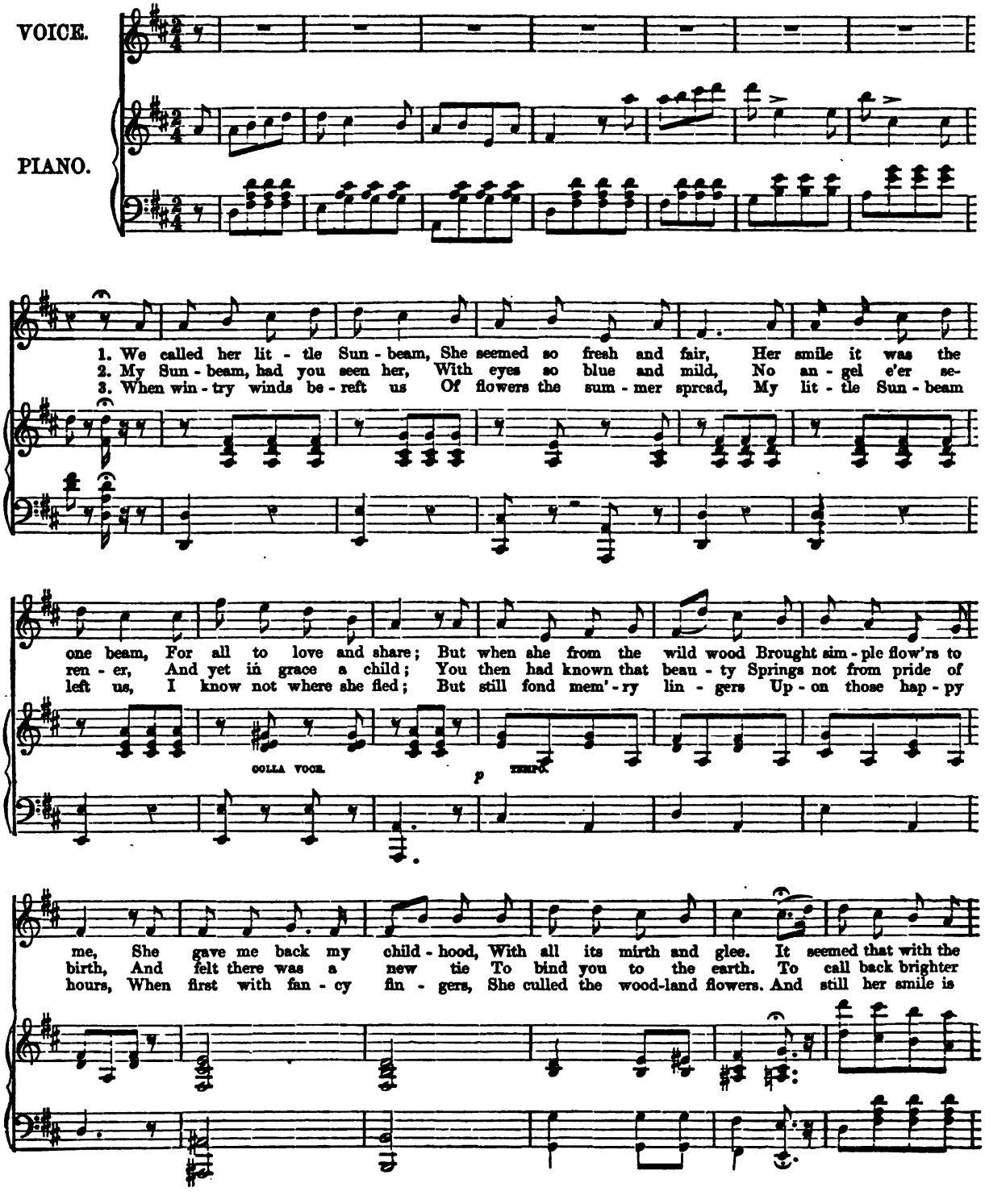
LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by HENRY FARMER.



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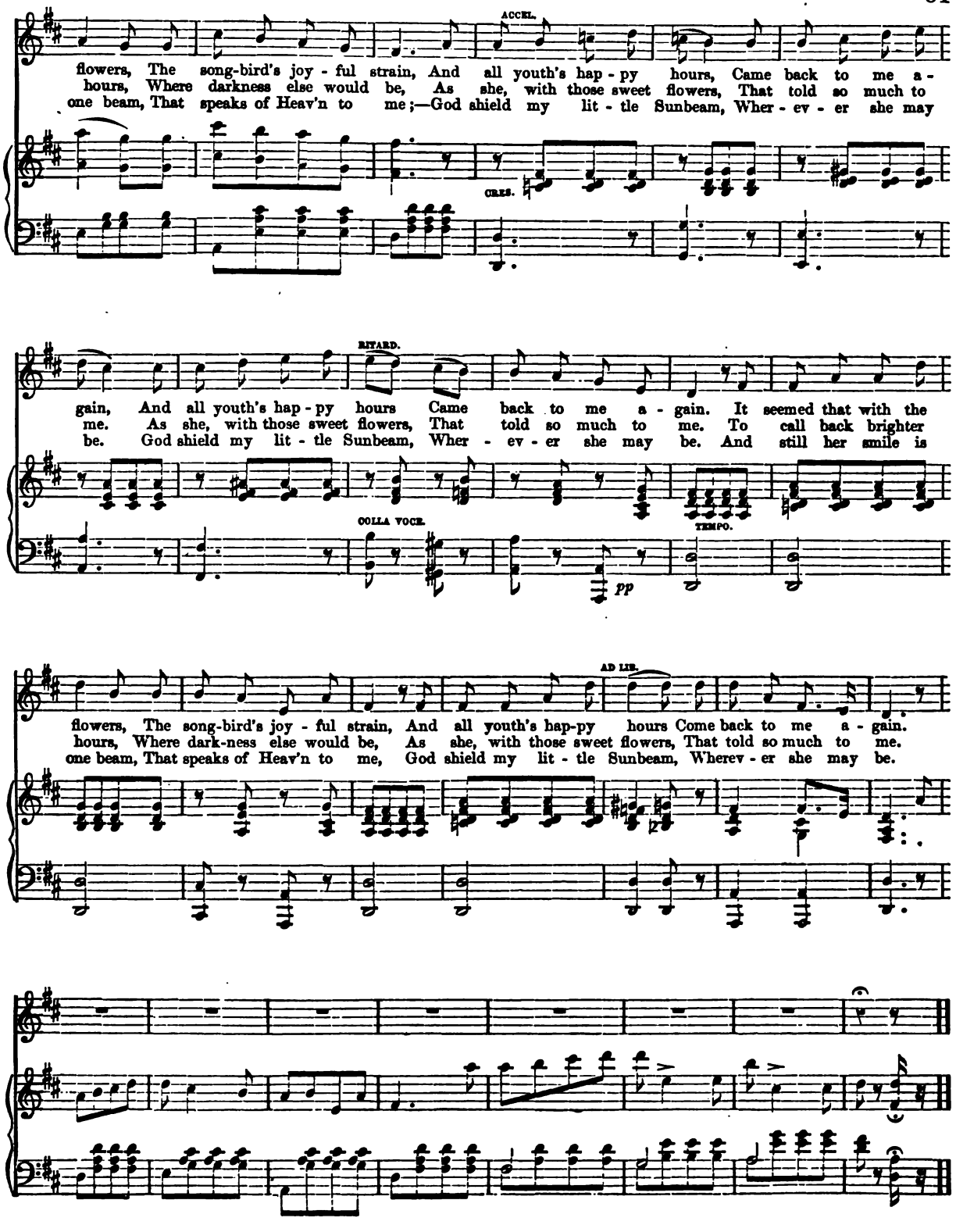

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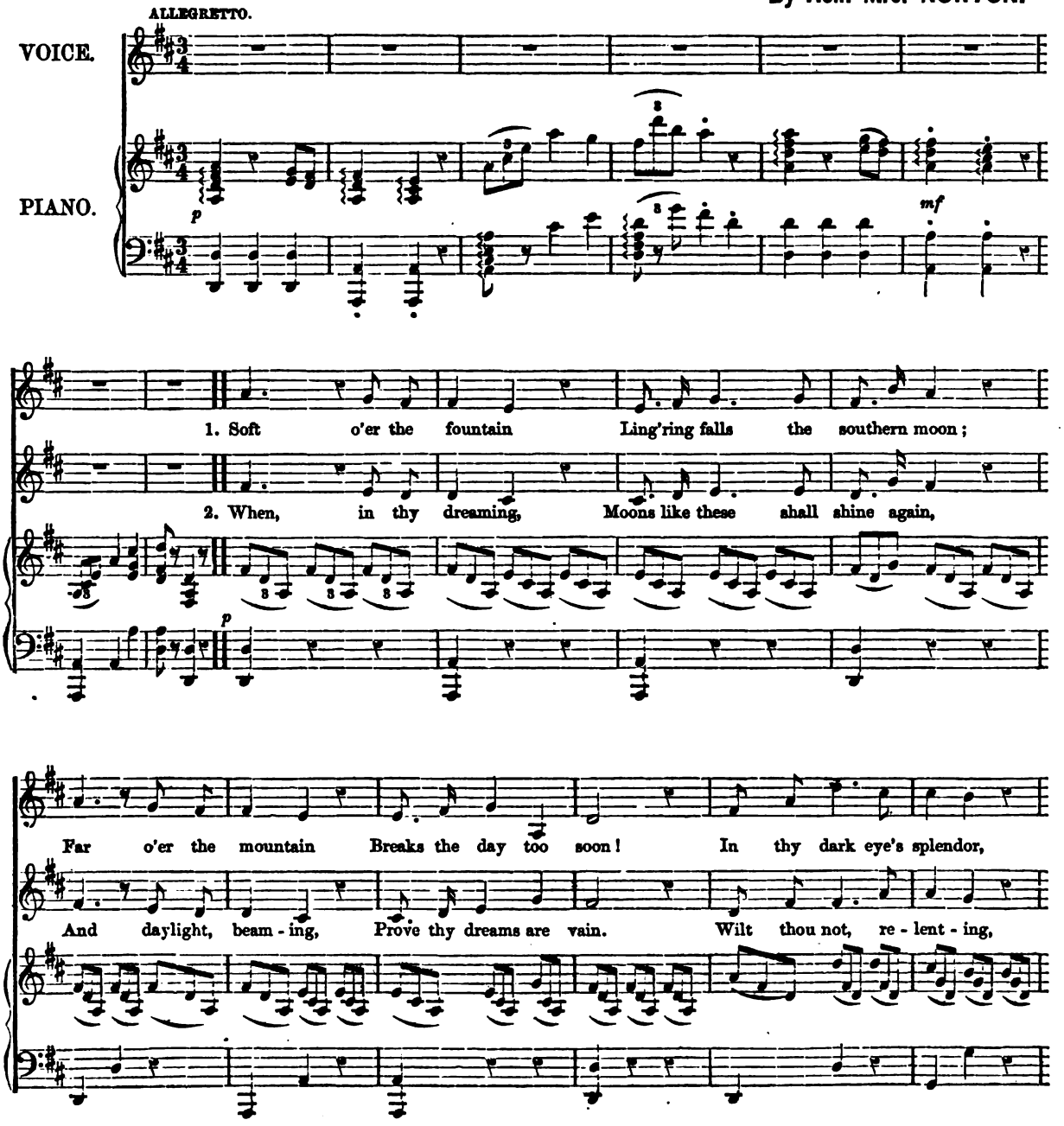
J U A N I T A.

SPANISH BALLAD.

By Hon. Mrs. NORTON.



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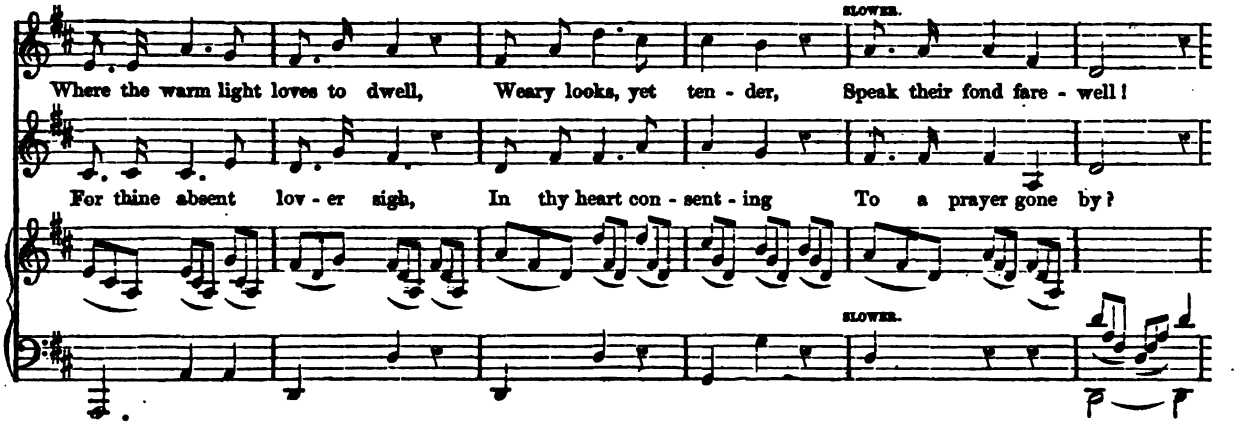

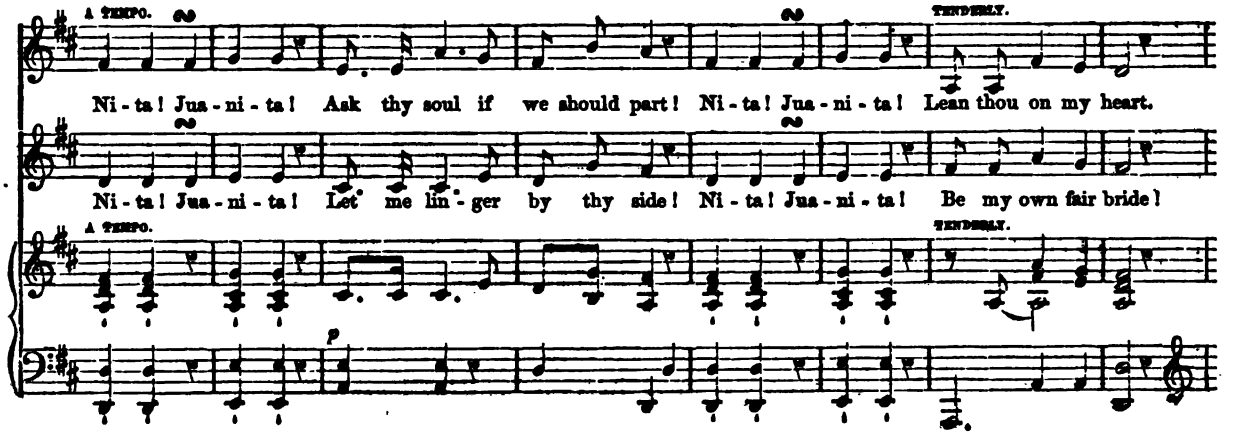

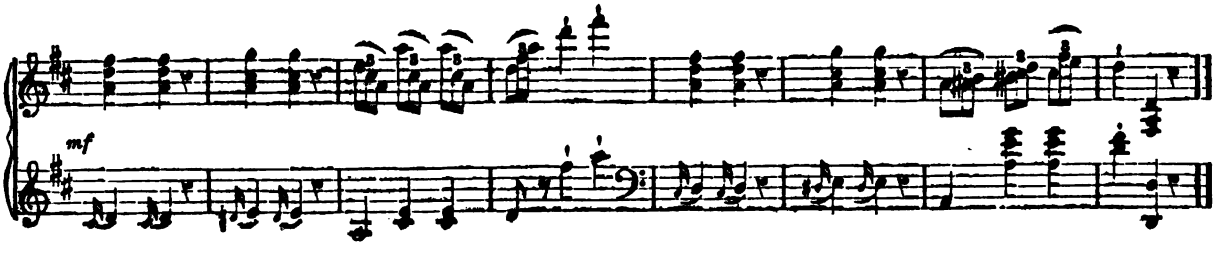

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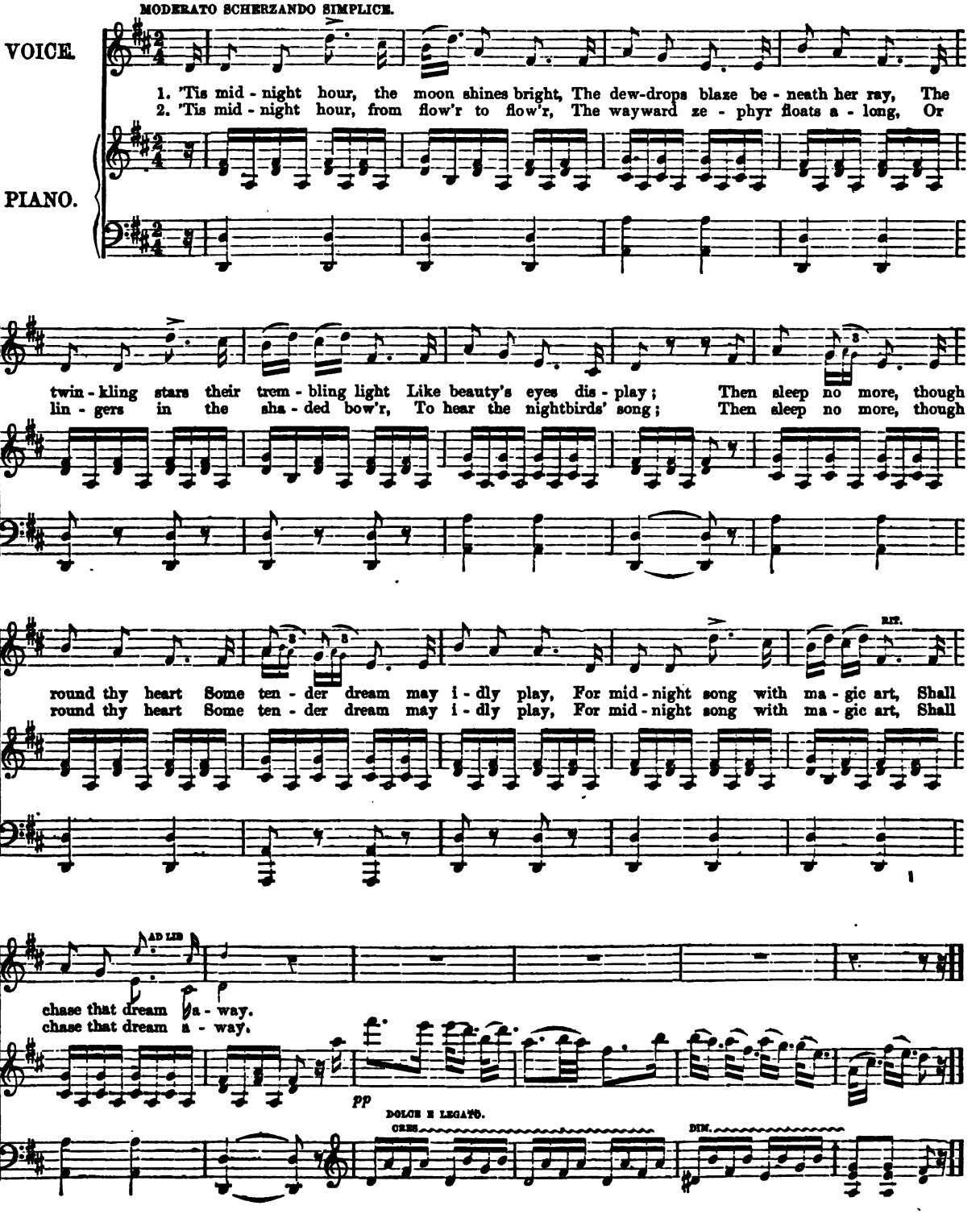
'TIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.



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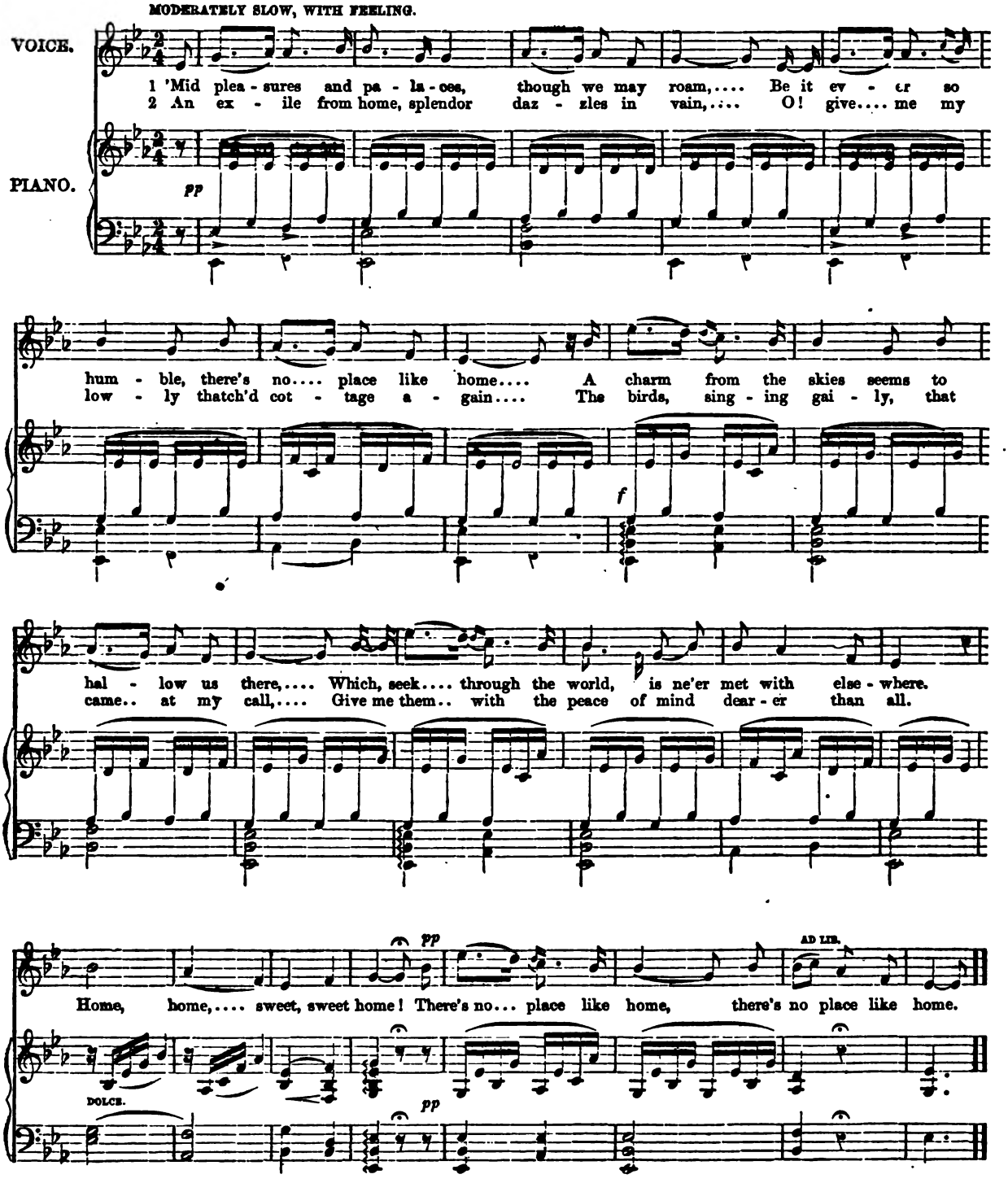
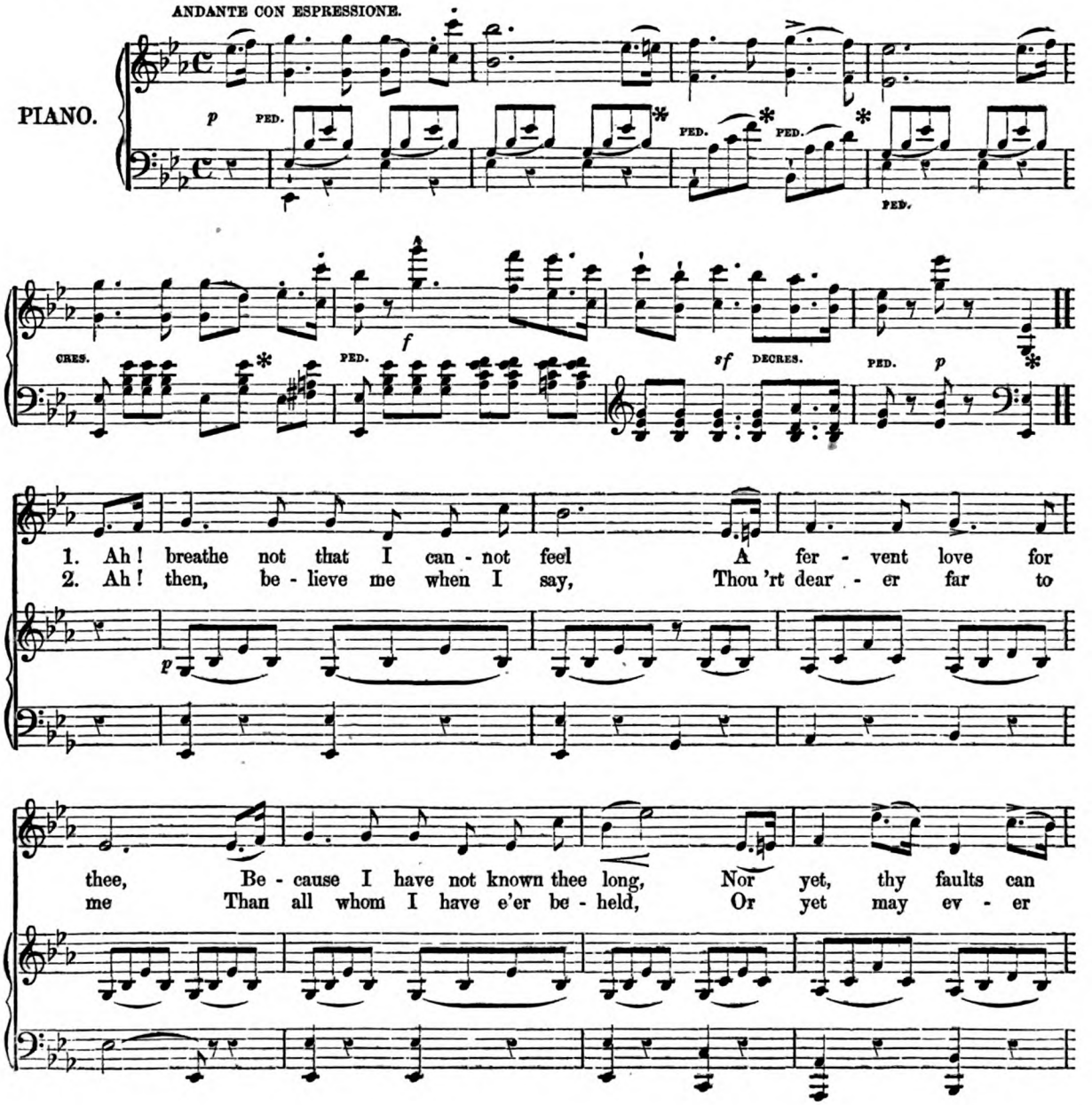
HOME, SWEET HOME.



I Love, I Love but Thee!

A BALLAD.

Words by ISAAC SCAIFE, ESQ. Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.



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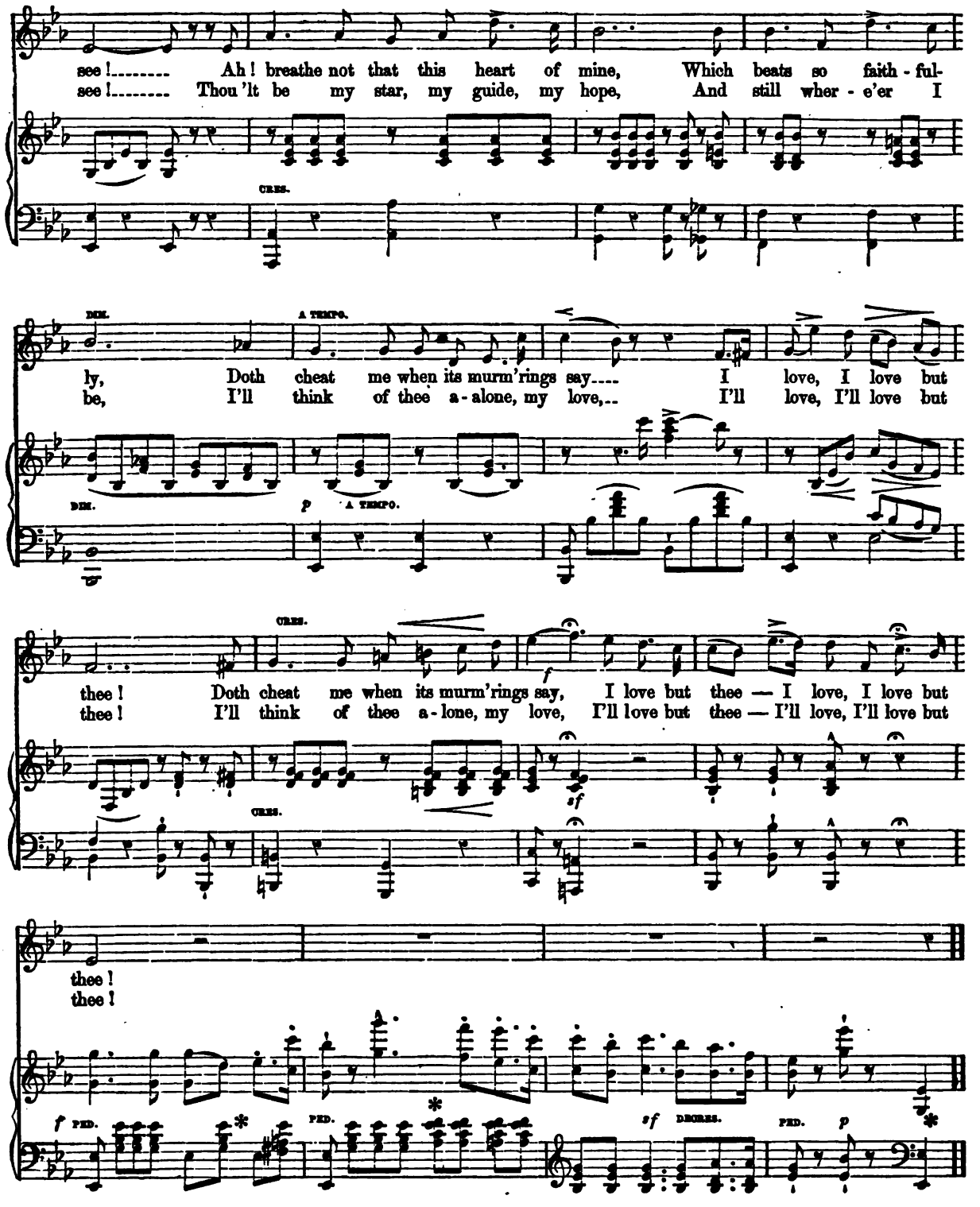

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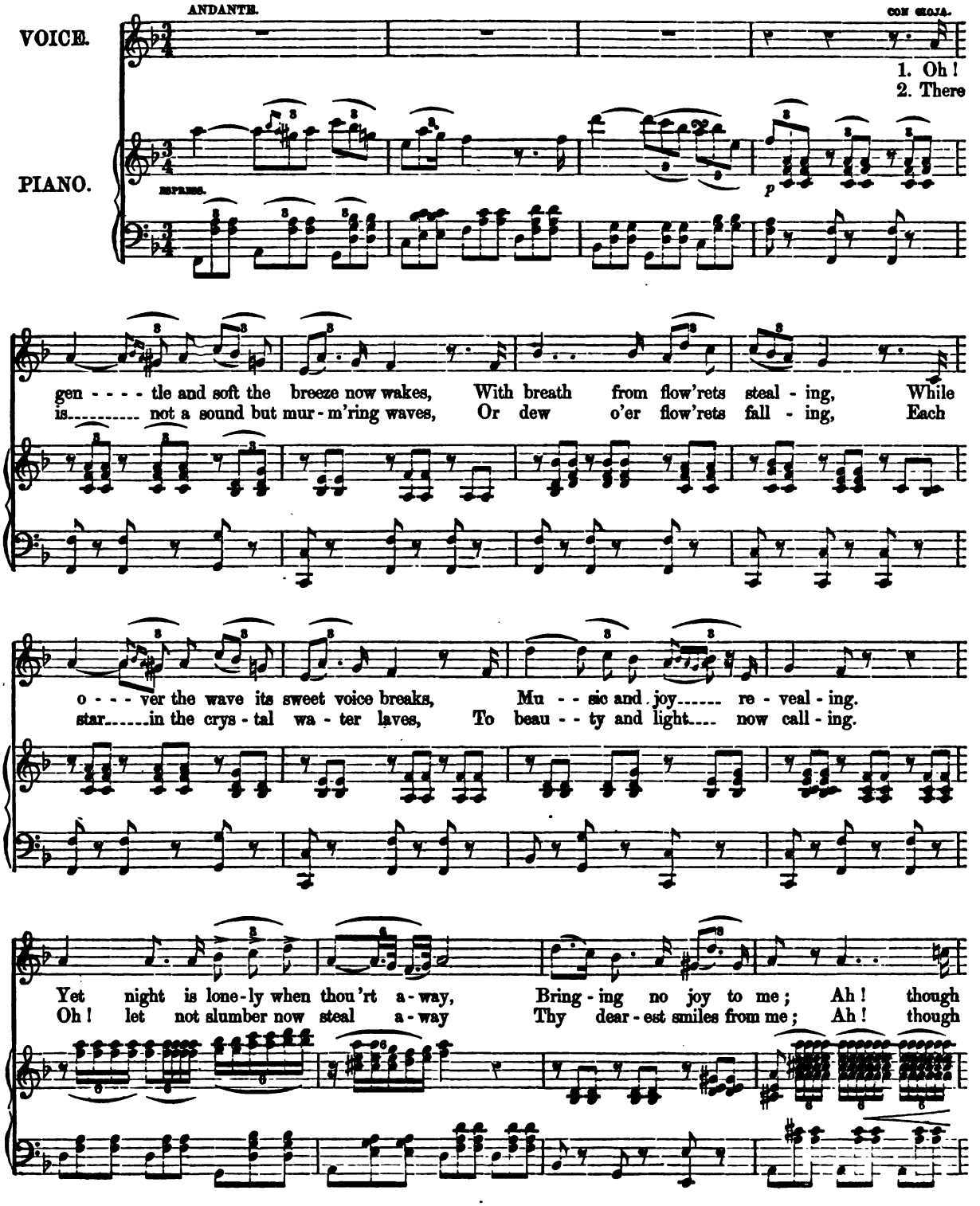
IN TEARS I PINE FOR THEE.

FROM THE OPERA "I LOMBARDI." GIUSEPPE VERDI.



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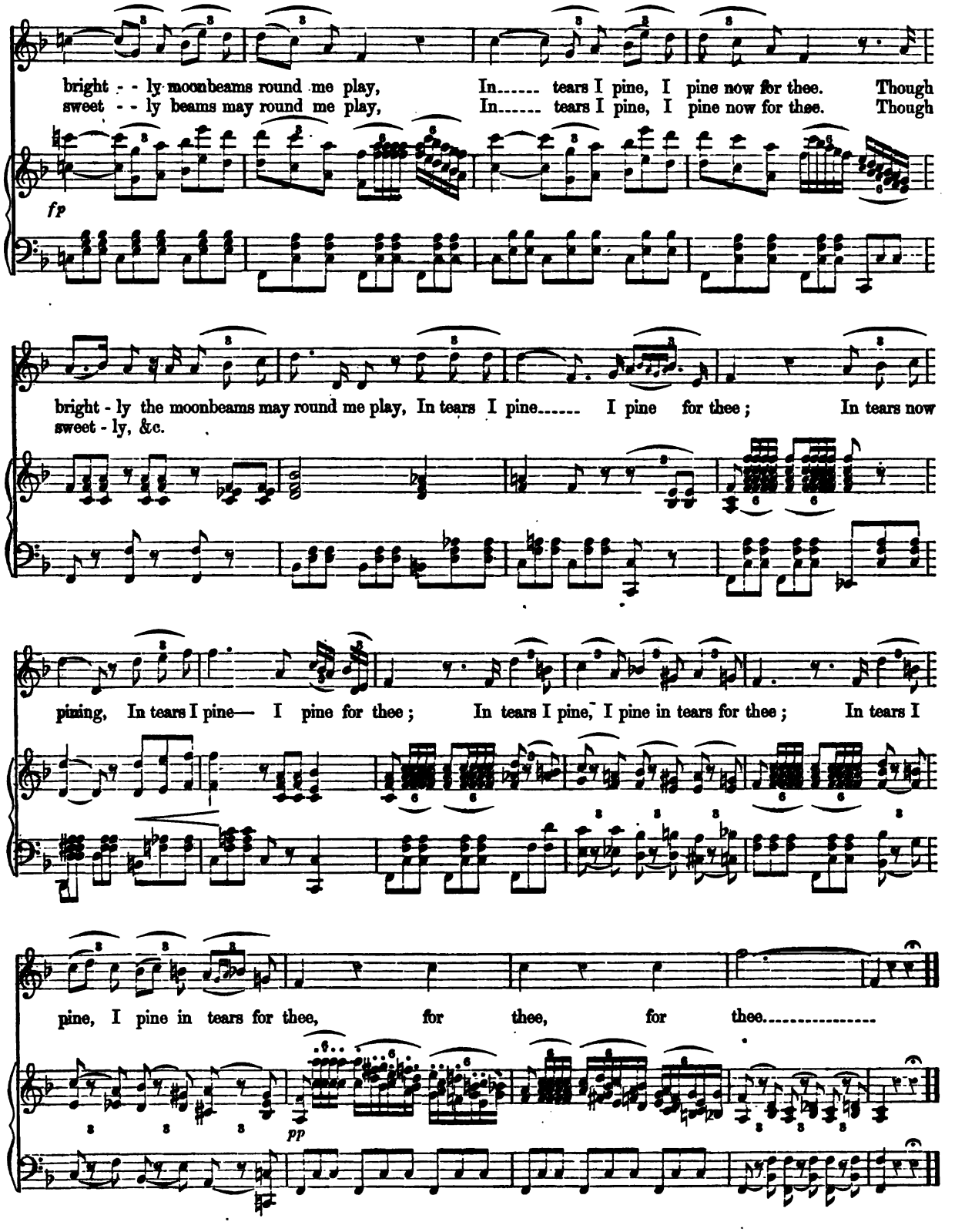

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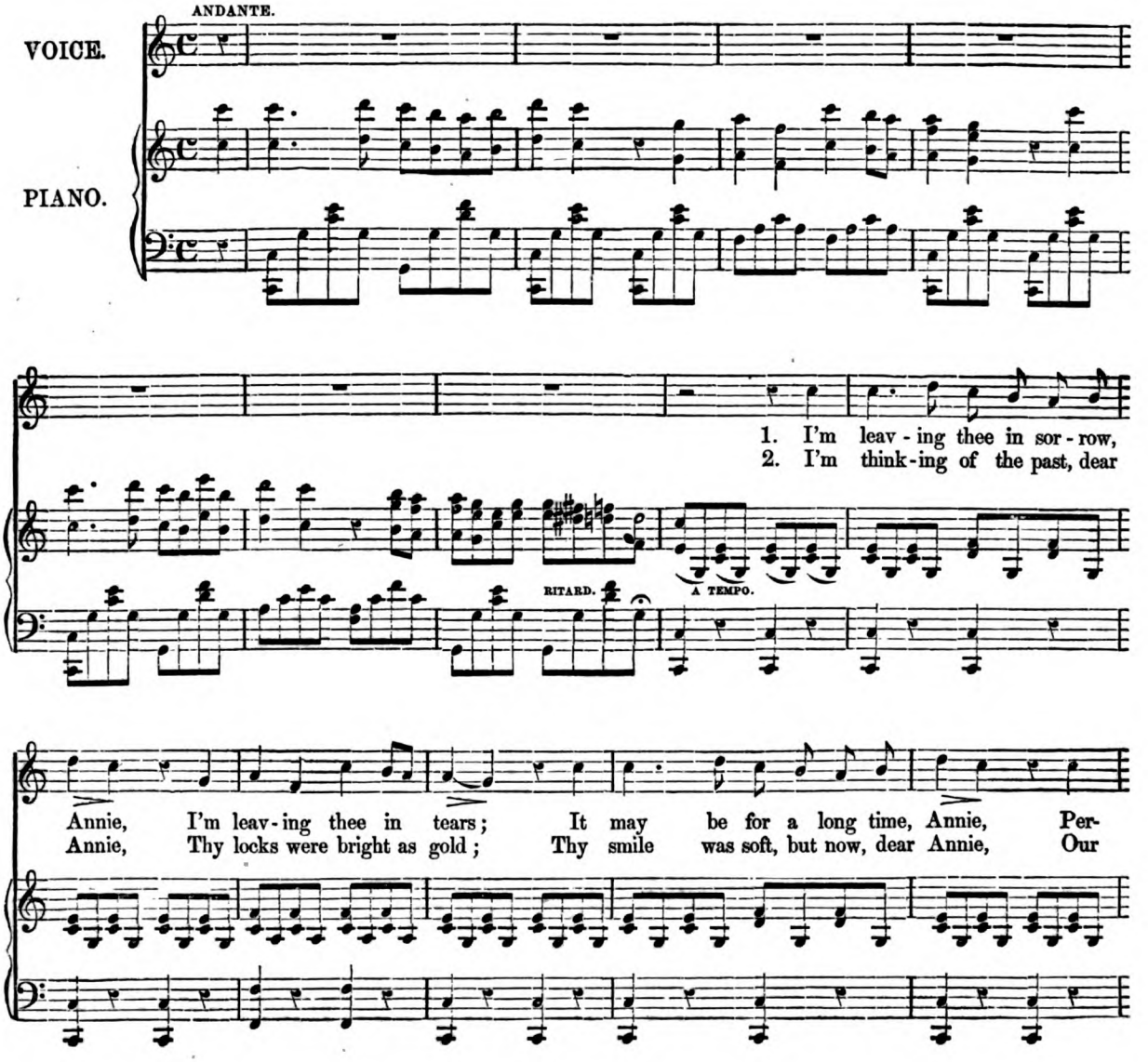
I'M LEAVING THEE IN SORROW.

A BALLAD.

Written by EDWARD J. GILL. Music by GEORGE BARKER.



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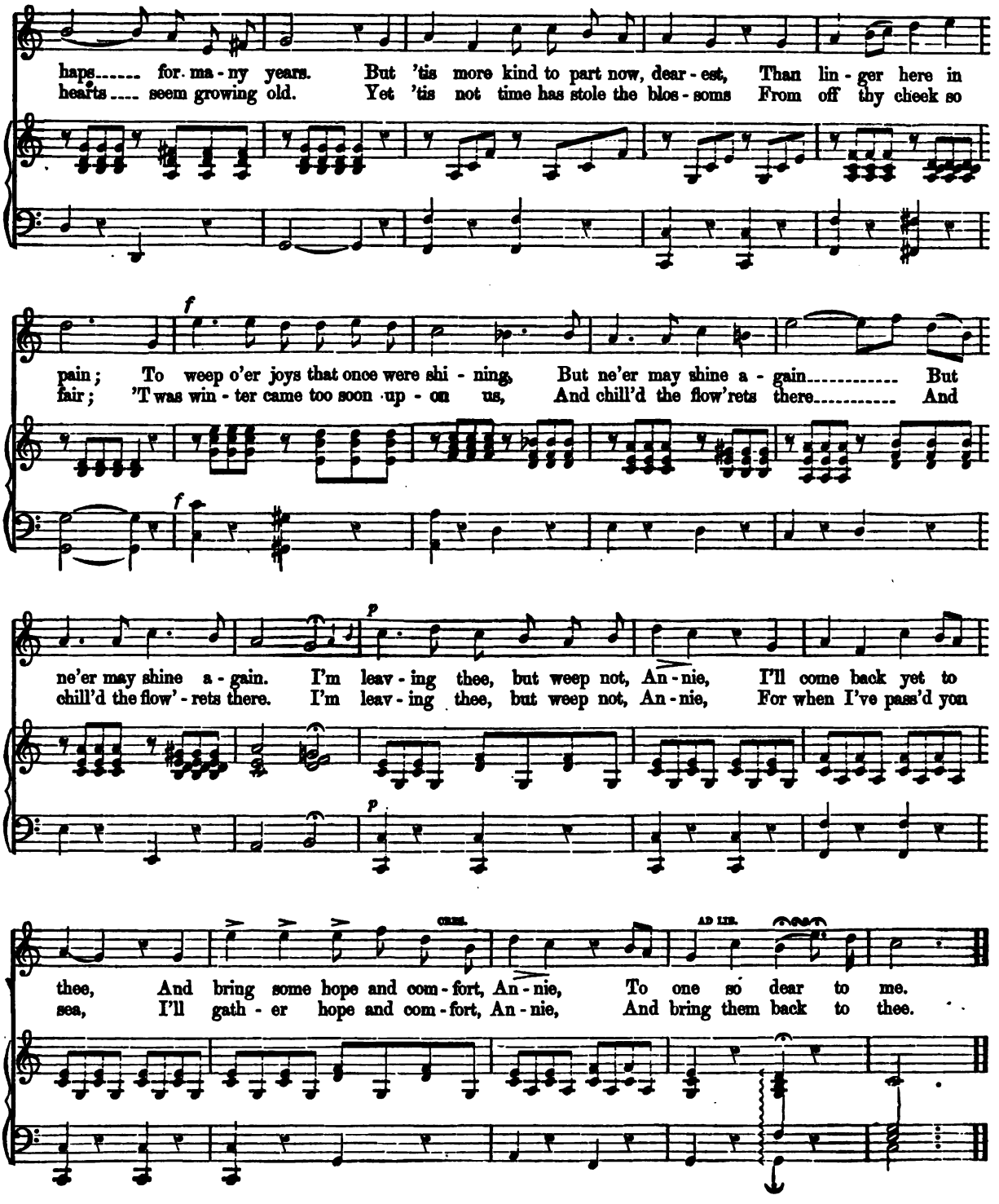

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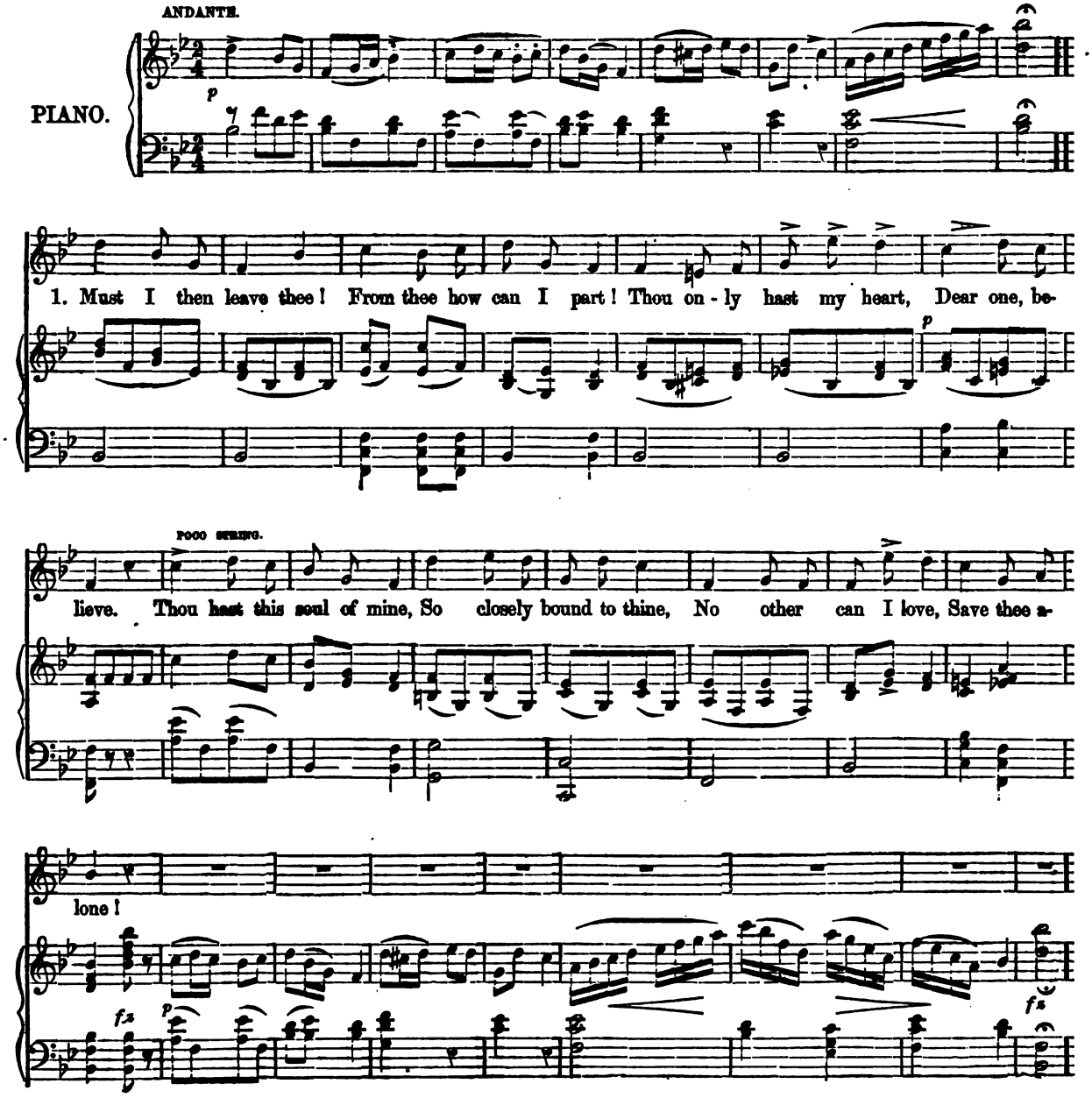
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE!

Arranged by F. B. THOMAS.



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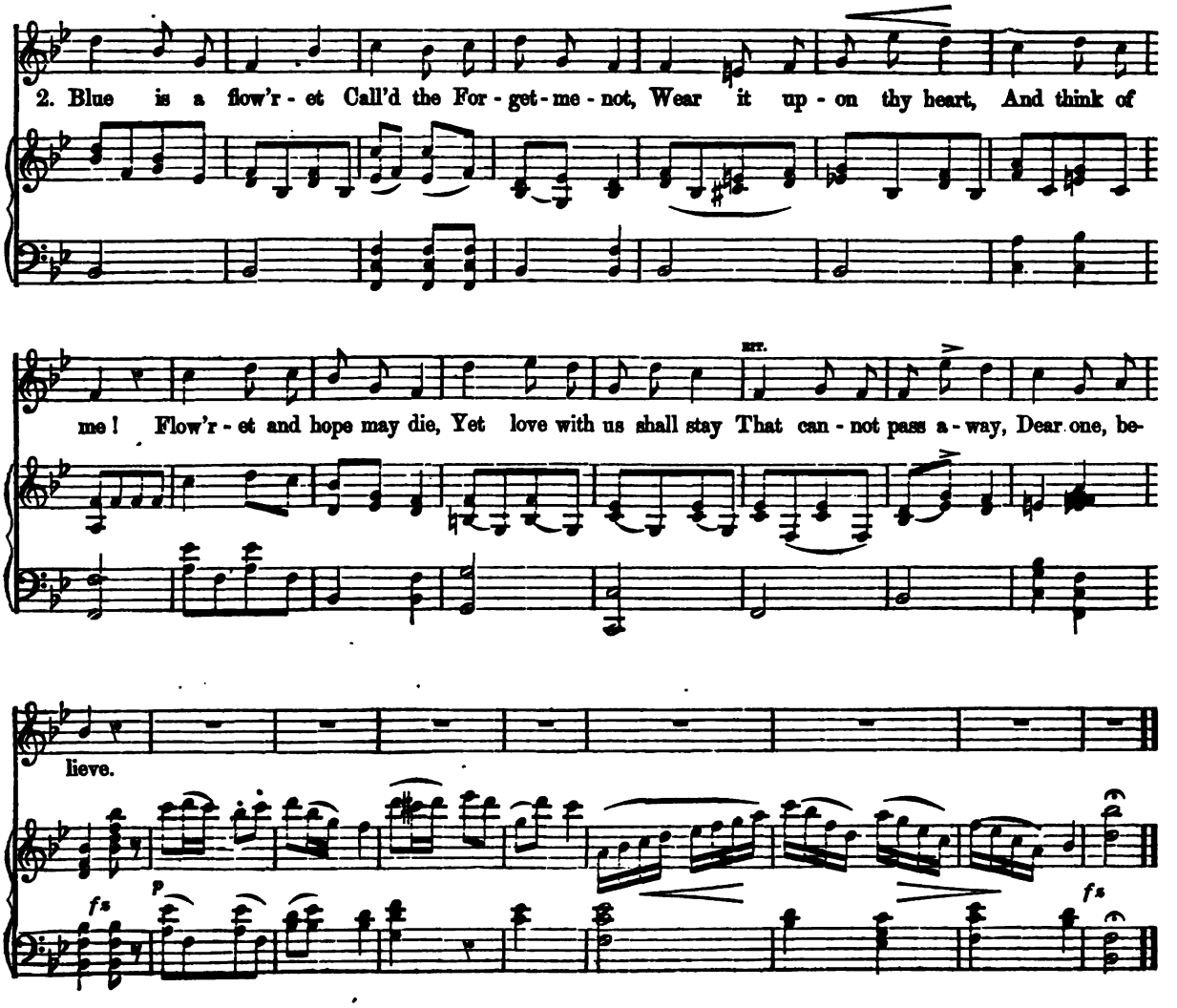

3.

Would I a bird were!
Soon at thy side to be,
Falcon nor hawk would fear,
Speeding to thee.
When, by the fowler slain,
I at thy feet should lie,
Thou sadly should'st complain,
Joyful I'd die!

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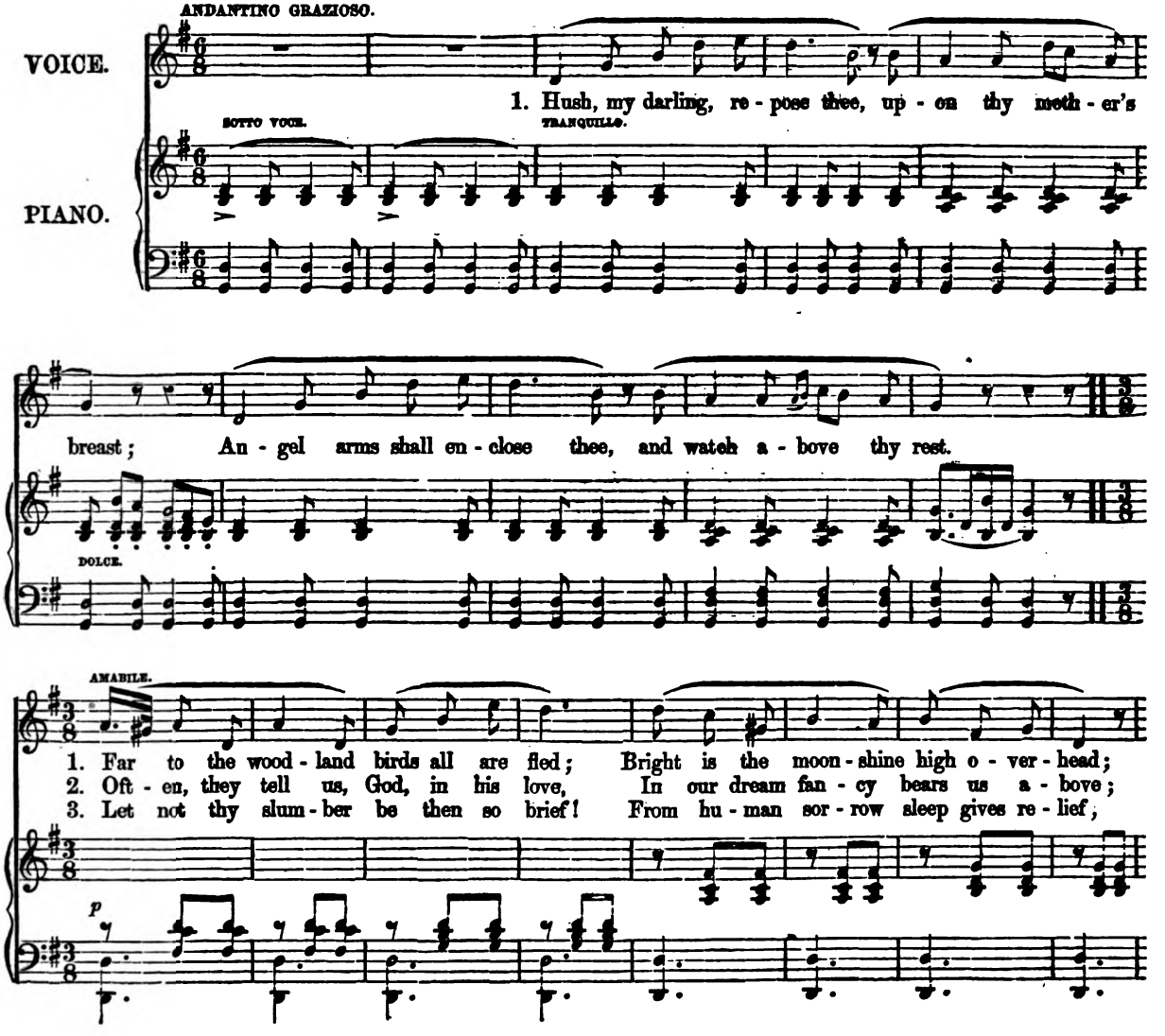
HUSH, MY DARLING!

A SONG.

Written by CHARLES J. SPRAGUE. J. PLOUVÉ.



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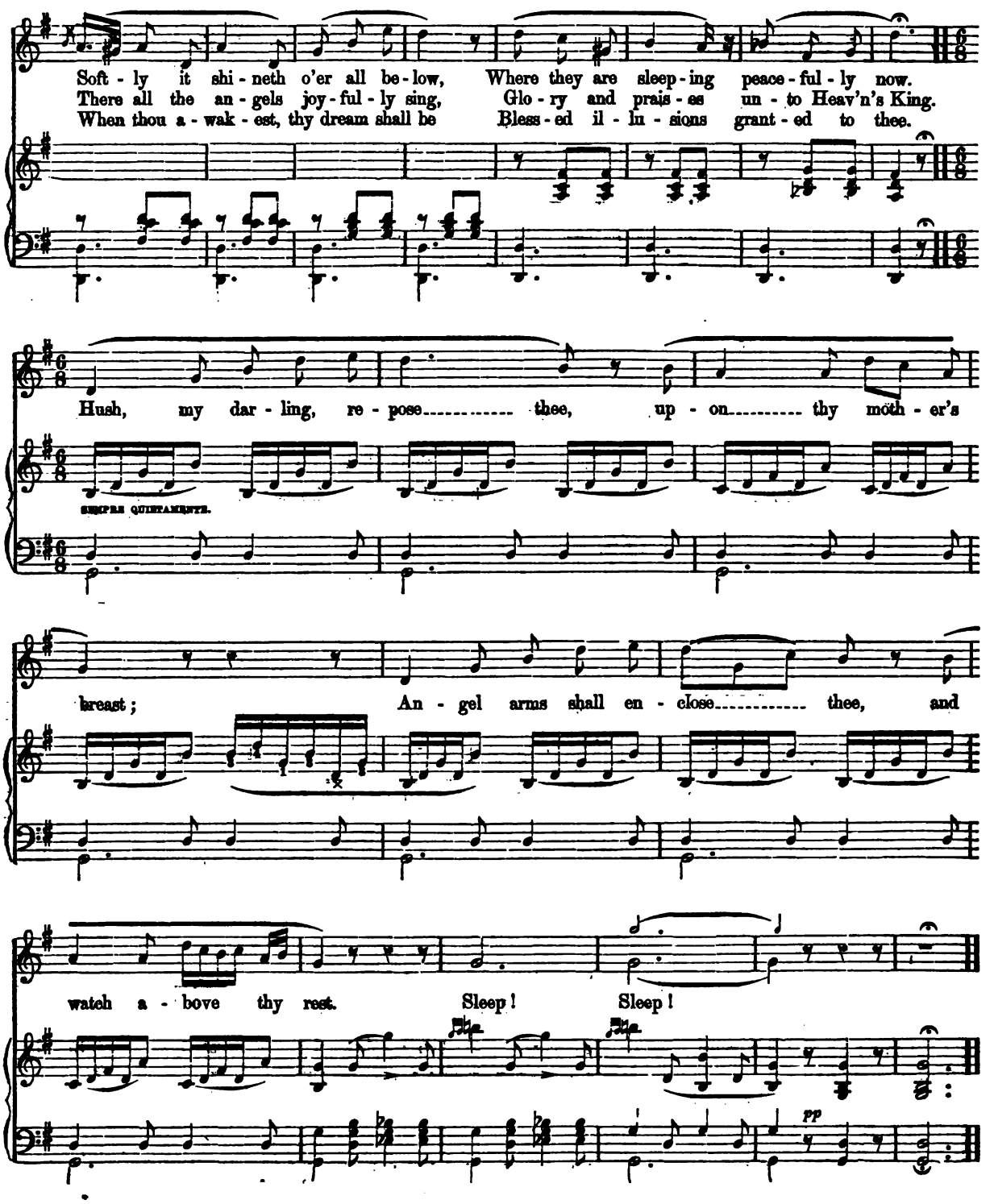

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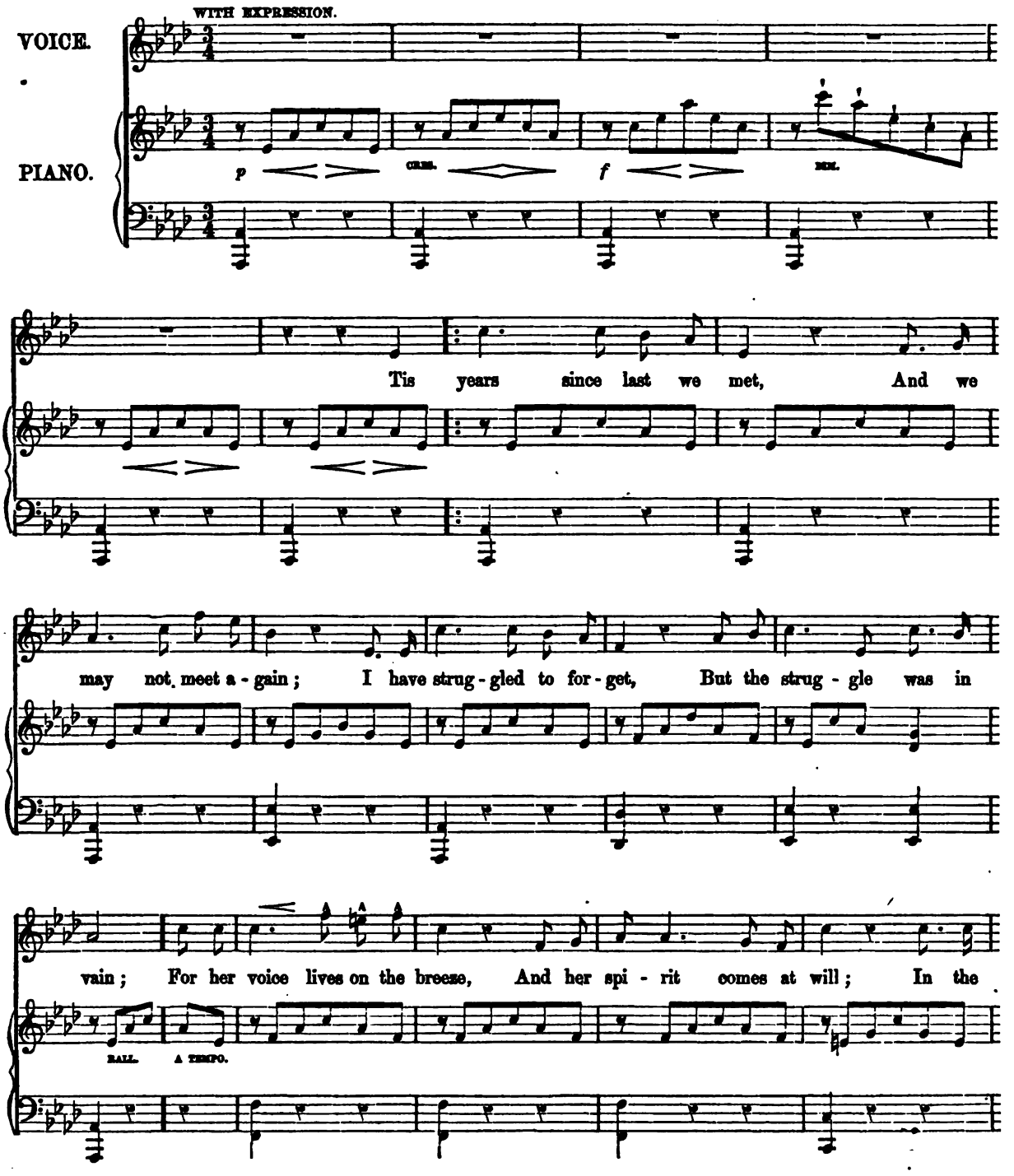
HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON,

Author of "DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME IS HOME."



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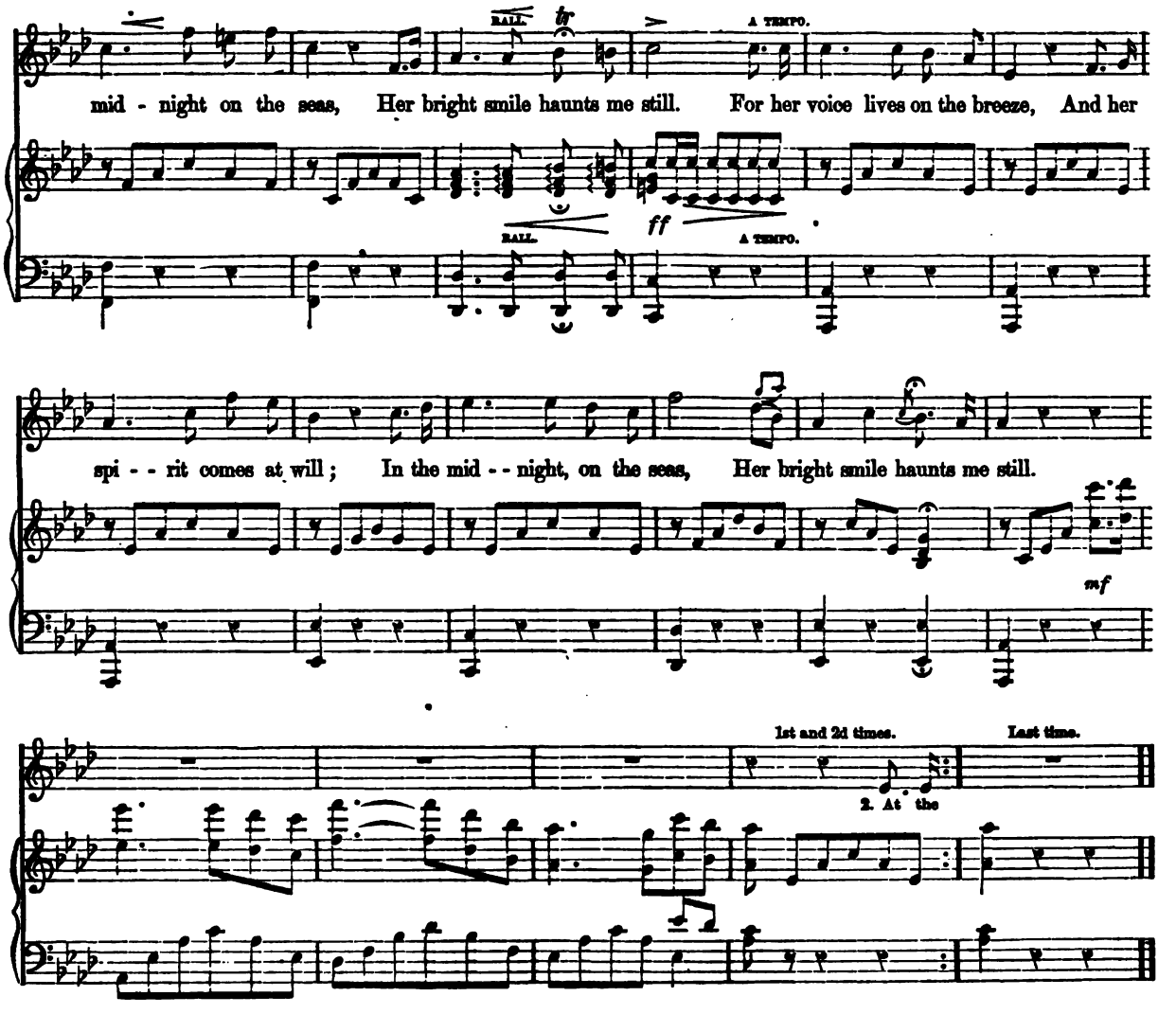

2.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight,
While the stars their vigils keep:
When I close mine aching eyes,
Sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still.
When I close mine aching eyes,
Sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

3.

I have sail'd 'neath alien skies,
I have trod the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise,
Like a giant in his wrath;
Every danger I have known,
That a reckless life can fill;
Yet her presence is not flown,
Her bright smile haunts me still.
Every danger I have known,
That a reckless life can fill;
Yet her presence is not flown,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

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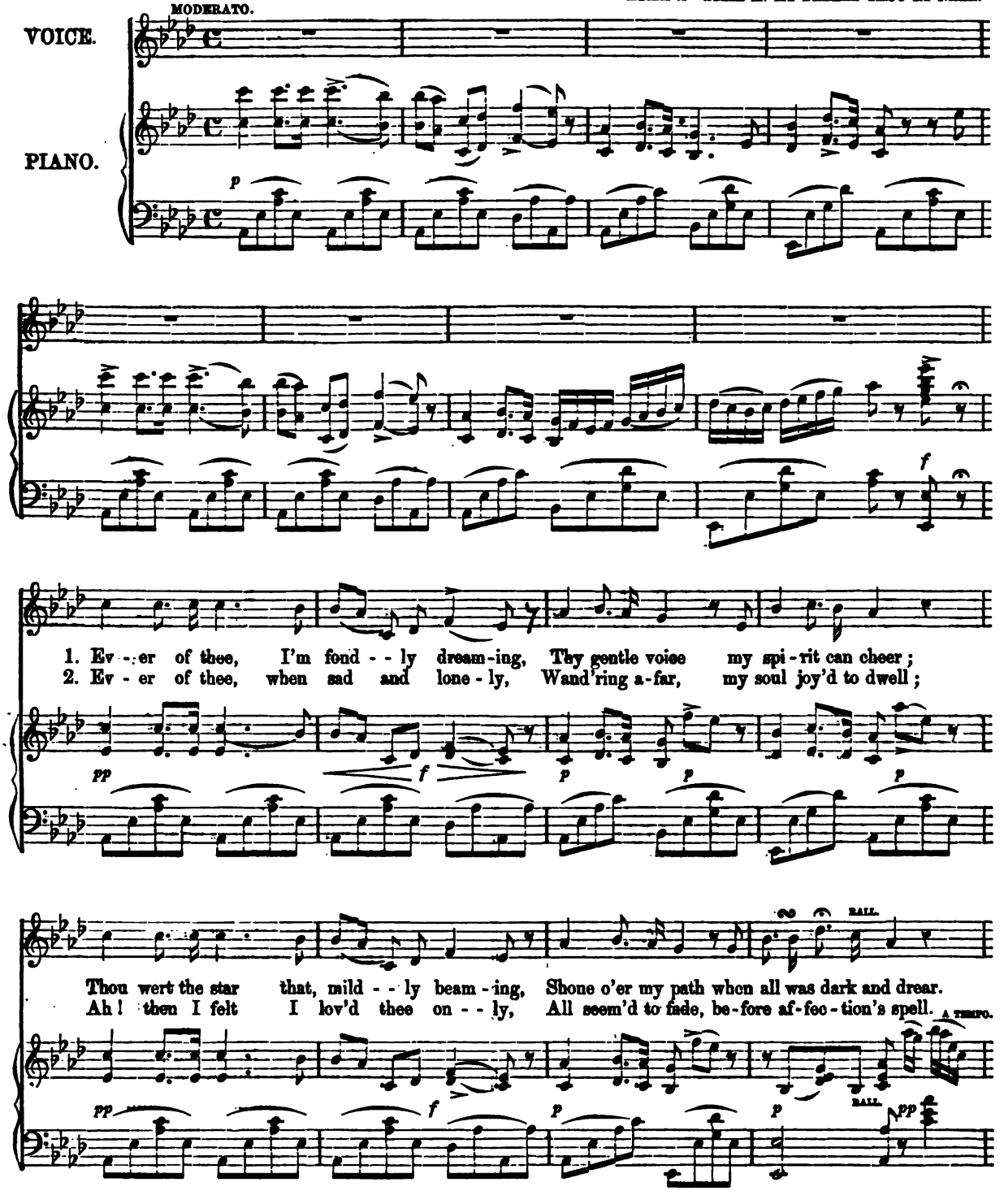
EVER OF THEE!

Written by GEORGE LINLEY.

Composed by FOLEY HALL,
Author of "STILL IN MY DREAMS THOU 'RT NEAR."



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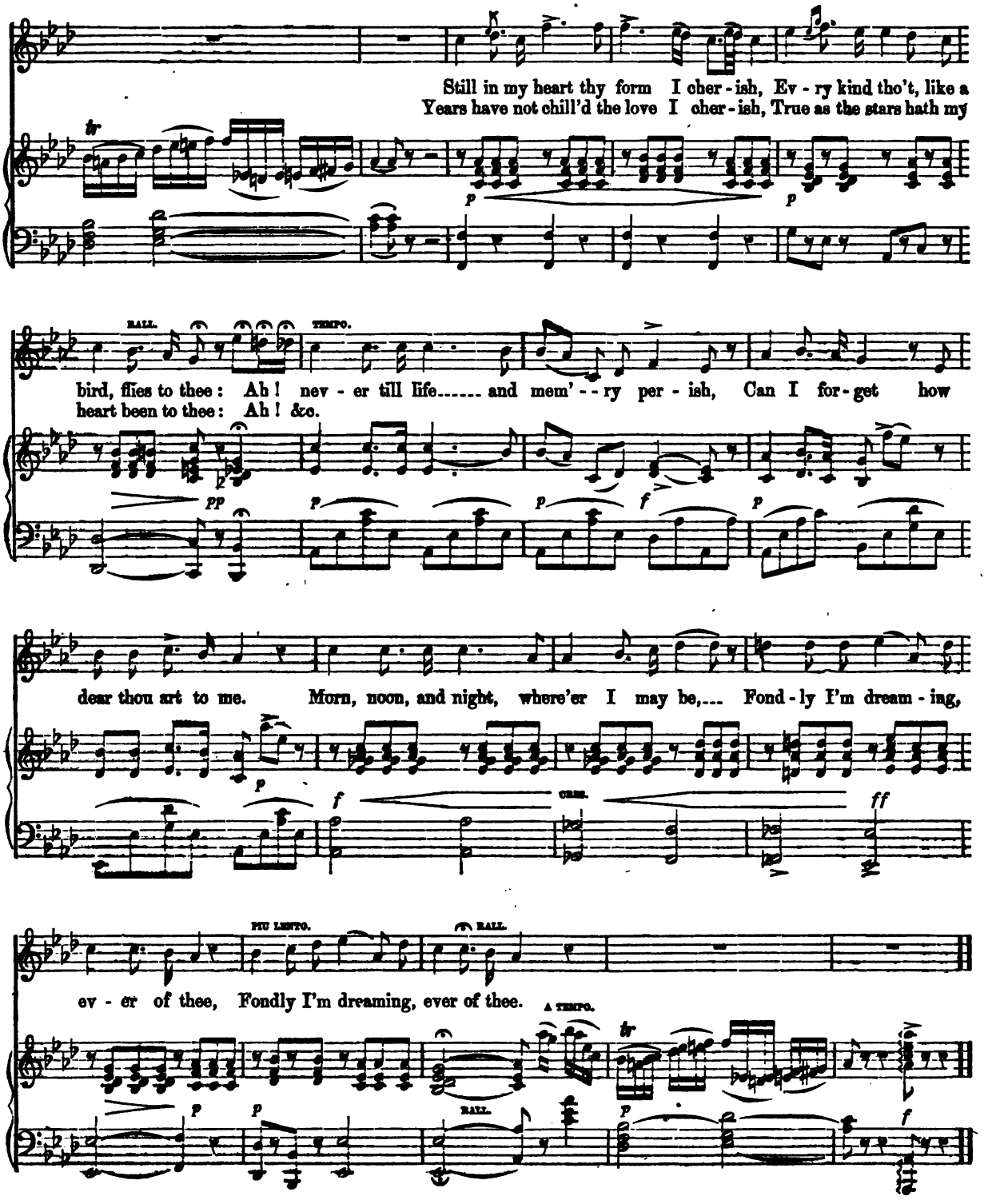

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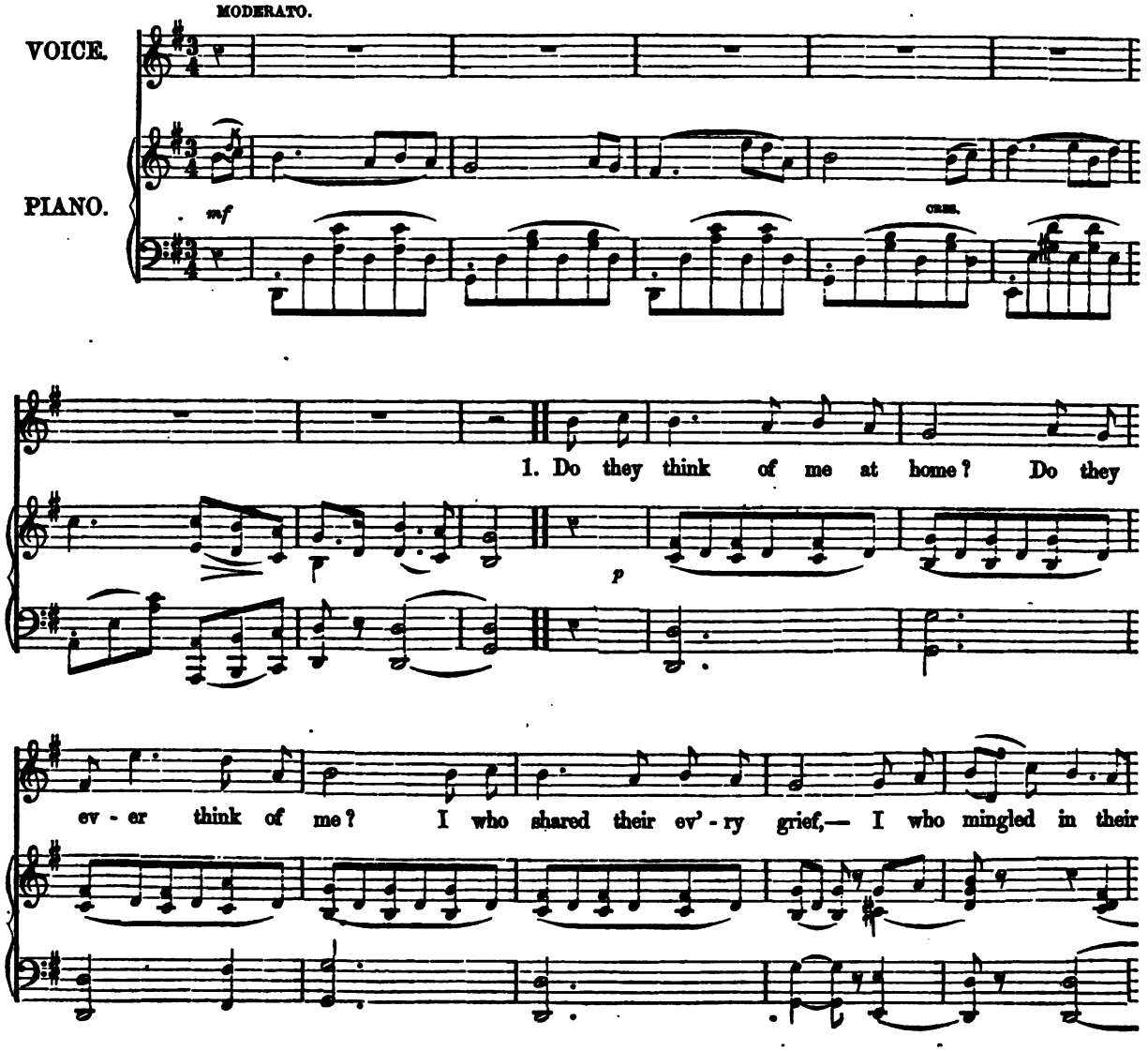
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

A BALLAD.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by C. W. GLOVER.



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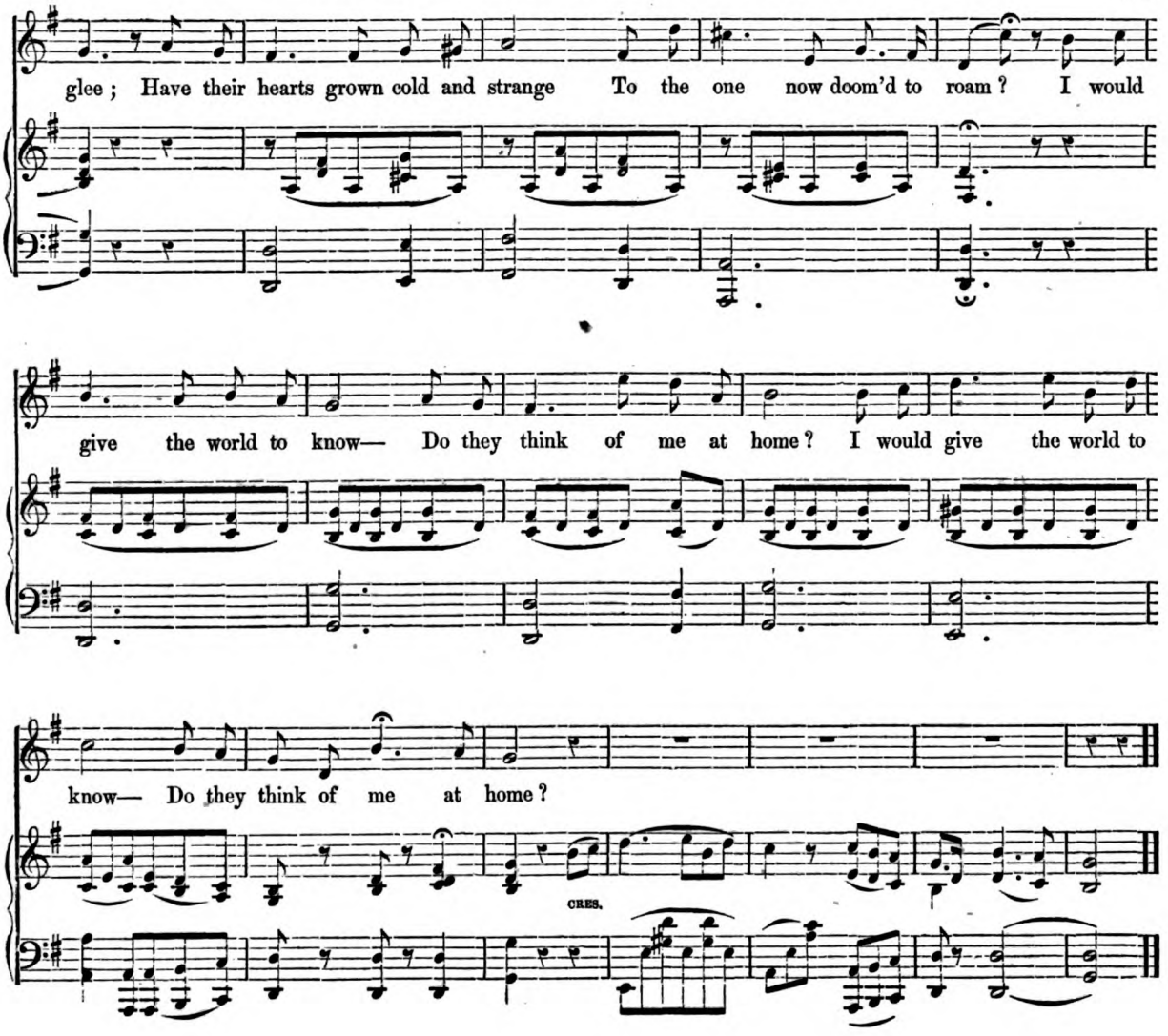

2.

Do they think of me at eve?
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched—
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind, forgiving word,
Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh—
Do they think of me at home?

3.

Do they think of how I loved
In my happy early days?
Do they think of him who came,
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam!
But my heart will sadly ask—
Do they think of me at home?

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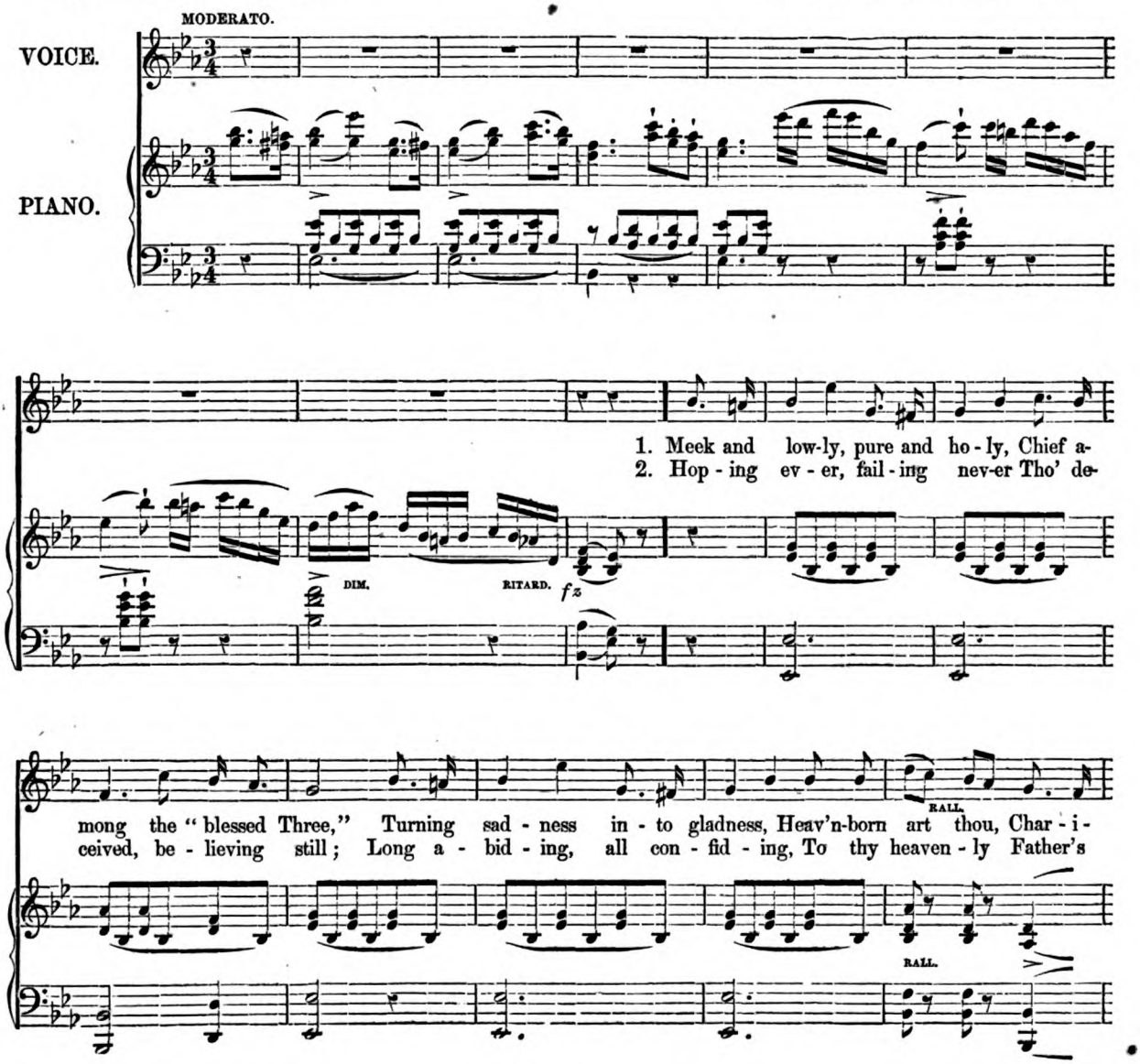
CHARITY.

A SACRED SONG.

Written by C. JEFFERYS. Composed by S. GLOVER.



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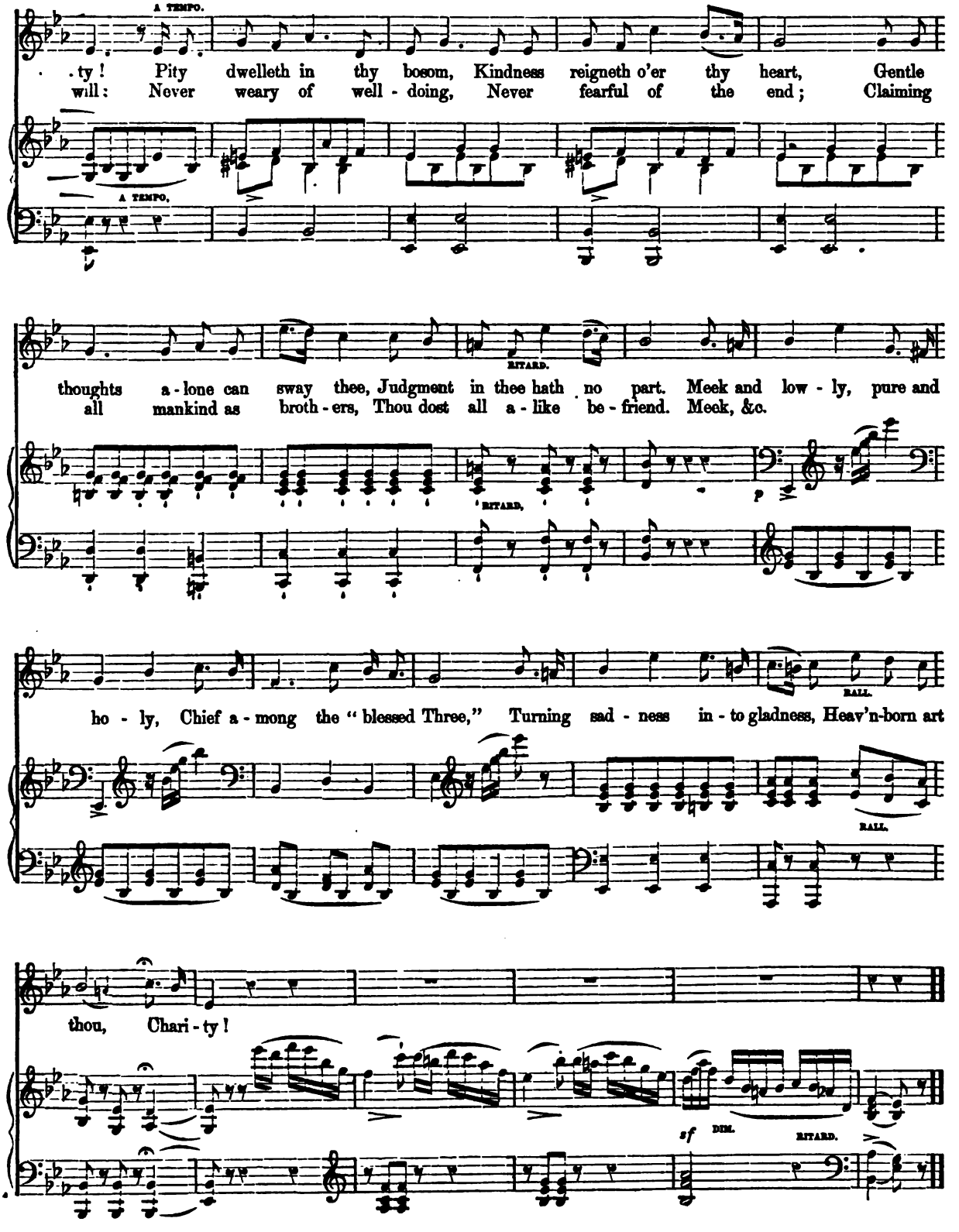
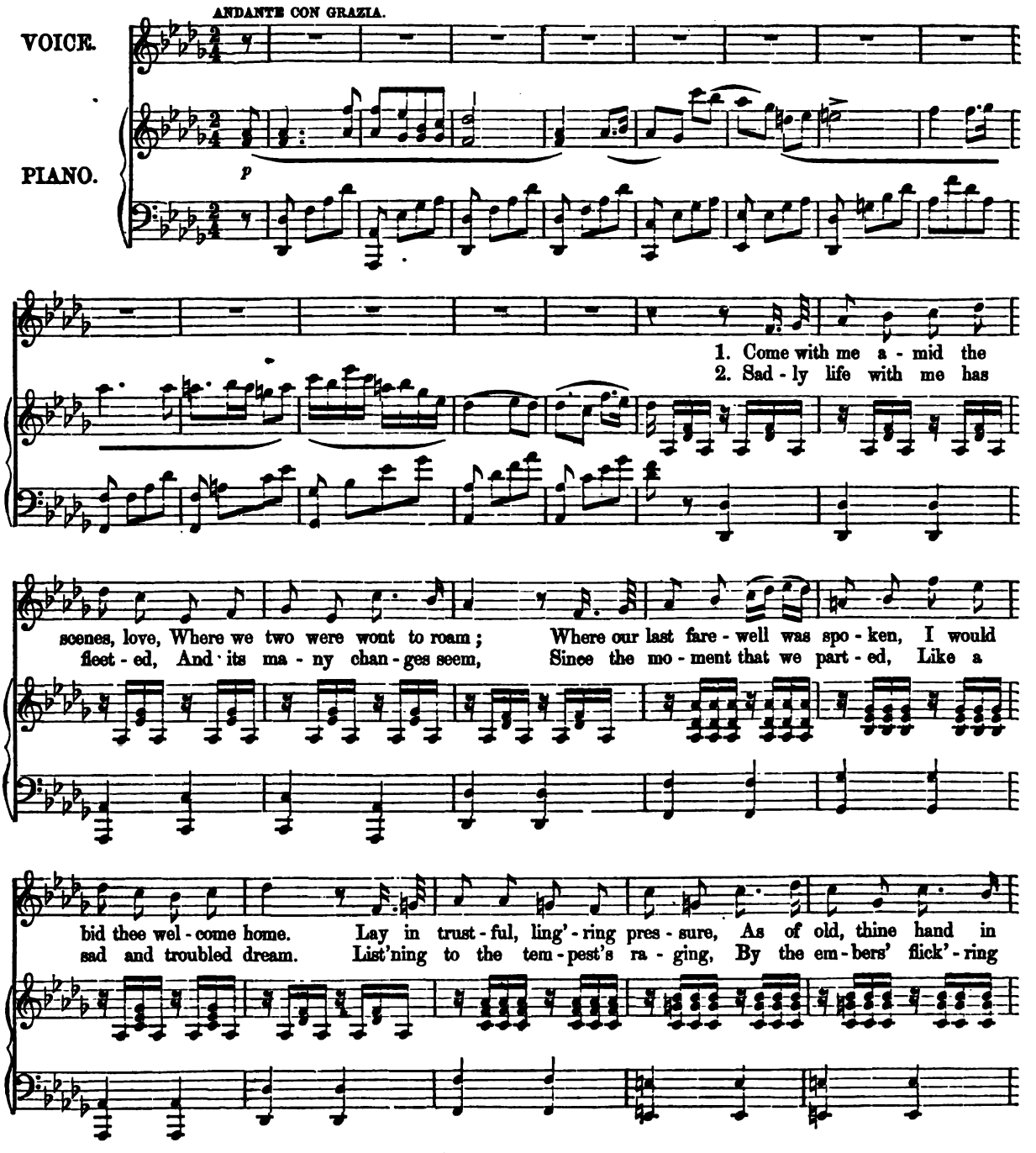

A TEMPO.
.ty! Pity dwelleth in thy bosom, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart, Gentle
will: Never weary of well-doing, Never fearful of the end; Claiming
A TEMPO.
RITARD.
thoughts a-lone can sway thee, Judgment in thee hath no part. Meek and low-ly, pure and
all mankind as broth-ers, Thou dost all a-like be-friend. Meek, &c.
RITARD.
p
RALL.
ho-ly, Chief a-mong the "blessed Three," Turning sad-ness in-to gladness, Heav'n-born art
RALL.
thou, Chari-ty!
sf
DIM.
RITARD.

COME WITH ME.

Written and Composed by MRS. ERIC BAKER.



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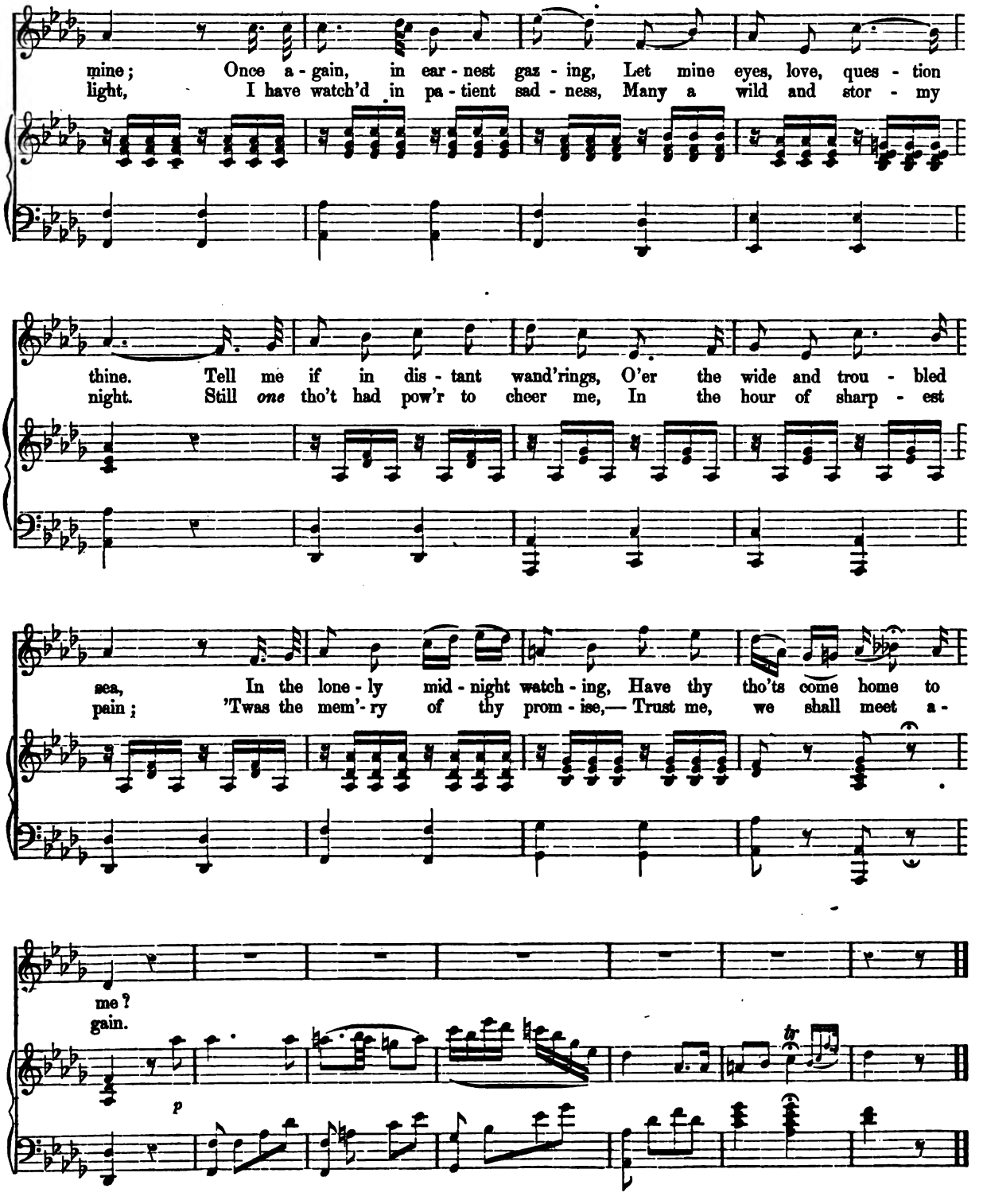

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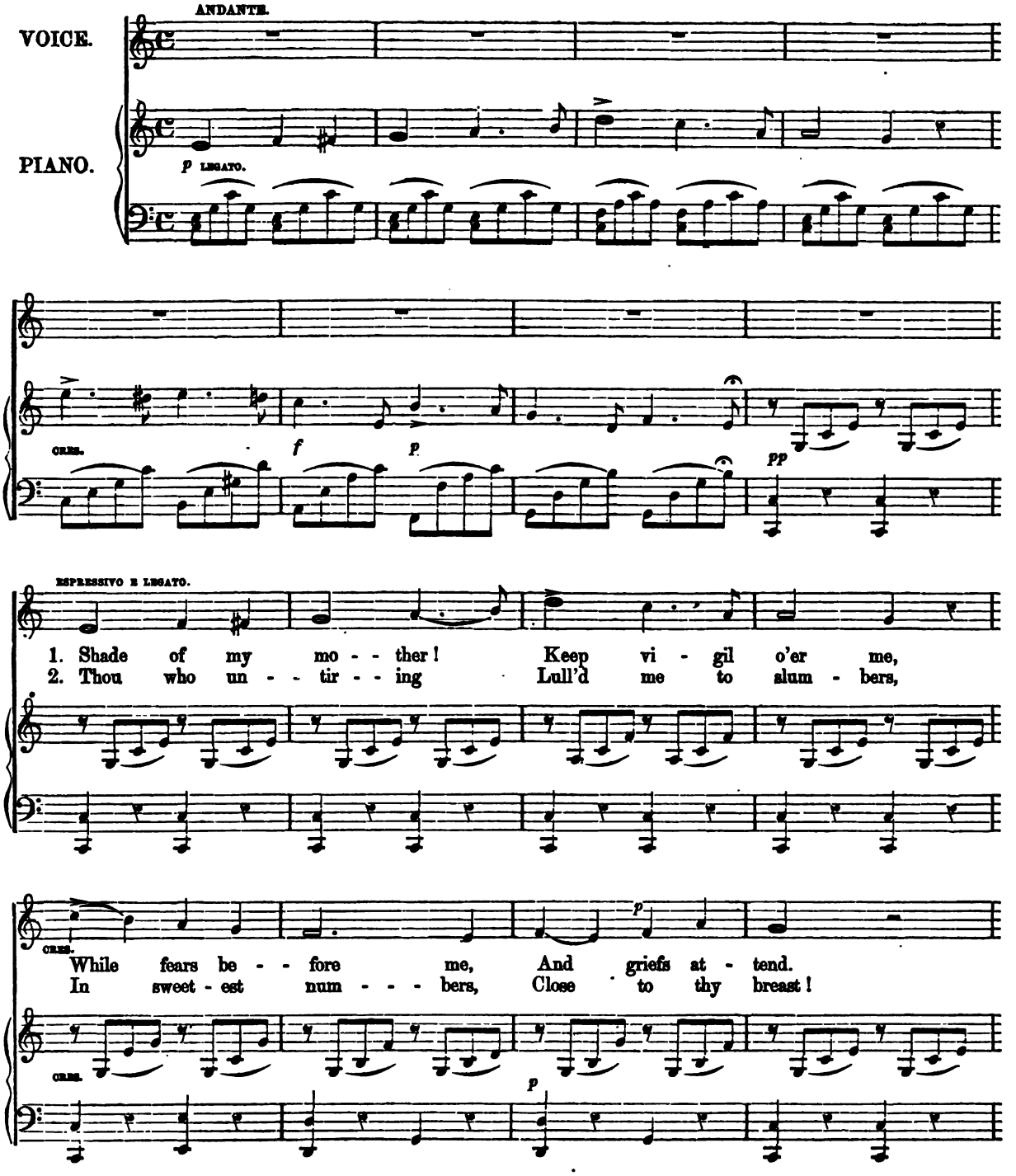
CALM ME TO REST.

FROM "LES VÊPRES SICILIENNES." GIUSEPPE VERDI.



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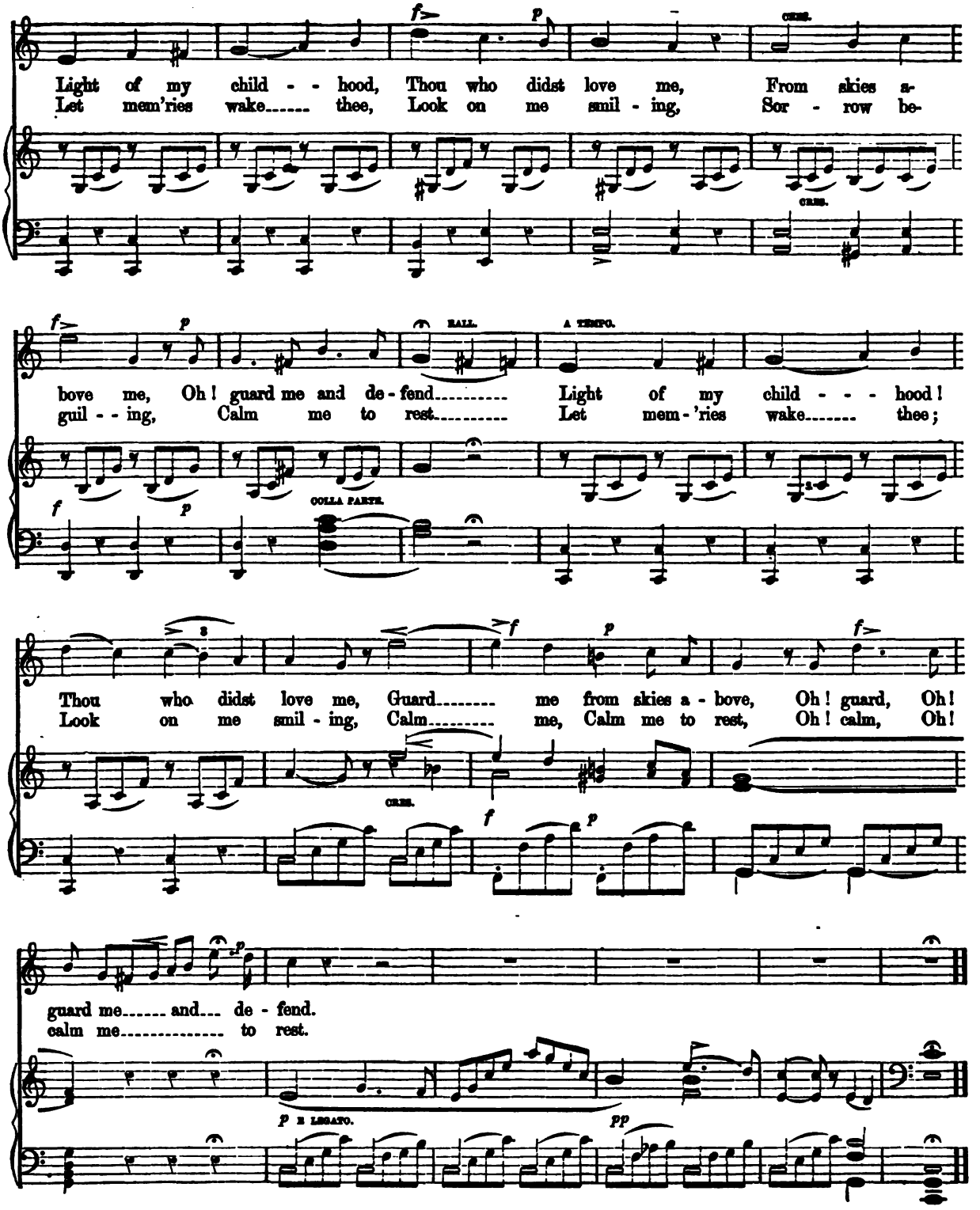

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BONNIE DUNDEE.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

Newly Arranged by J. W. HOBBS.

CON SPIRITO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Playfully.

PED.

1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke: "Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;— So each Ca - va - lier who loves ho - nor and me, Let him fol - low the bon - nets o'
2. Dun - dee, he is mount - ed, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back - ward, the drums they are beat; But the Pro - vost (douce man) said: "Just e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that

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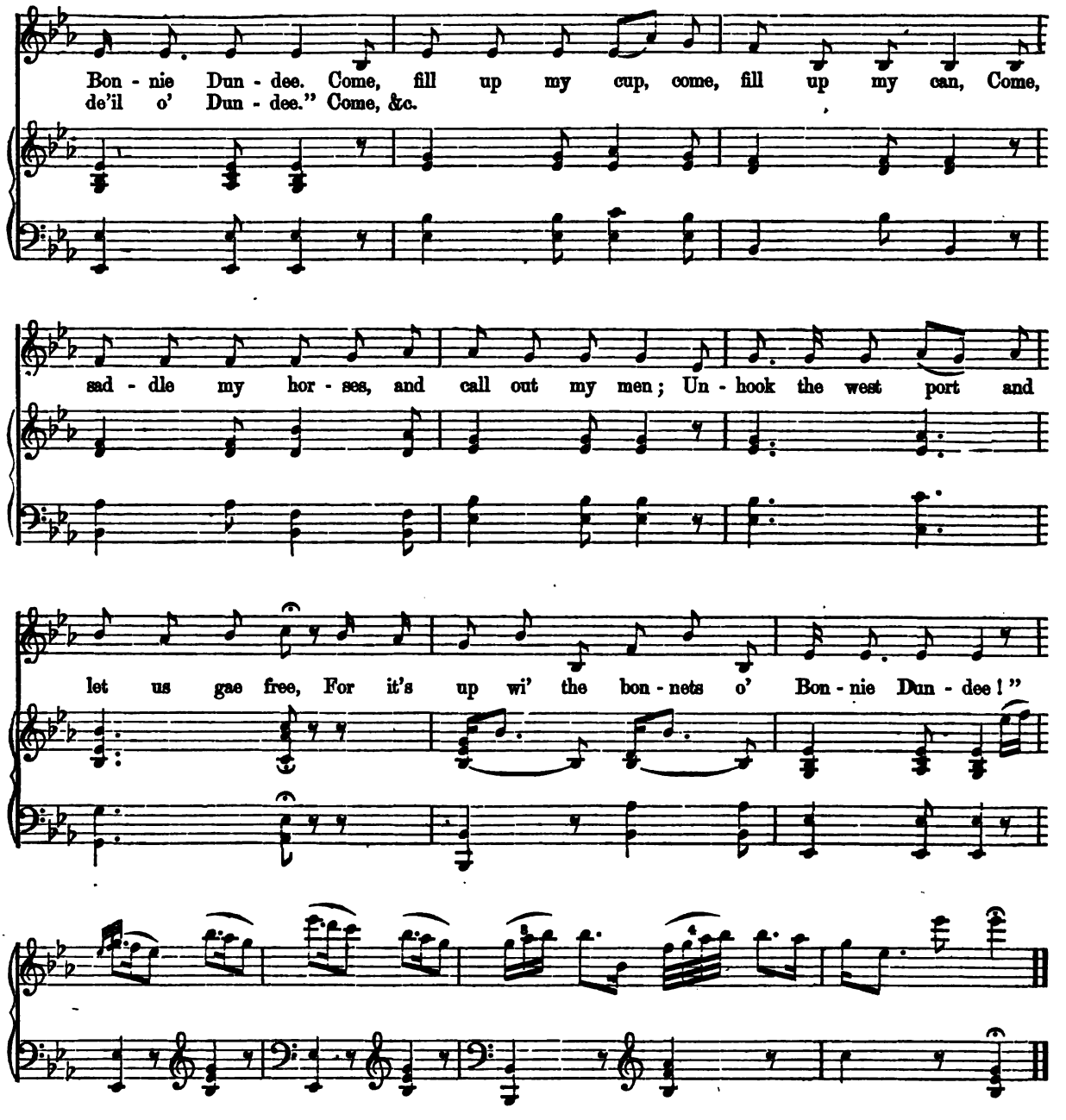

3.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the North;
There are brave Duinhe wassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry "Hey! for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!"
Come, fill up my cup, &c.

4.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks!
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnet and me!
Come, fill up my cup, &c.

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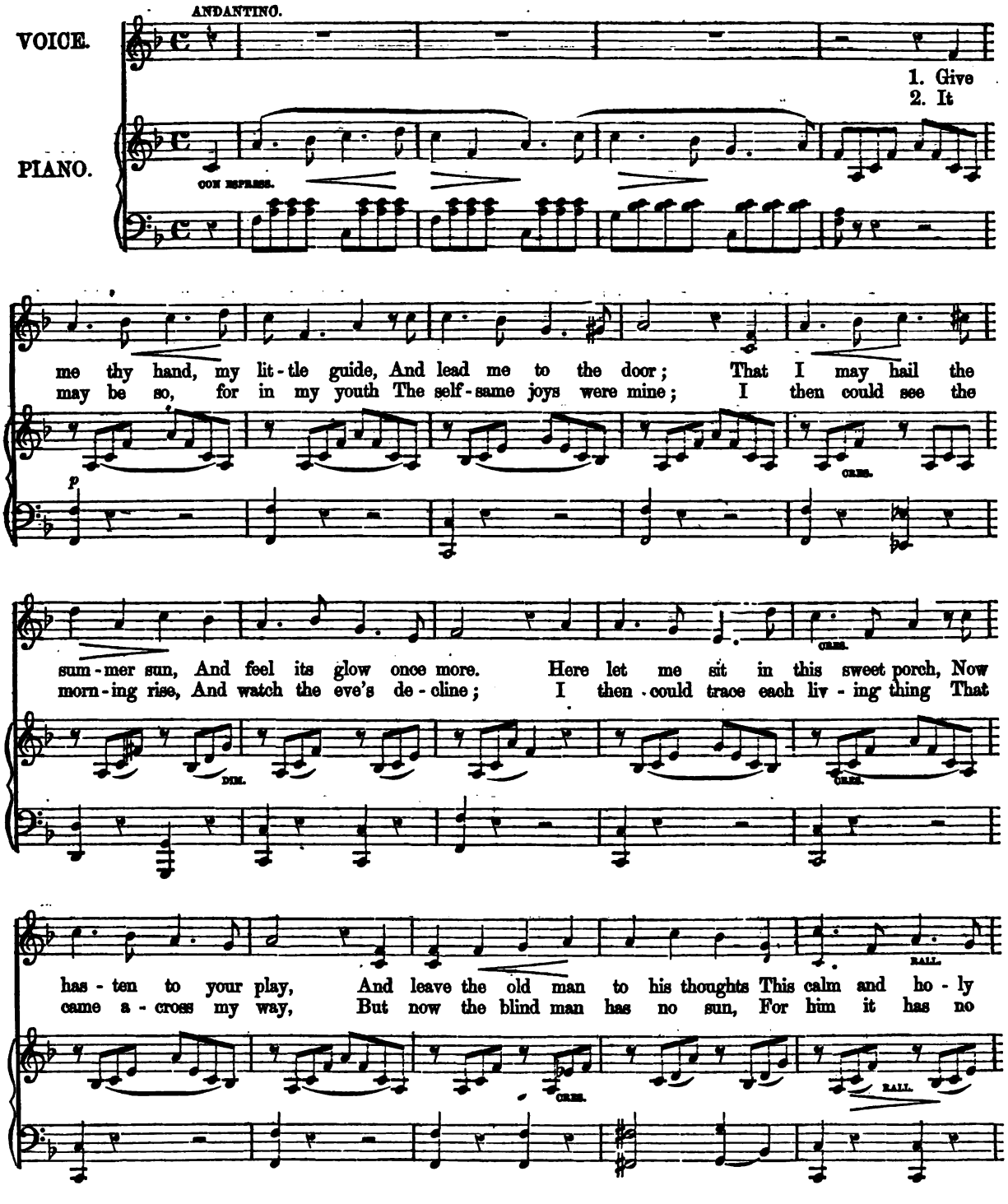
THE BLIND MAN AND SUMMER.

B. RICHARDS.



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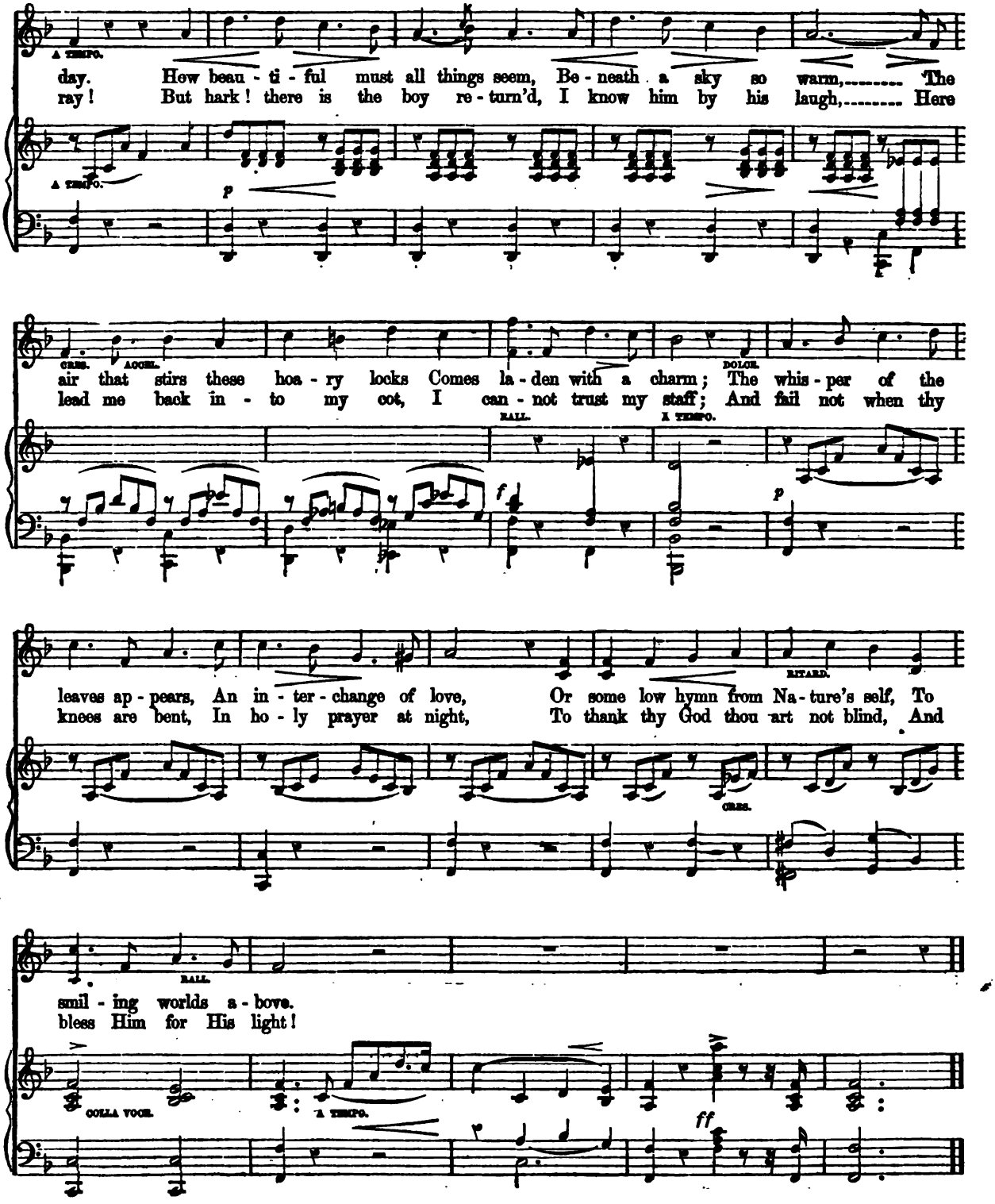

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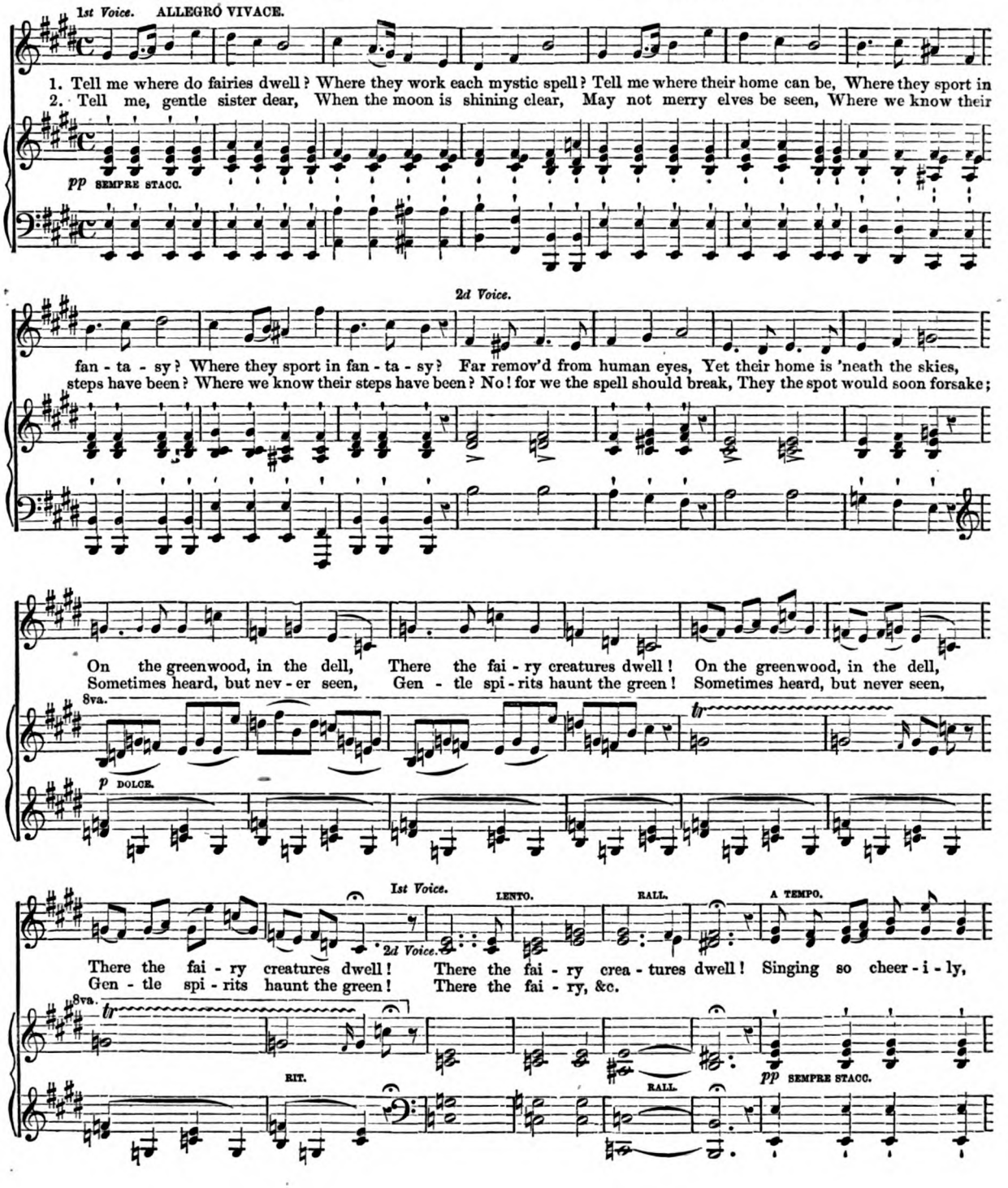
TELL ME, WHERE DO FAIRIES DWELL.

DUETTO.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER. **Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.**



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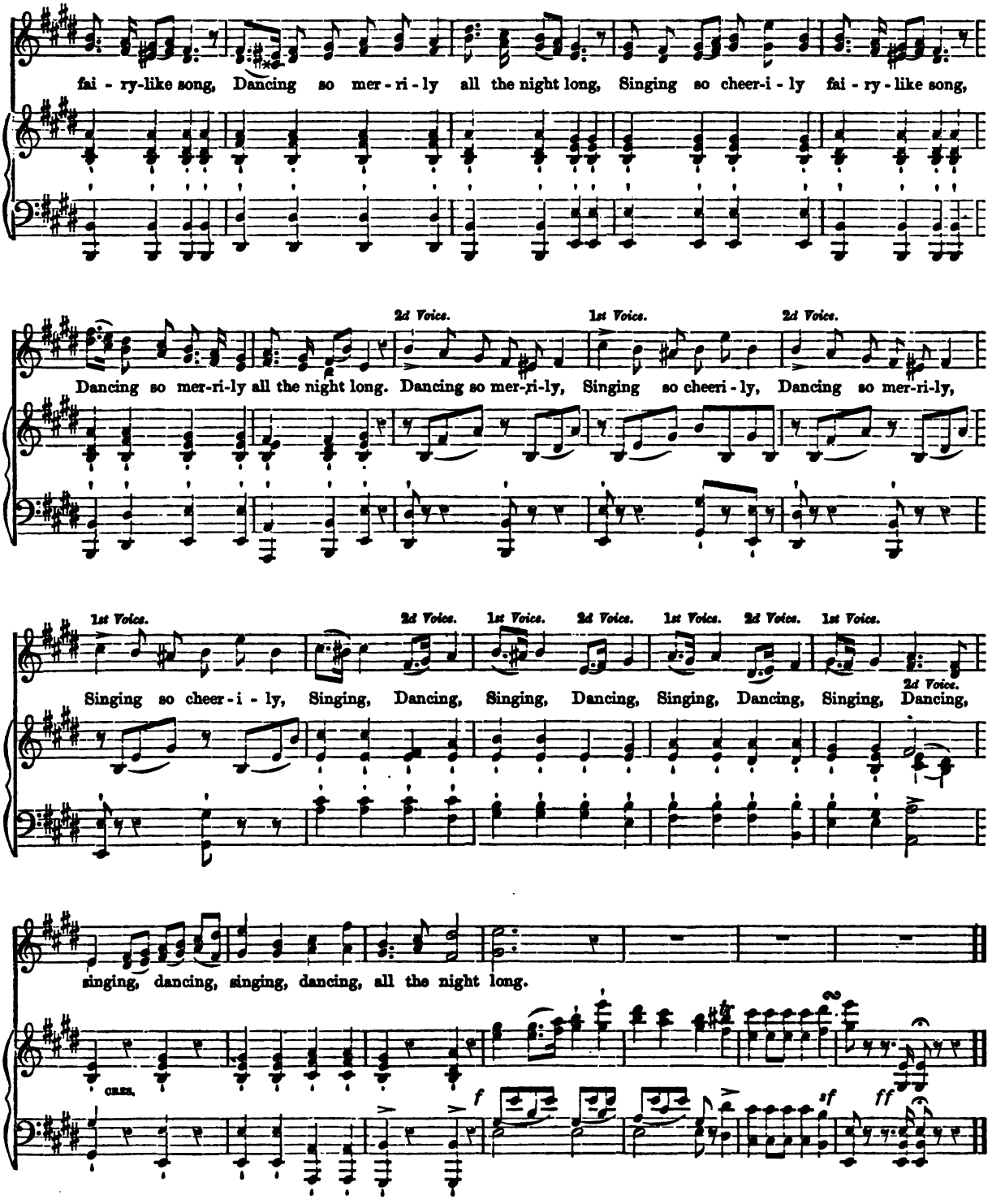

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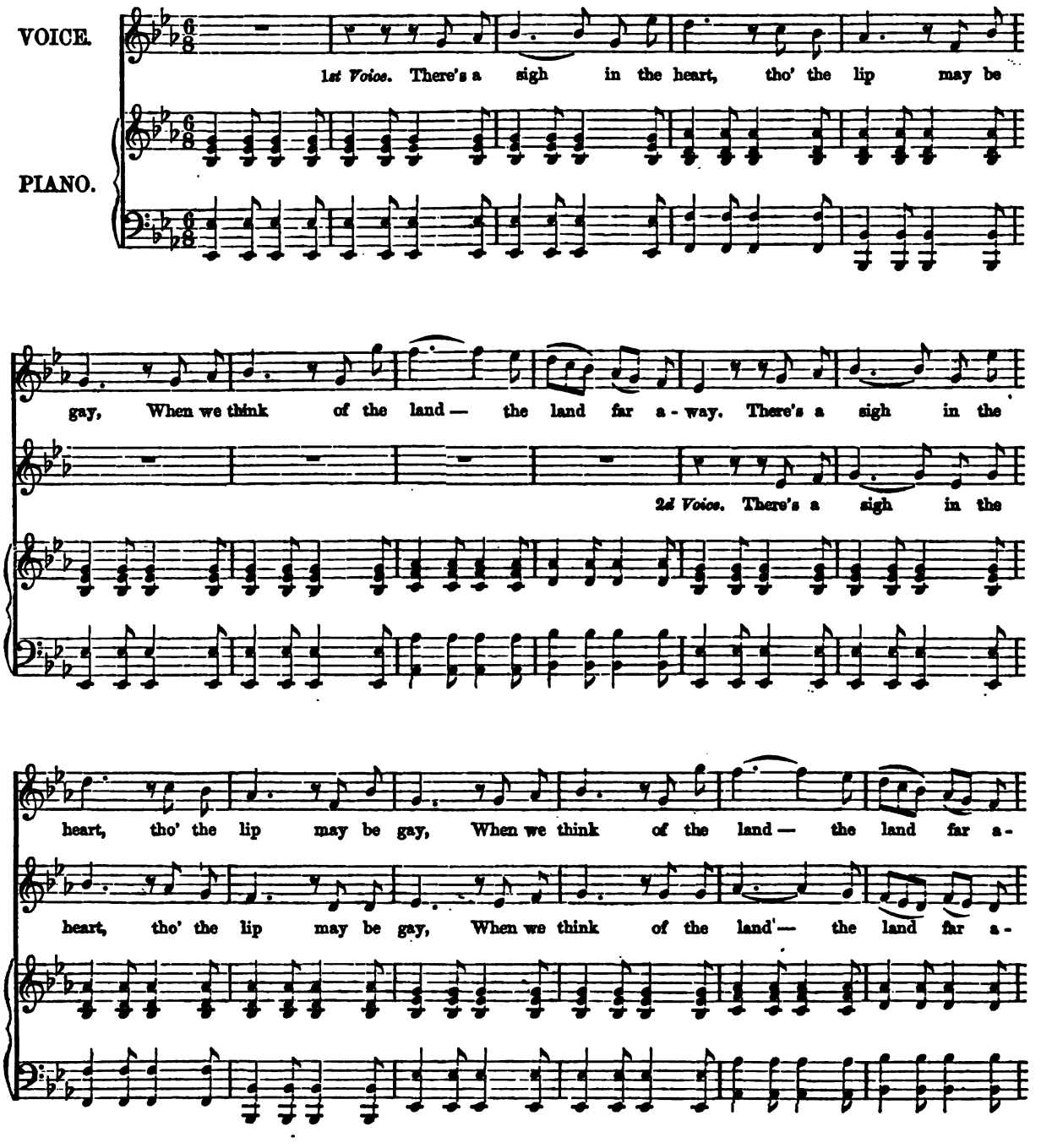
THERE'S A SIGH IN THE HEART.

DUETT. ANNE FRICKER.



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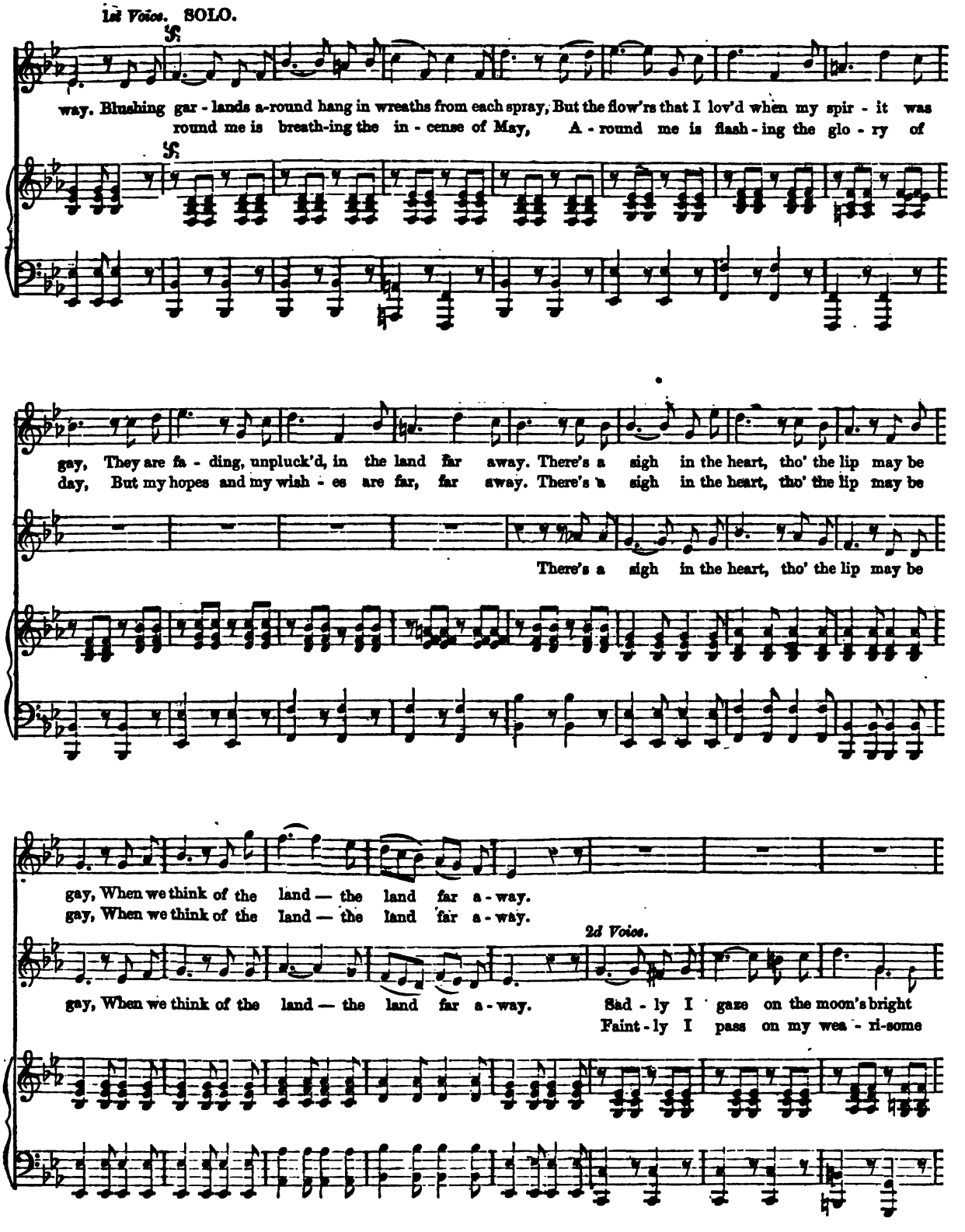
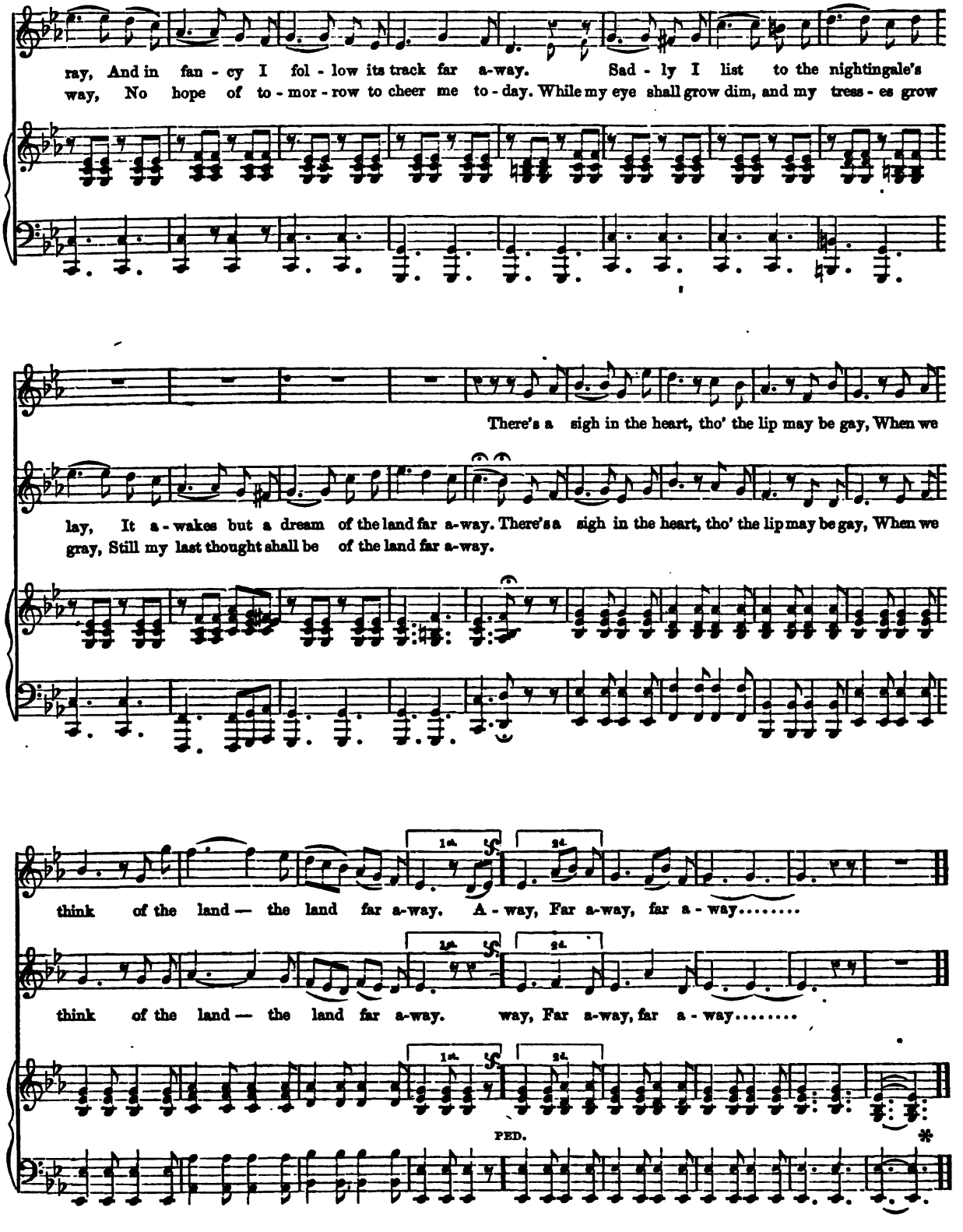

1st Voice. SOLO.
way. Blushing gar - lands a-round hang in wreaths from each spray, But the flow'rs that I lov'd when my spir - it was
round me is breath-ing the in - cense of May, A - round me is flash - ing the glo - ry of
gay, They are fa - ding, unpluck'd, in the land far away. There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be
day, But my hopes and my wish - es are far, far away. There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be
There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be
gay, When we think of the land — the land far a - way.
gay, When we think of the land — the land far a - way.
2d Voice.
gay, When we think of the land — the land far a - way. Sad - ly I gaze on the moon's bright
Faint - ly I pass on my wea - ri-some

THERE'S A SIGH IN THE HEART.



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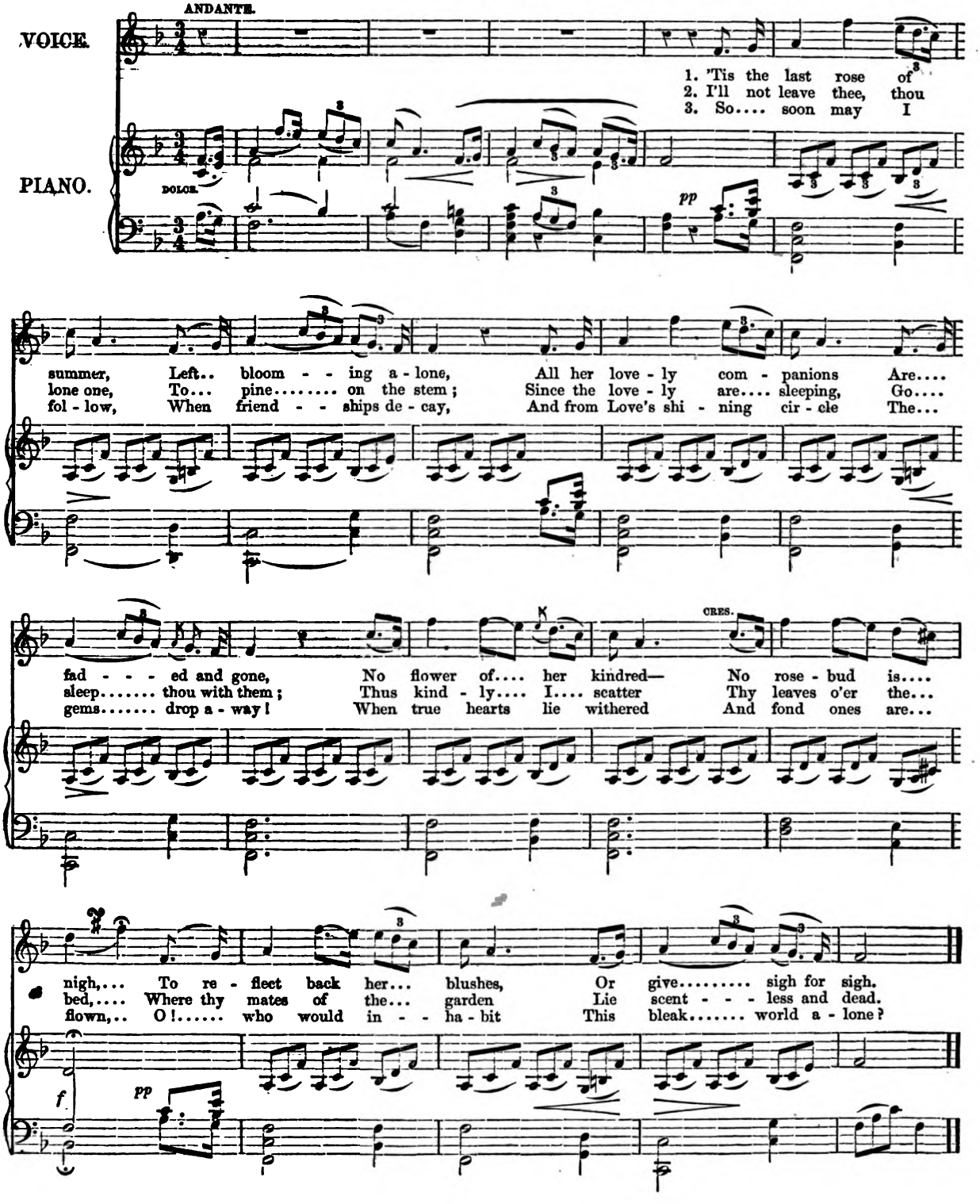
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

With New Accompaniment by JULES BENEDICT.



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WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW.

ANDANTE NON TROPPO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

1. You have told me that you' love me, And your heart's thoughts seem to speak, As you look on me so fond - ly, And the life blood, and the life blood tints your cheek; May I trust that these warm feel - ings Nev - er
2. Tho' our youth may pass un- clouded, In a peace - ful hap - py home, Yet as year on year ad - van - ces, Changes must,... chan - ges must up - on us come; For the step will lose its light - ness, And the

p

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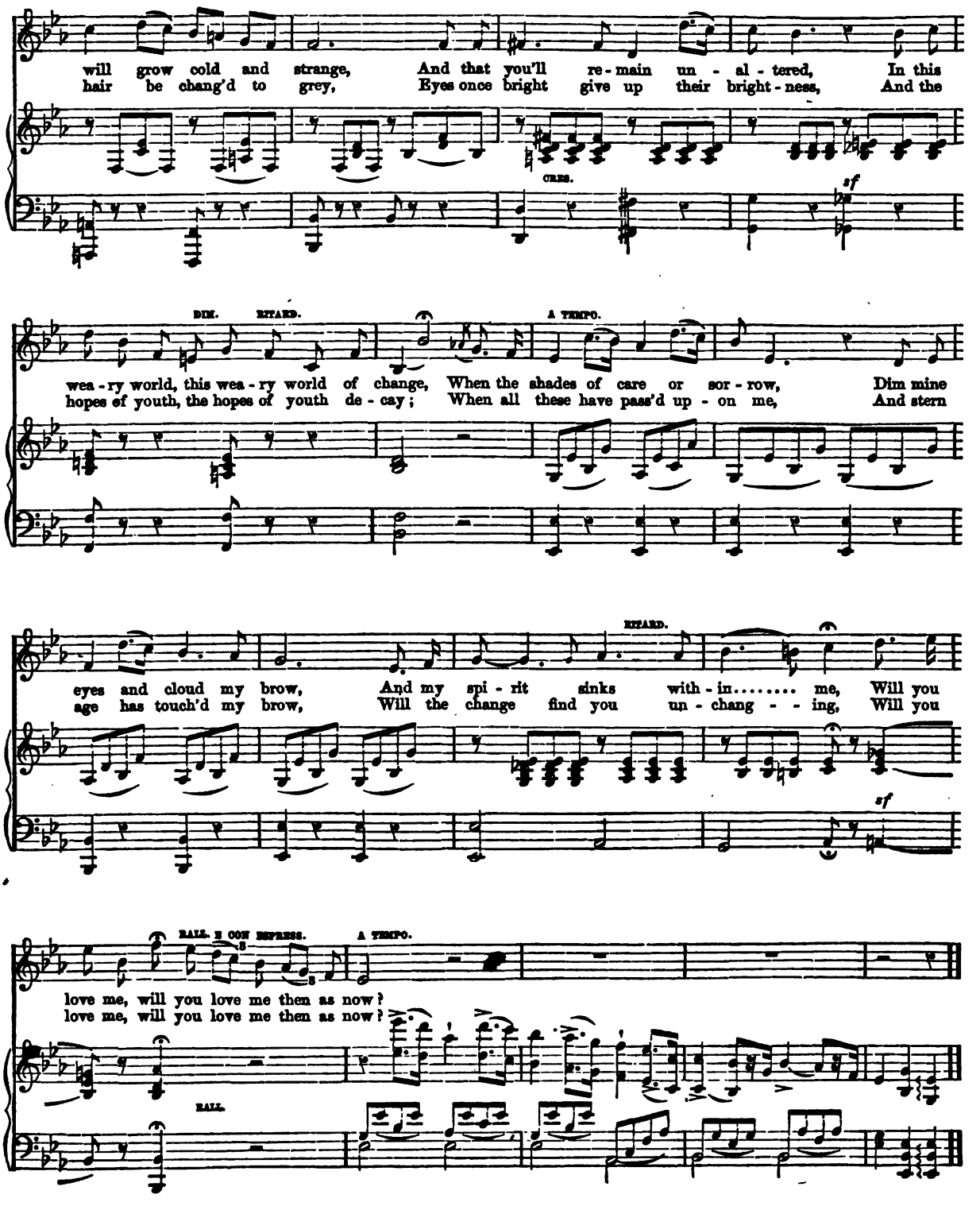
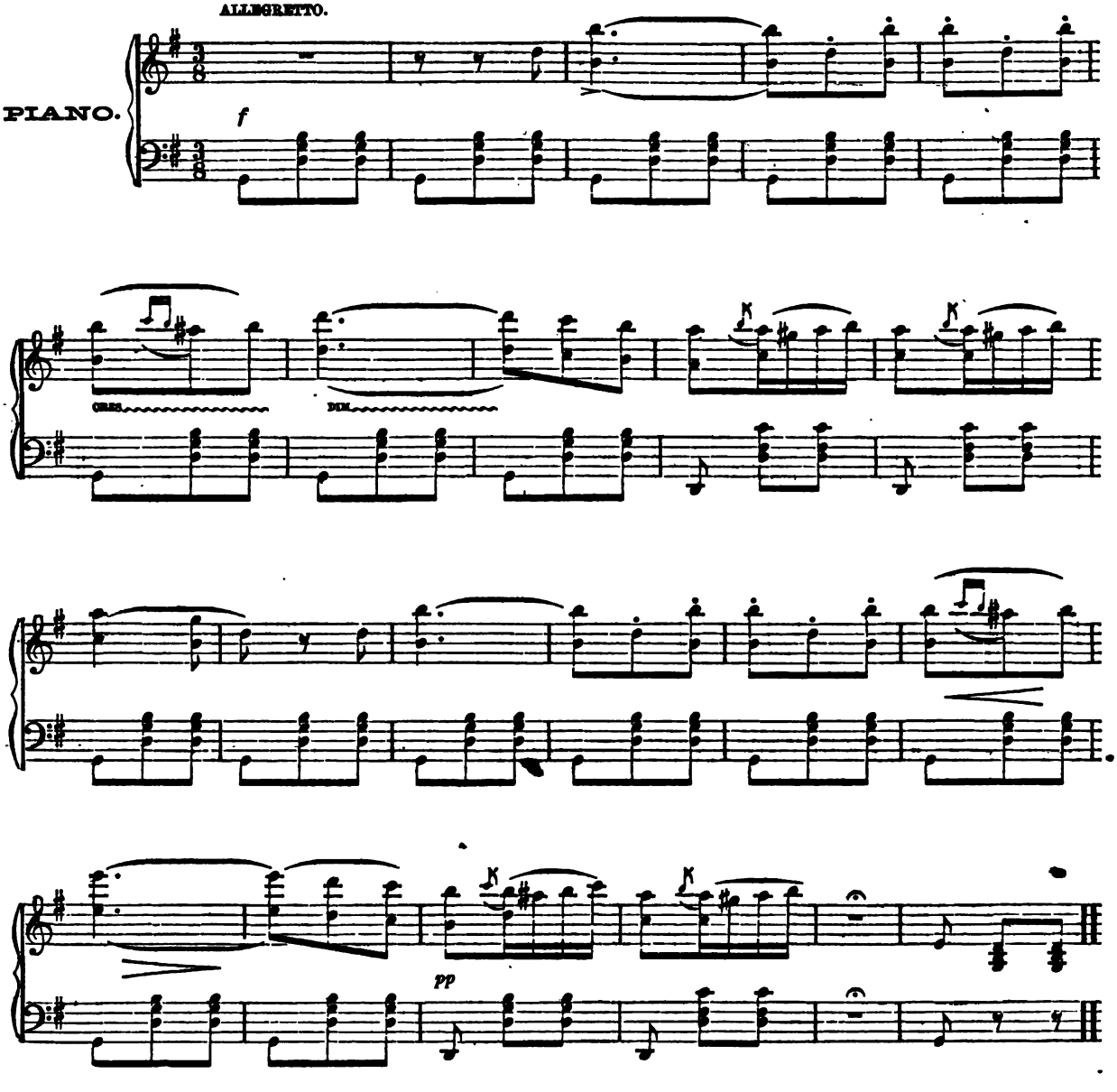

will grow cold and strange, And that you'll re-main un-al-tered, In this
hair be chang'd to grey, Eyes once bright give up their bright-ness, And the
CRES.
sf
DIM. RITARD.
A TEMPO.
wea-ry world, this wea-ry world of change, When the shades of care or sor-row, Dim mine
hopes of youth, the hopes of youth de-cay; When all these have pass'd up-on me, And stern
RITARD.
eyes and cloud my brow, And my spi-rit sinks with-in..... me, Will you
age has touch'd my brow, Will the change find you un-chang--ing, Will you
sf
RALL. E CON ESPRESS.
A TEMPO.
love me, will you love me then as now?
love me, will you love me then as now?
RALL.

GAILY THROUGH LIFE WANDER.

Brindisi, from "La Traviata."

Adapted by G. LINLEY. Composed by G. VERDI.



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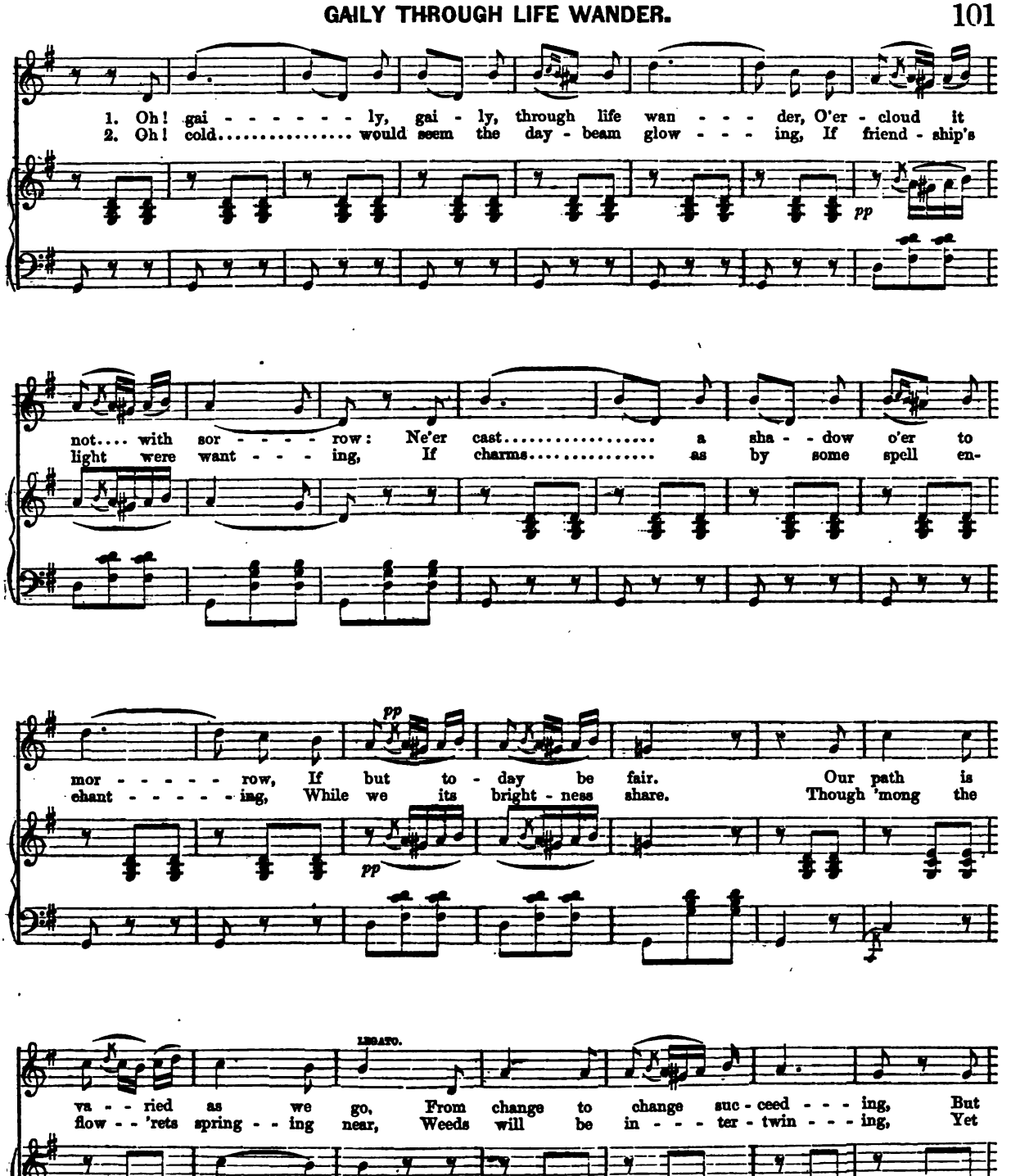

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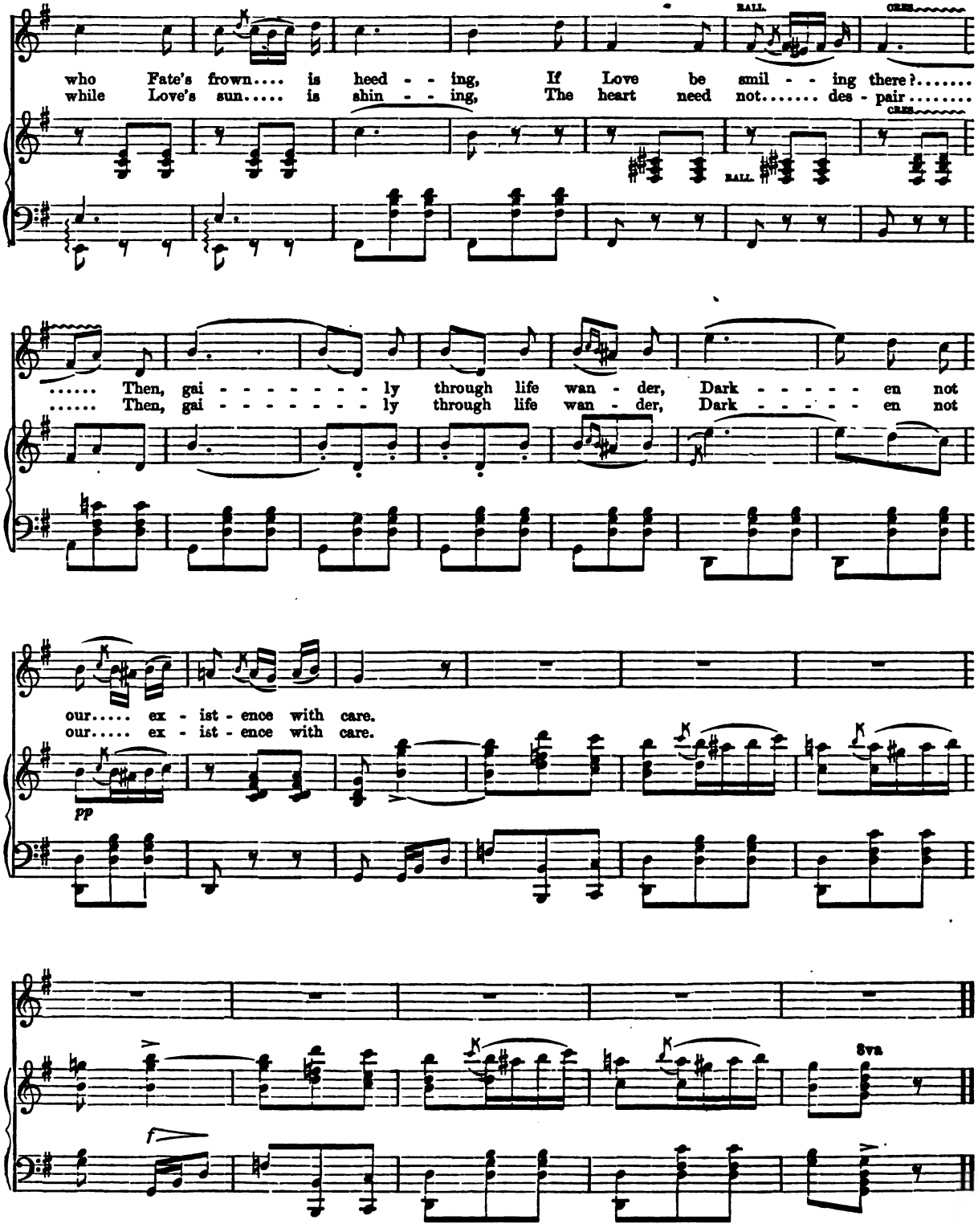
GAILY THROUGH LIFE WANDER.



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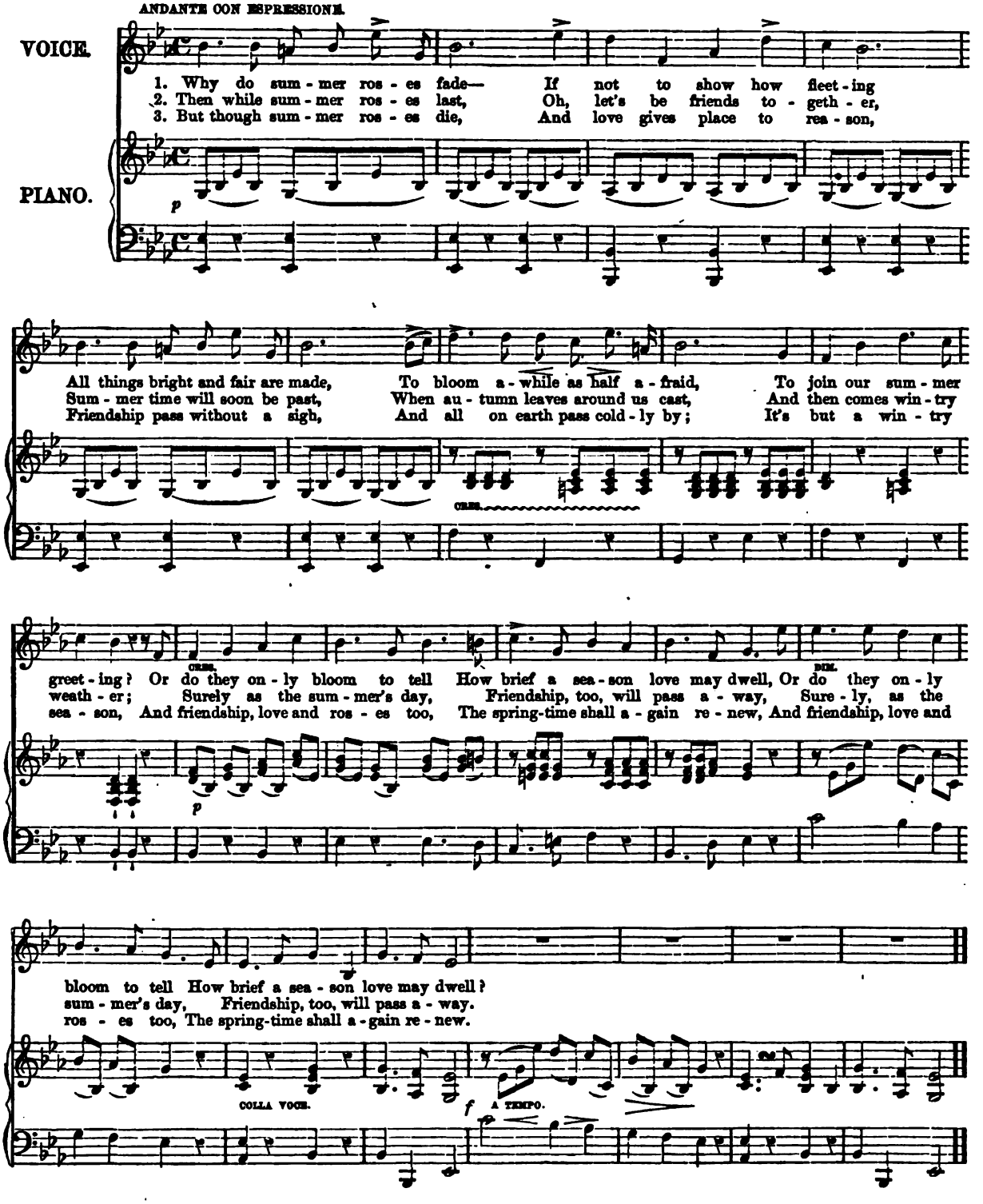
WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE.

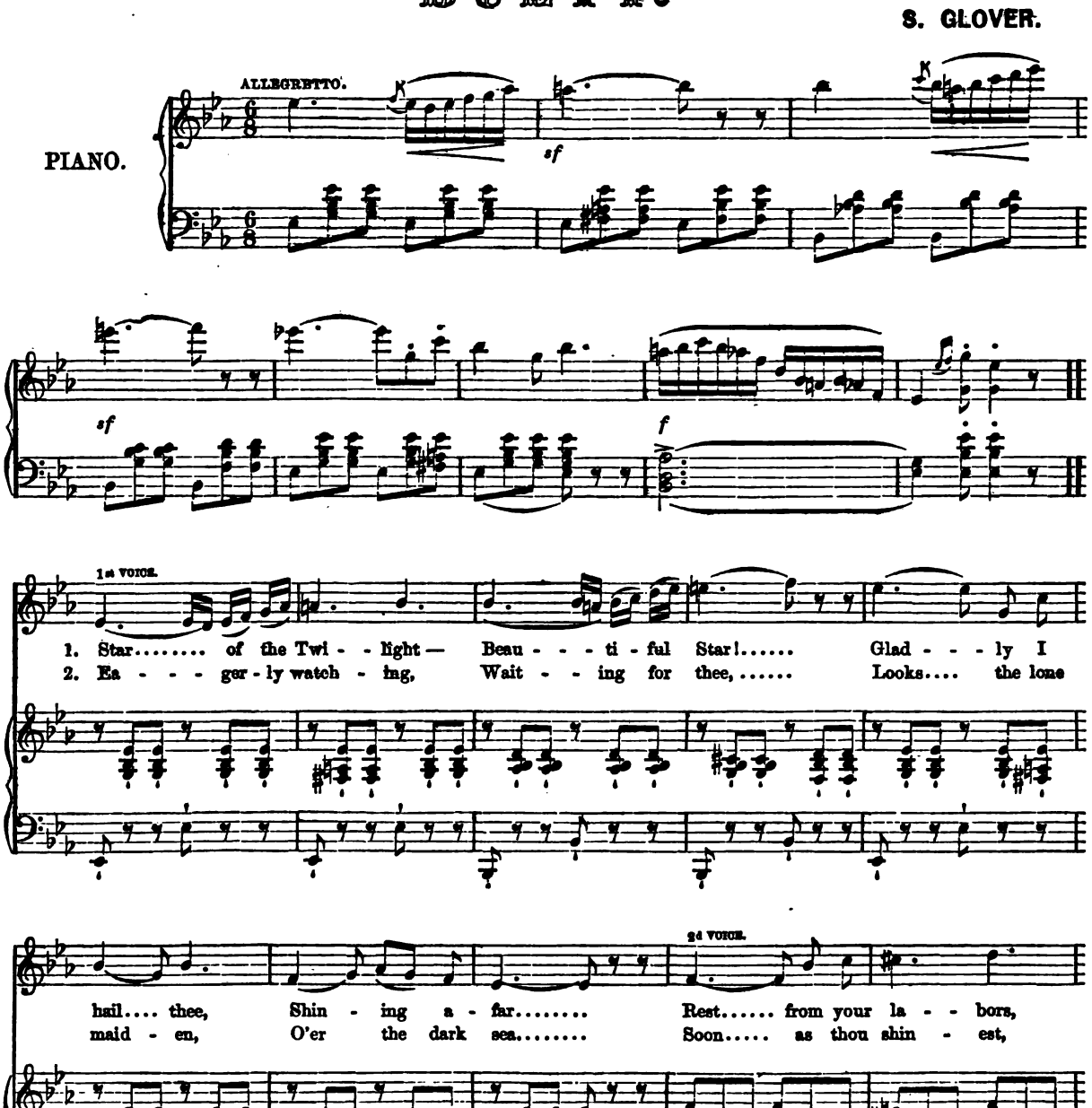
Written by J. E. CARPENTER. Composed by GEO. BARKER.



BEAUTIFUL STAR.

DUETT.

S. GLOVER.



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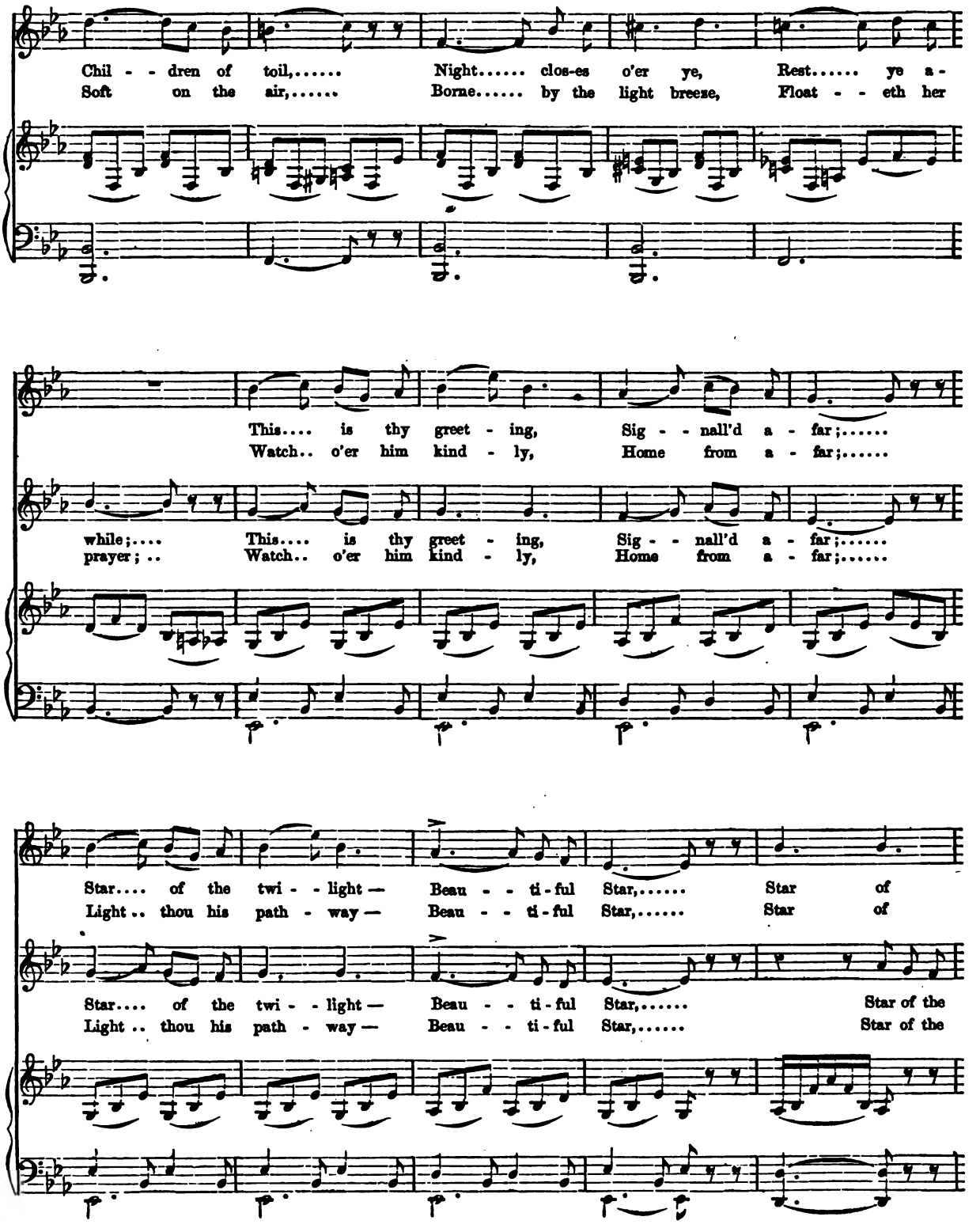

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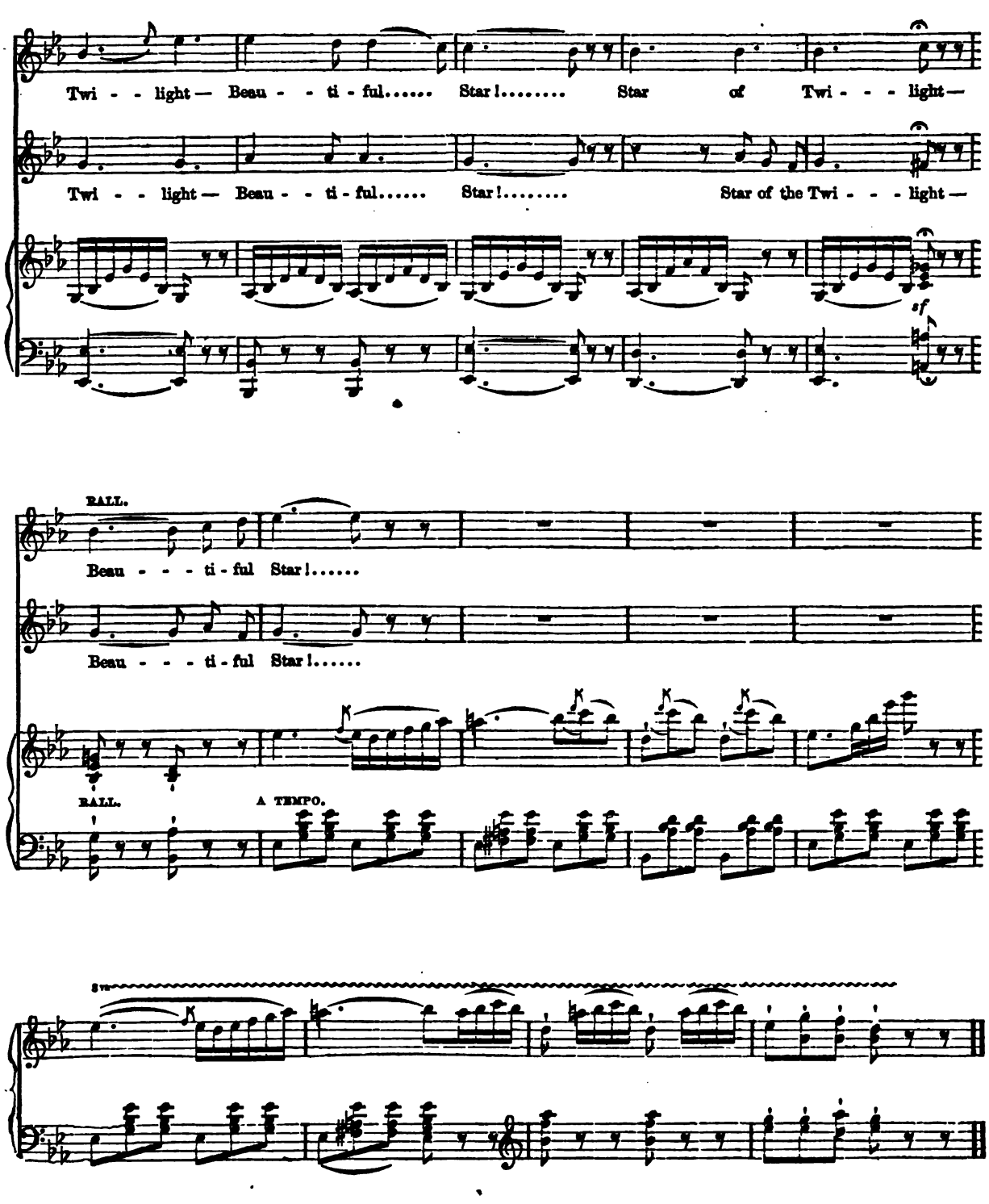

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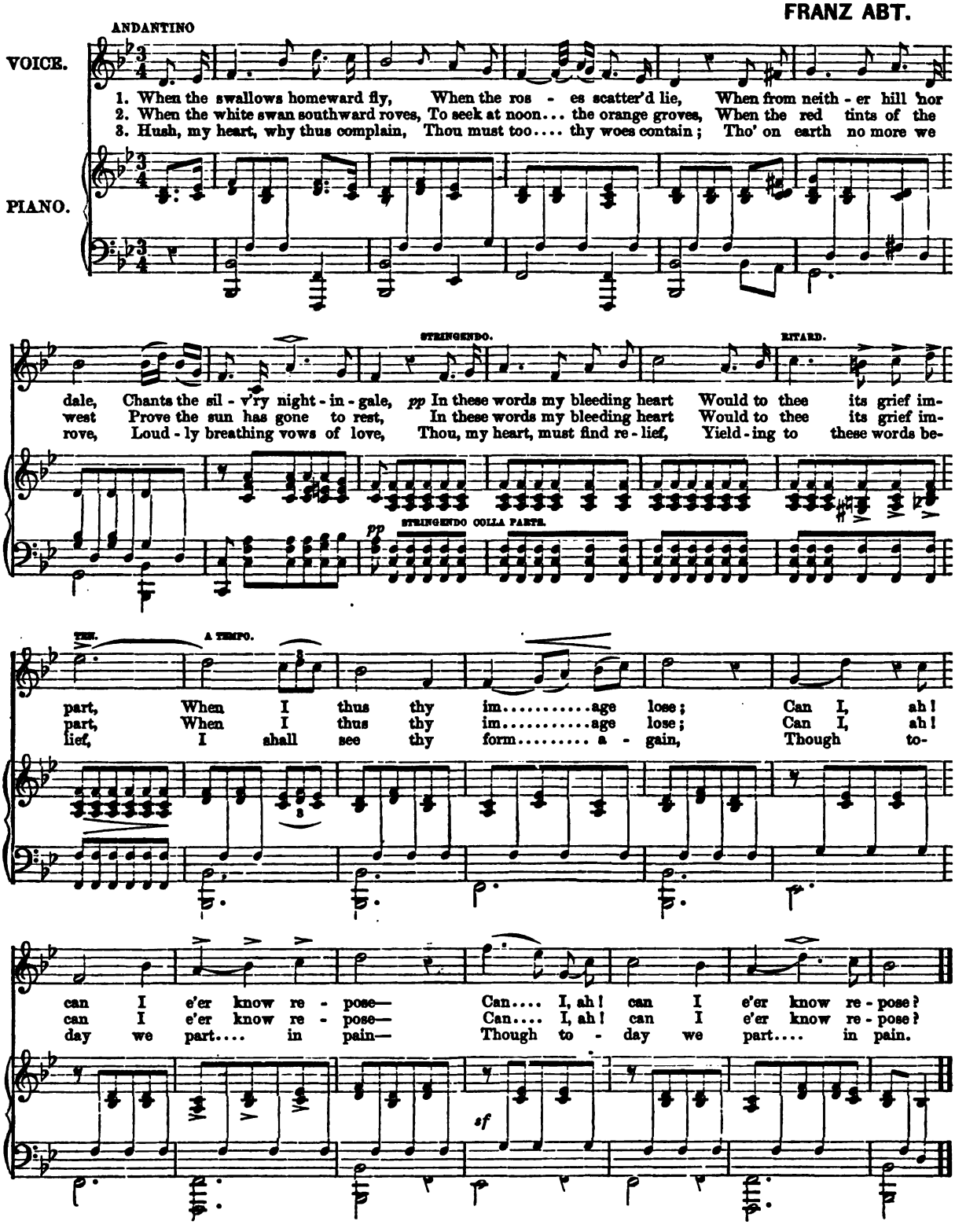
WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

FRANZ ABT.



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THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

QUARTETTE.

MODERATO. G. F. ROOT.

TENOR or 1st BASS.

1. There's mu - sic in the air....

1st TENOR.

ALTO.

2. There's mu - sic in the air....

SOPRANO or 2d TENOR.

3. There's mu - sic in the air....

BASS.

PIANO.

When the in - fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen.... On the bright and laugh - ing sky.

When the noontide's sul - try beam Reflects a gold - en light... On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.

When the twilight's gen - tle sigh Is lost on evening's breast, As its pensive beau - ties die.

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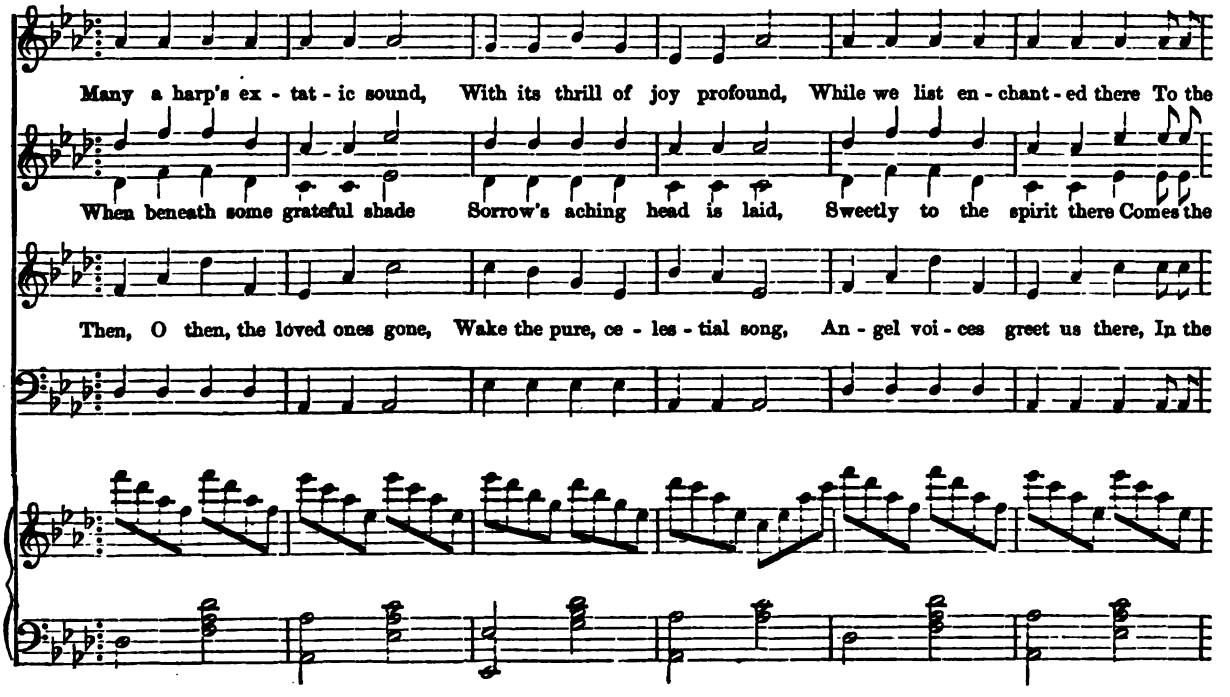

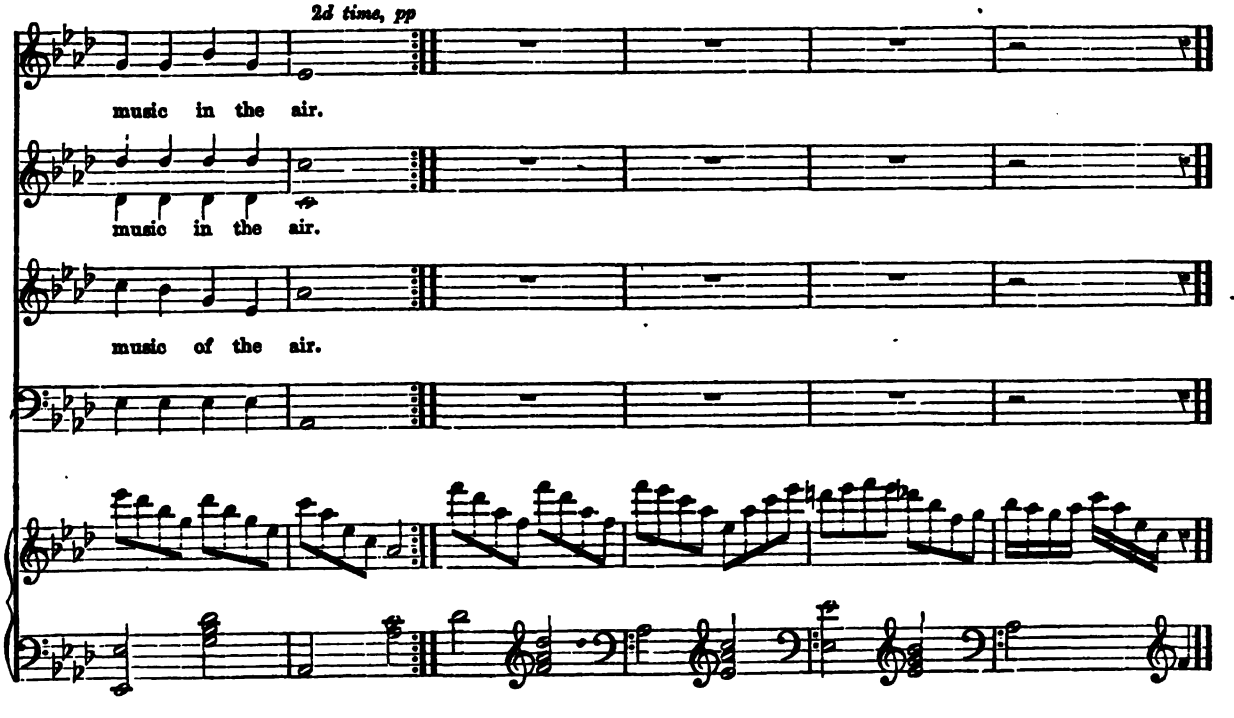

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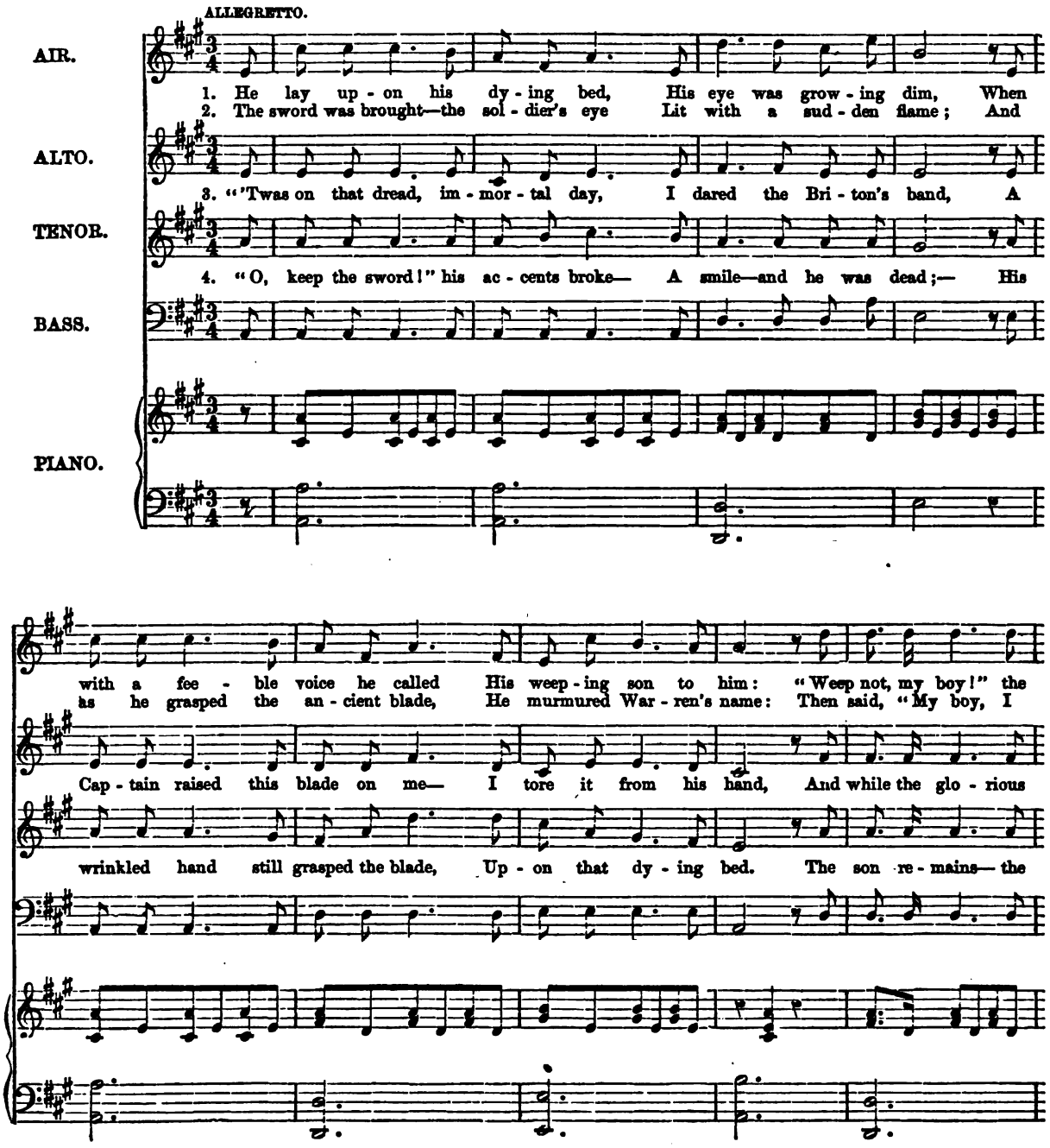
THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

QUARTETTE.

Poetry by WM. ROSS WALLACE. Music by B. COVERT.



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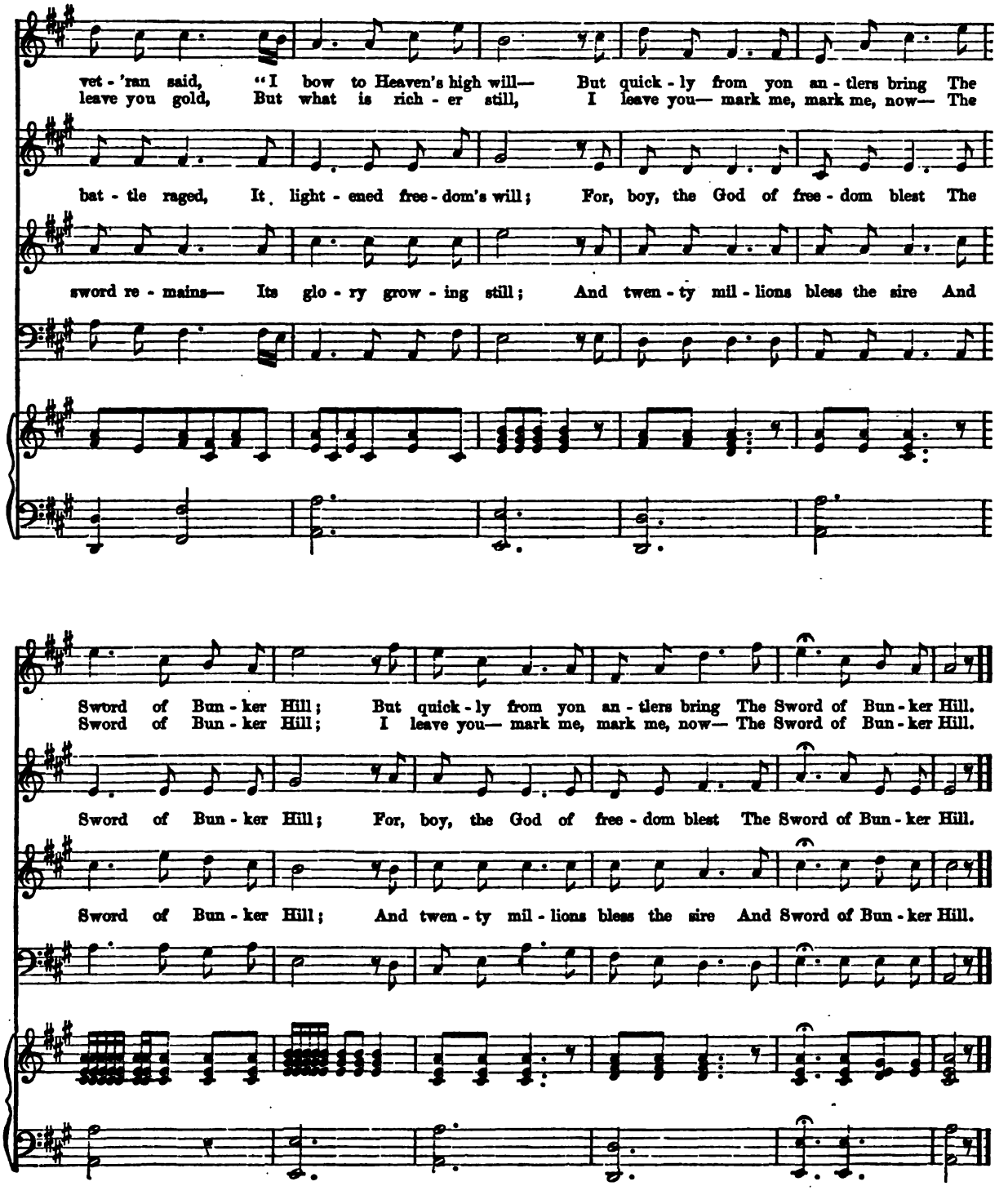

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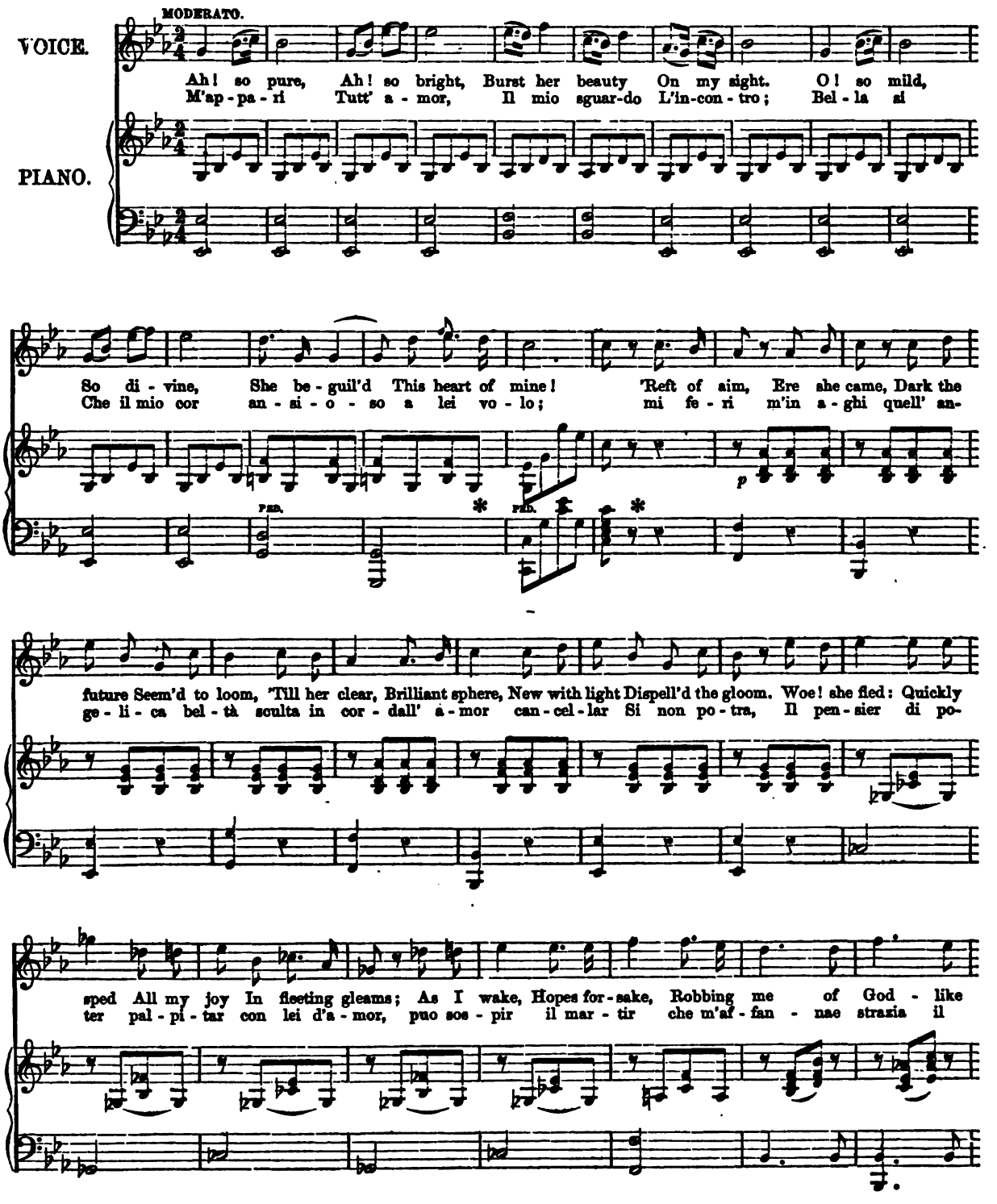
AH! SO PURE.

From "MARTHA."



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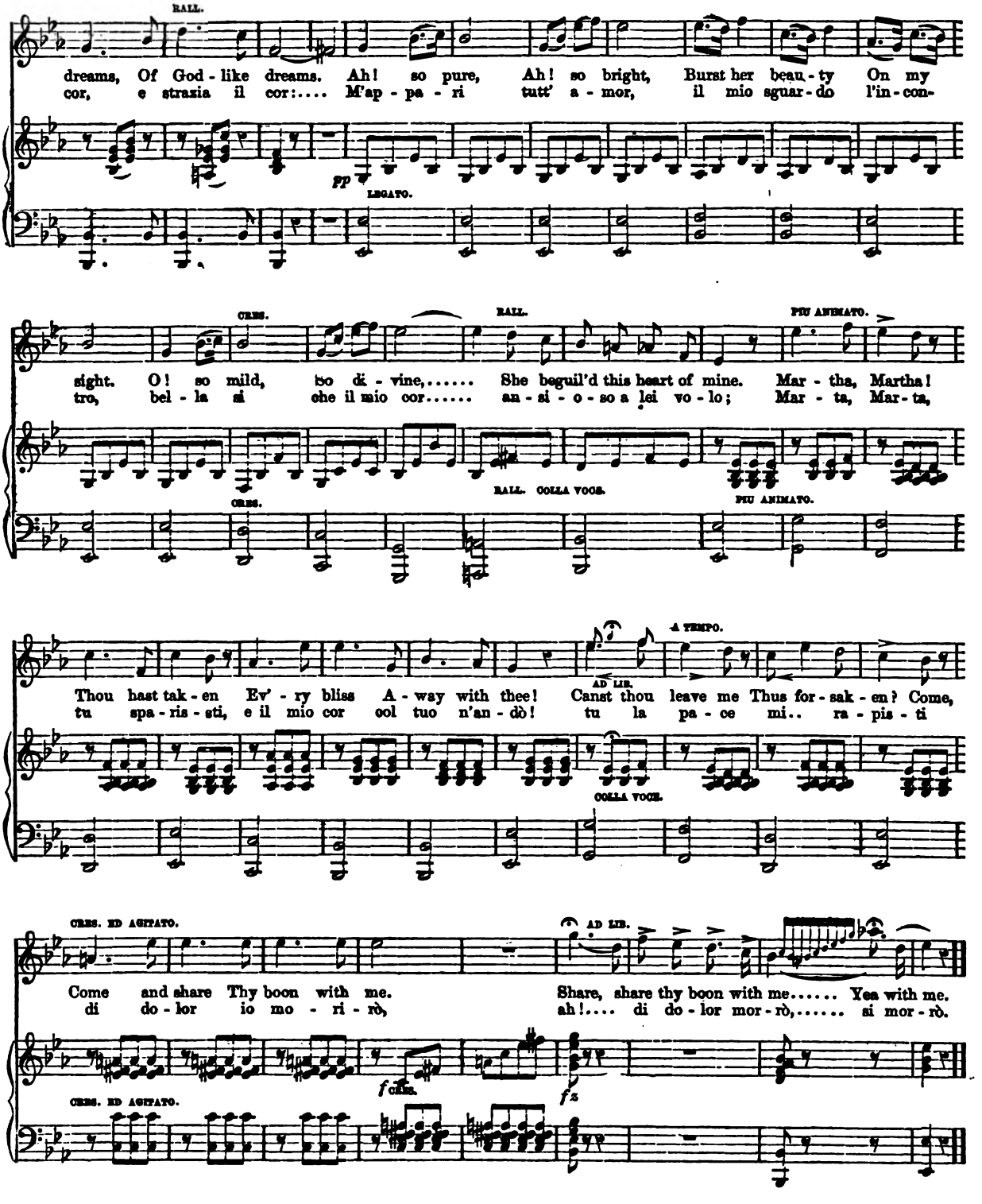

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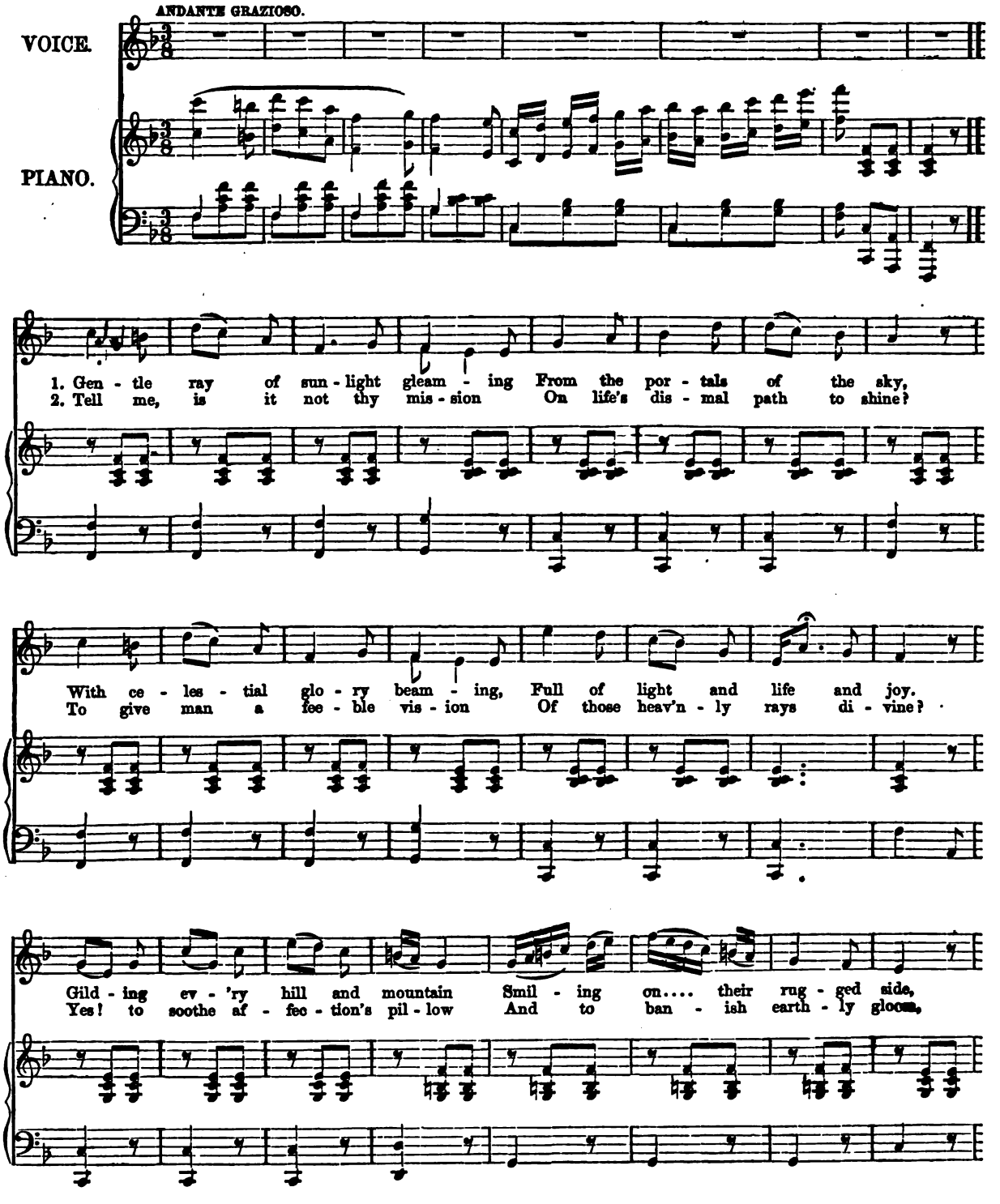
GENTLE RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

W. T. WRIGHTON.



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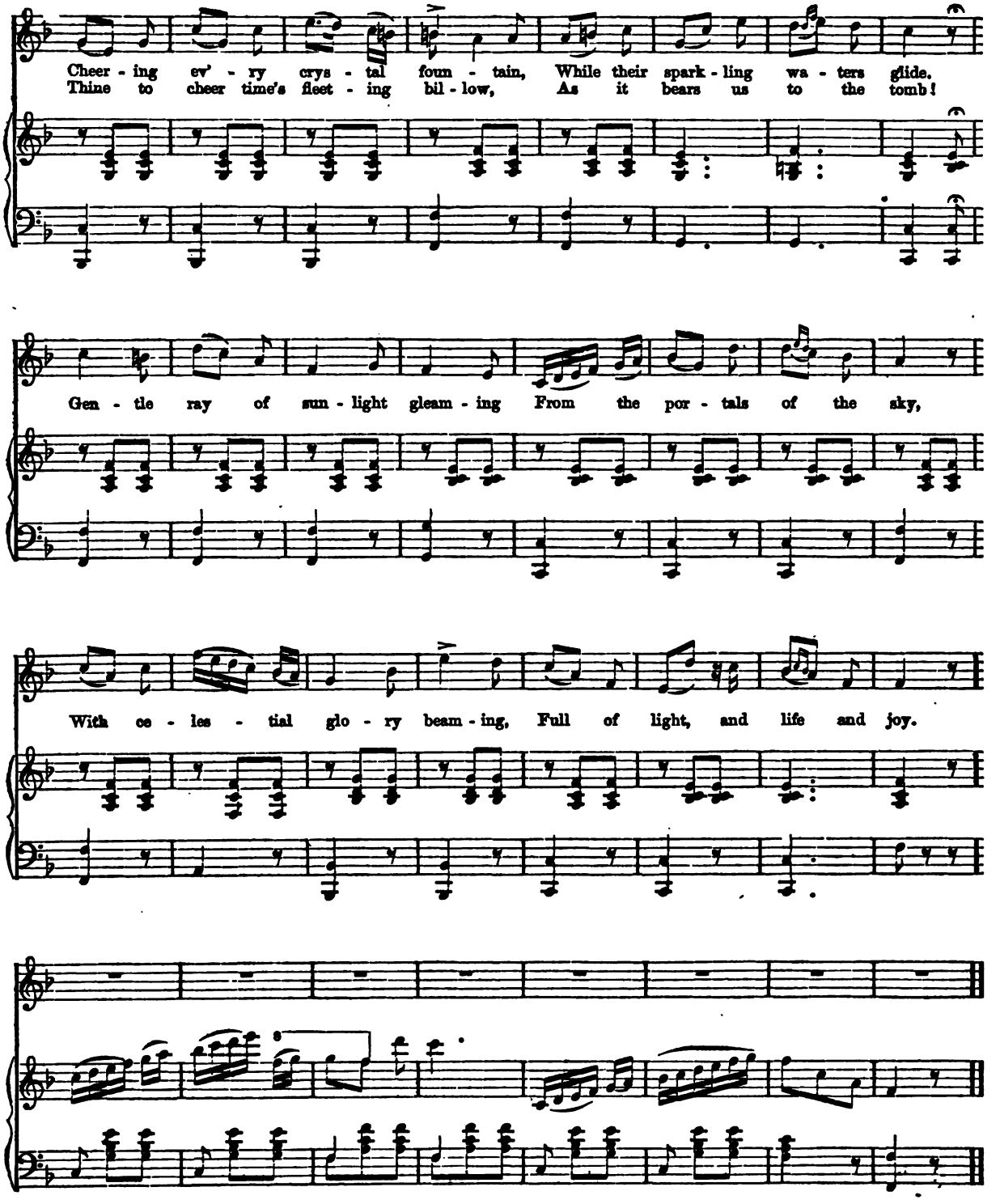

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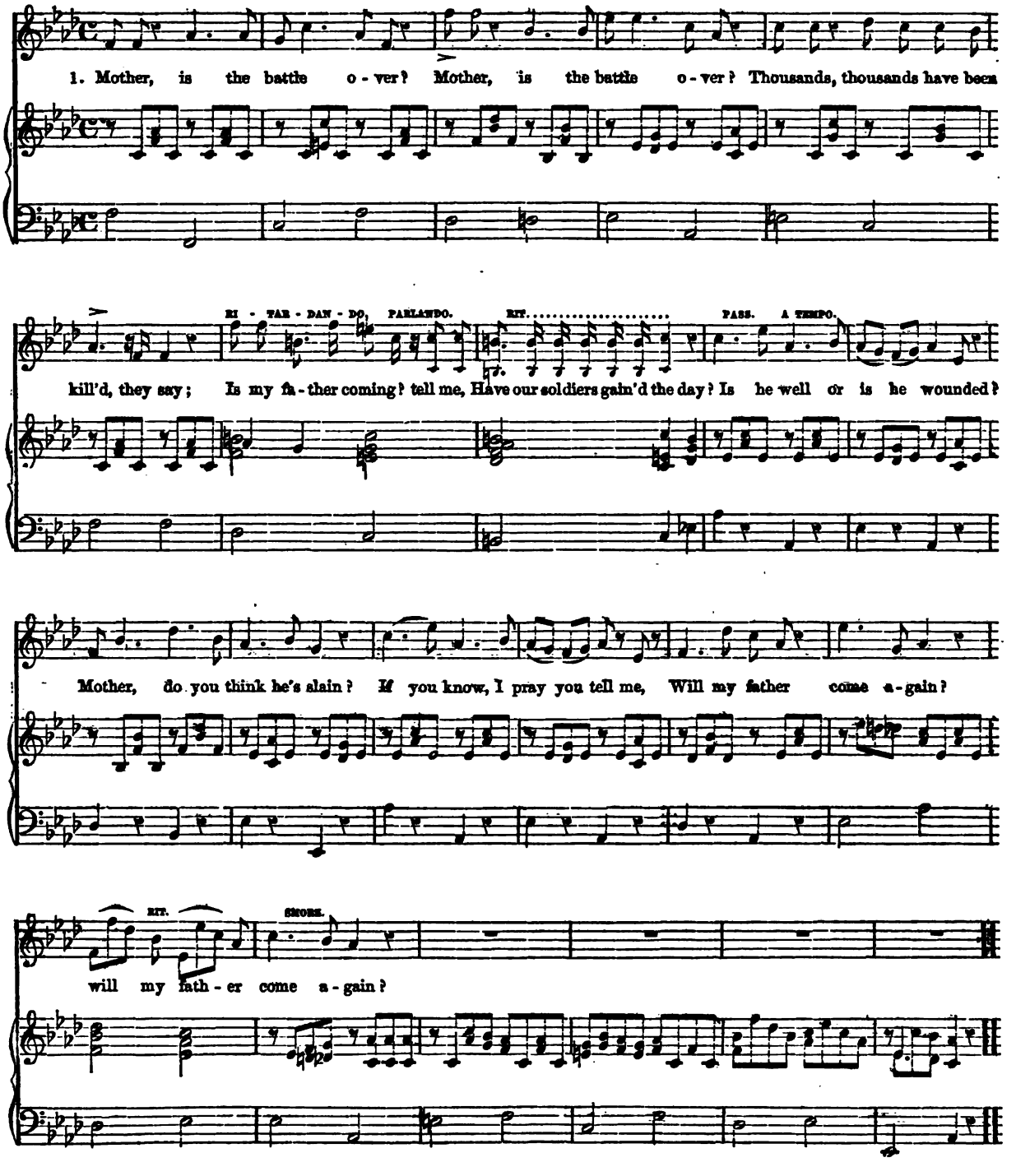
MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?

BENEDICT ROEFS.



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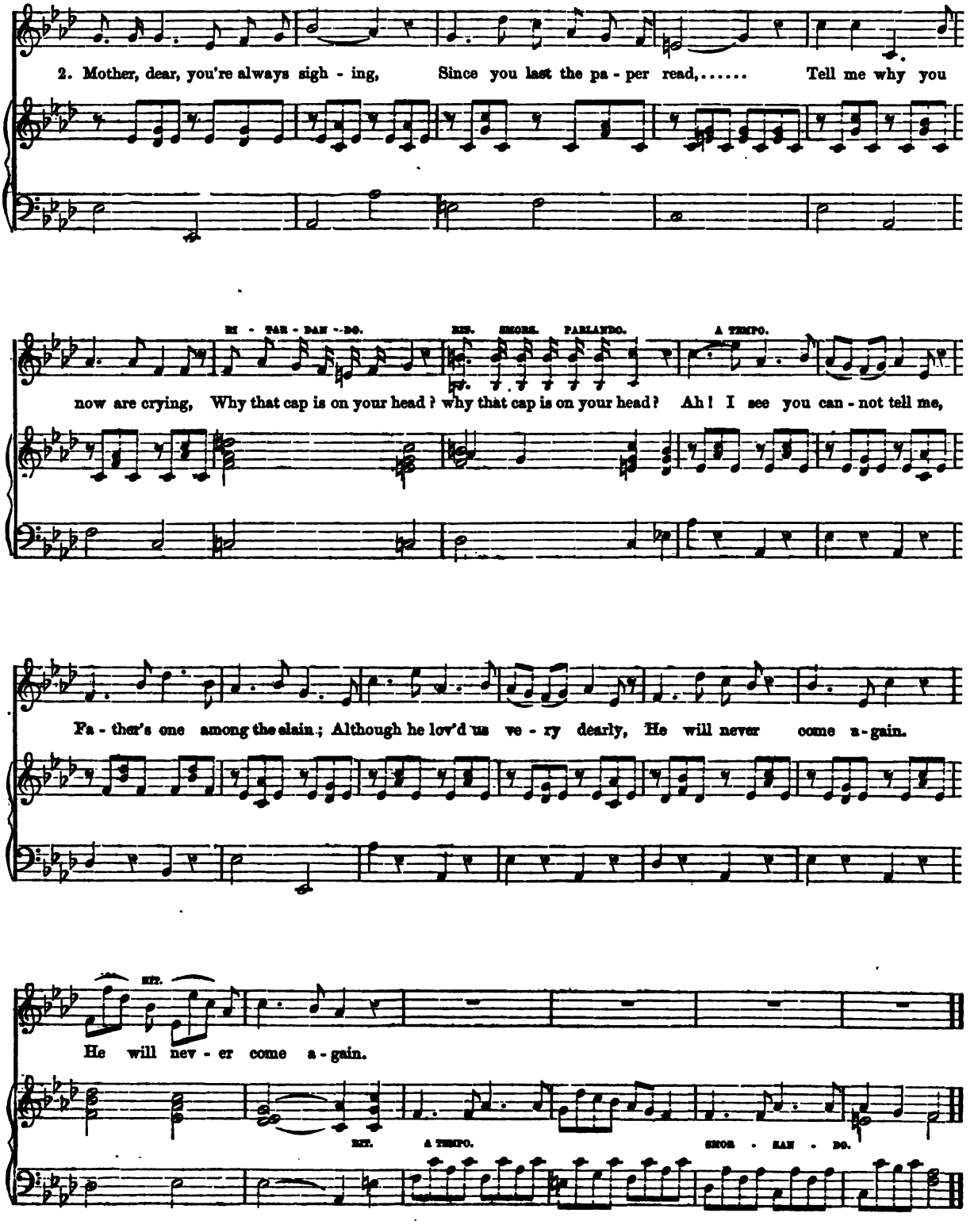

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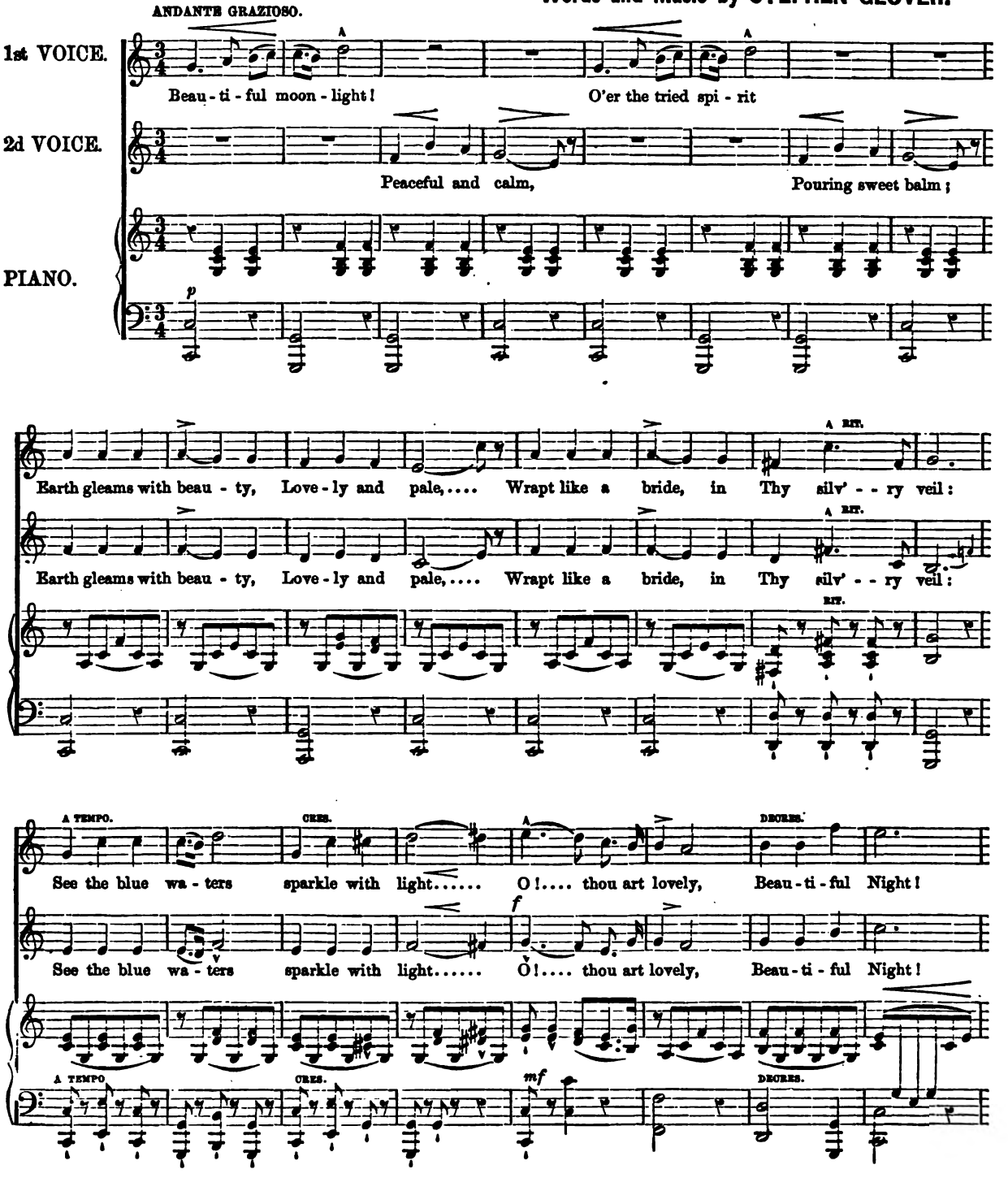
BEAUTIFUL MOONLIGHT.

DUETTO.

Words and Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.



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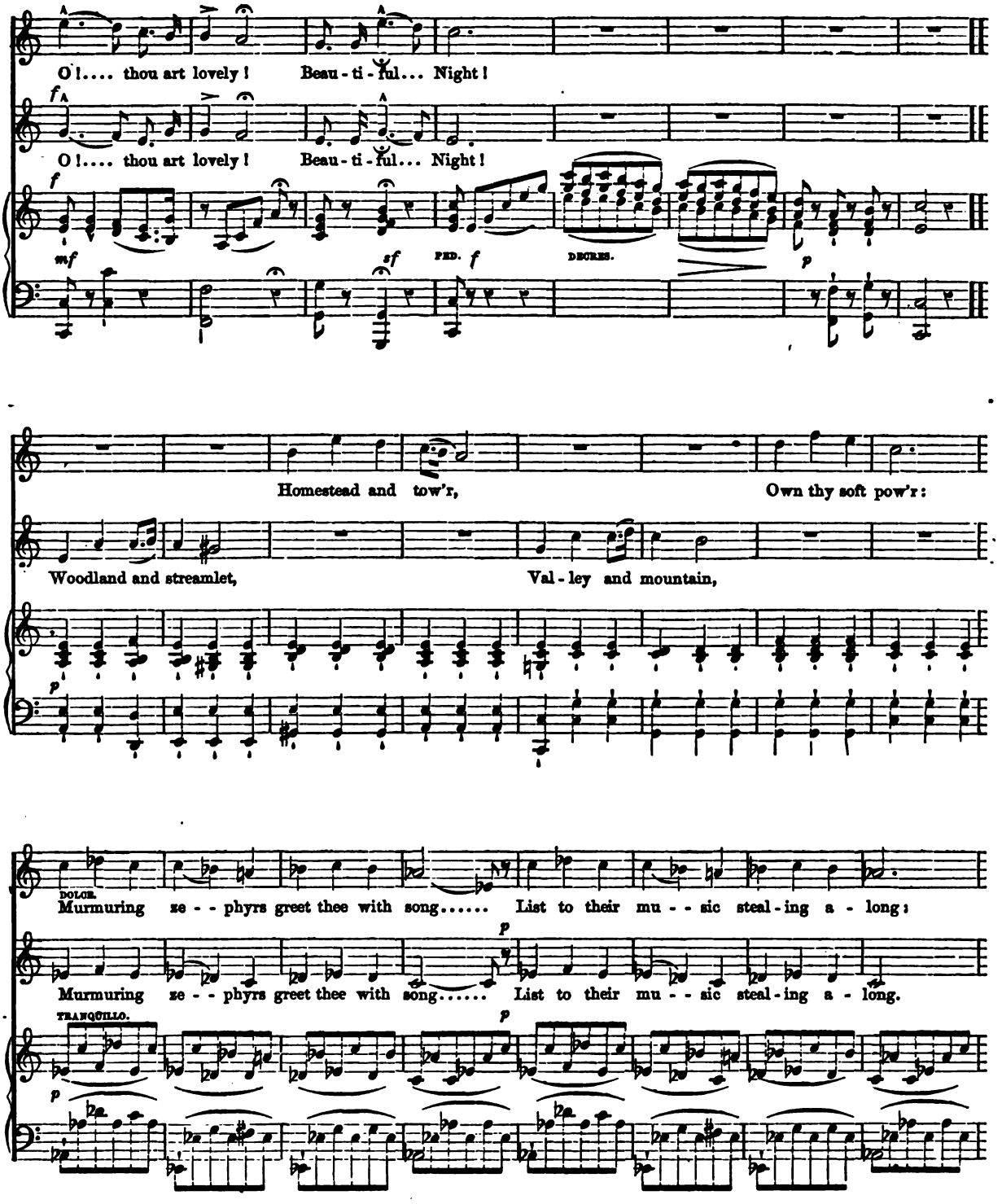

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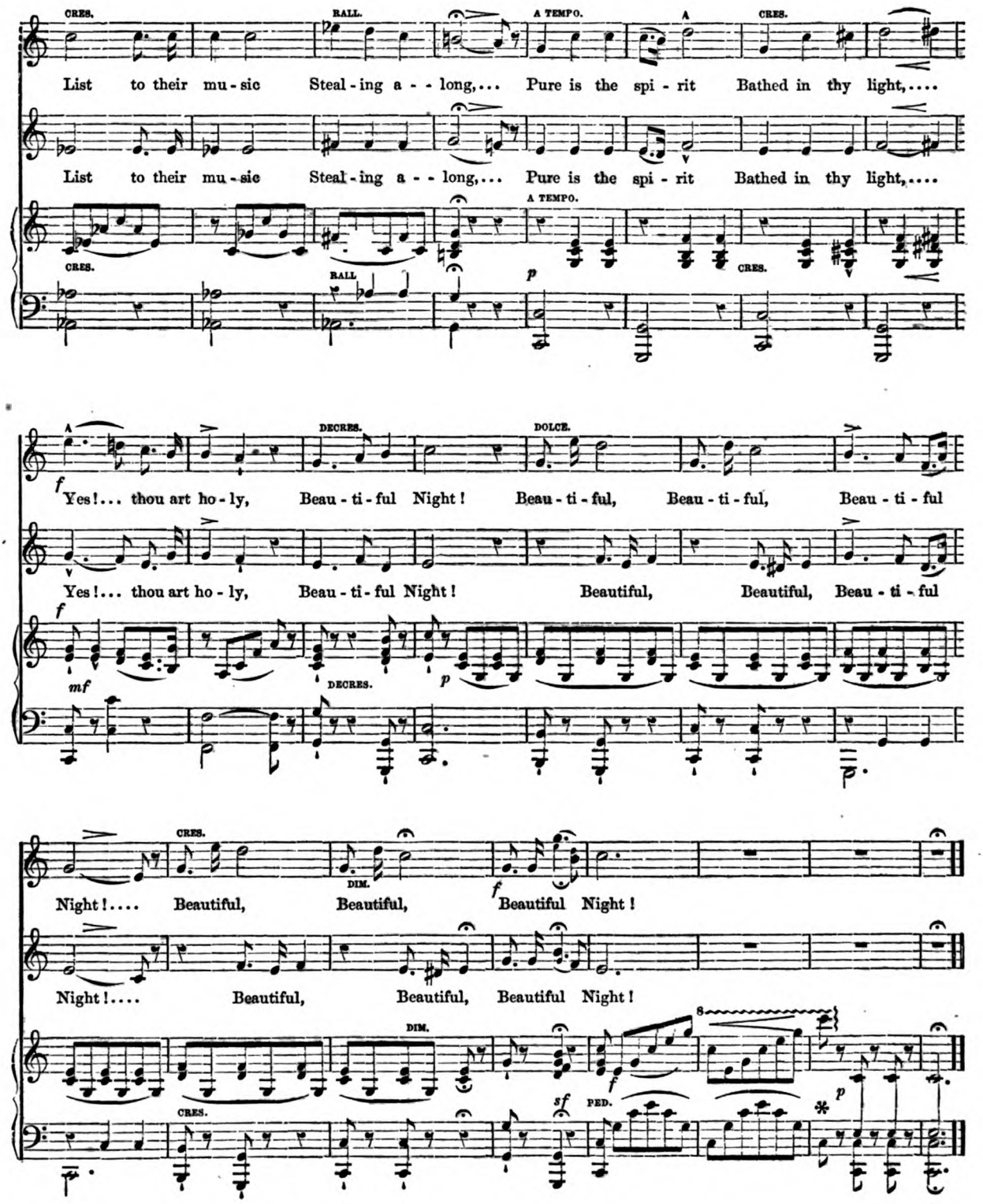

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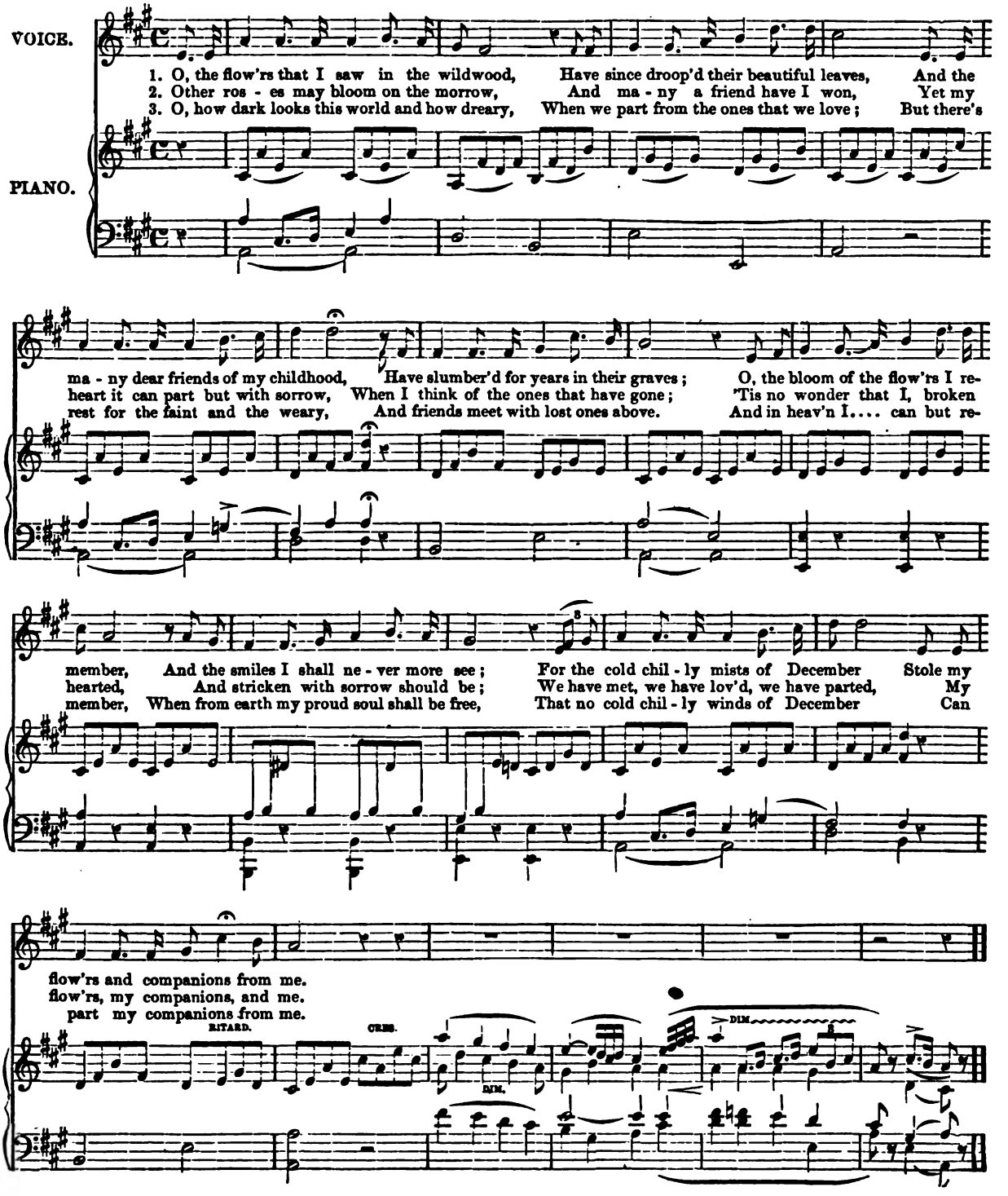
FADED FLOWERS.

Words by J. H. BROWN. Music by JAMES POWER.



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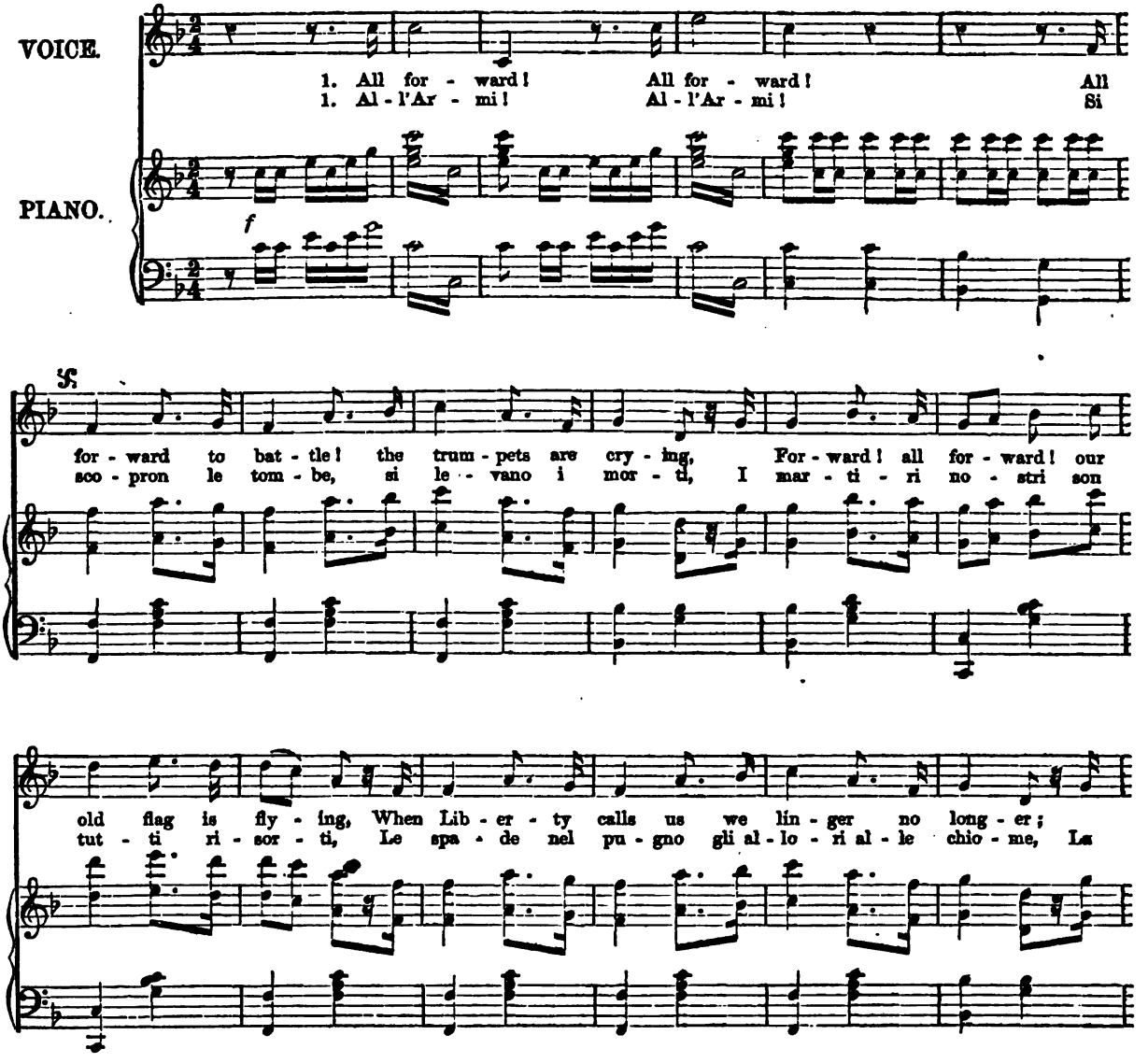
GARIBALDI HYMN.

With English and Italian Words.



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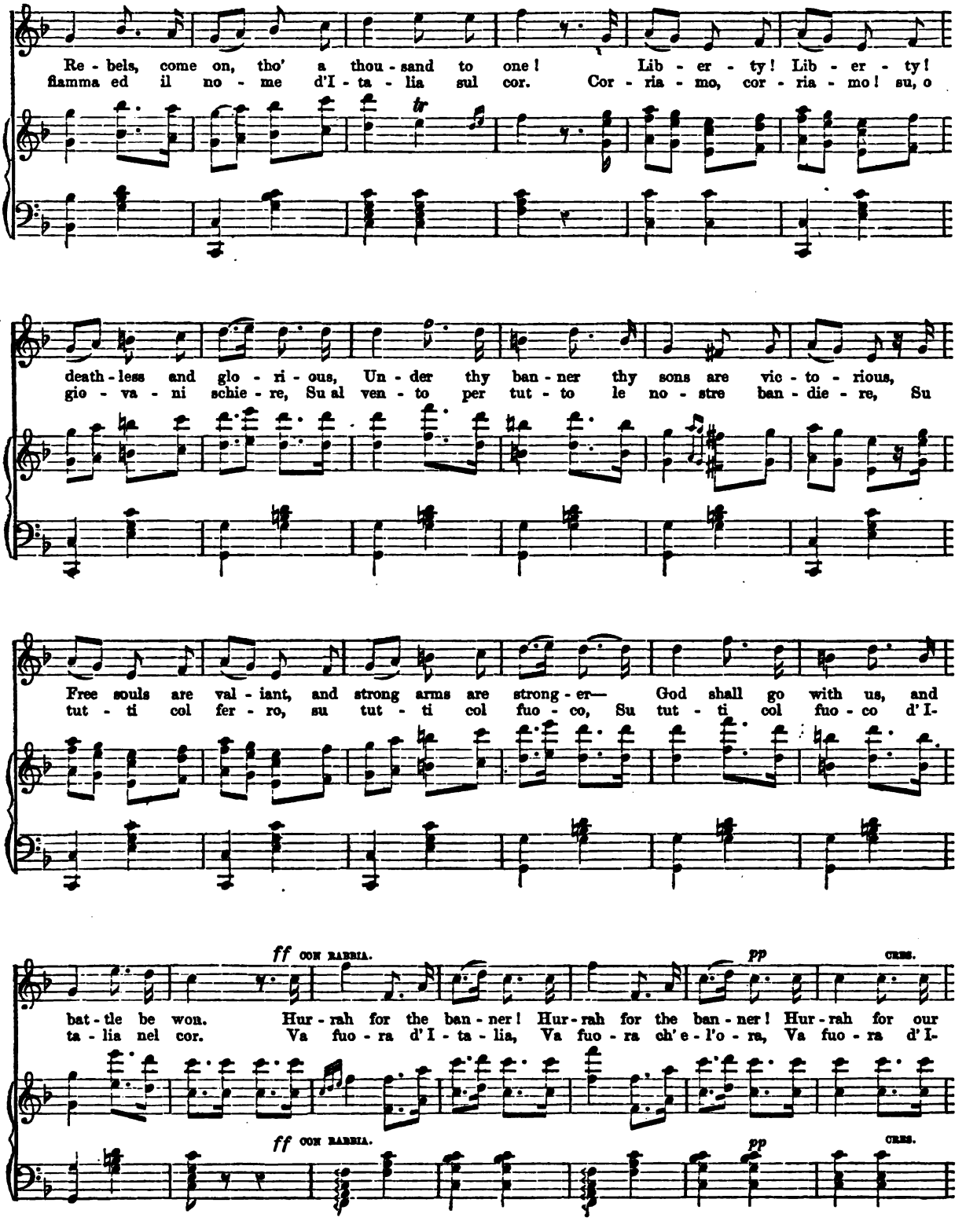
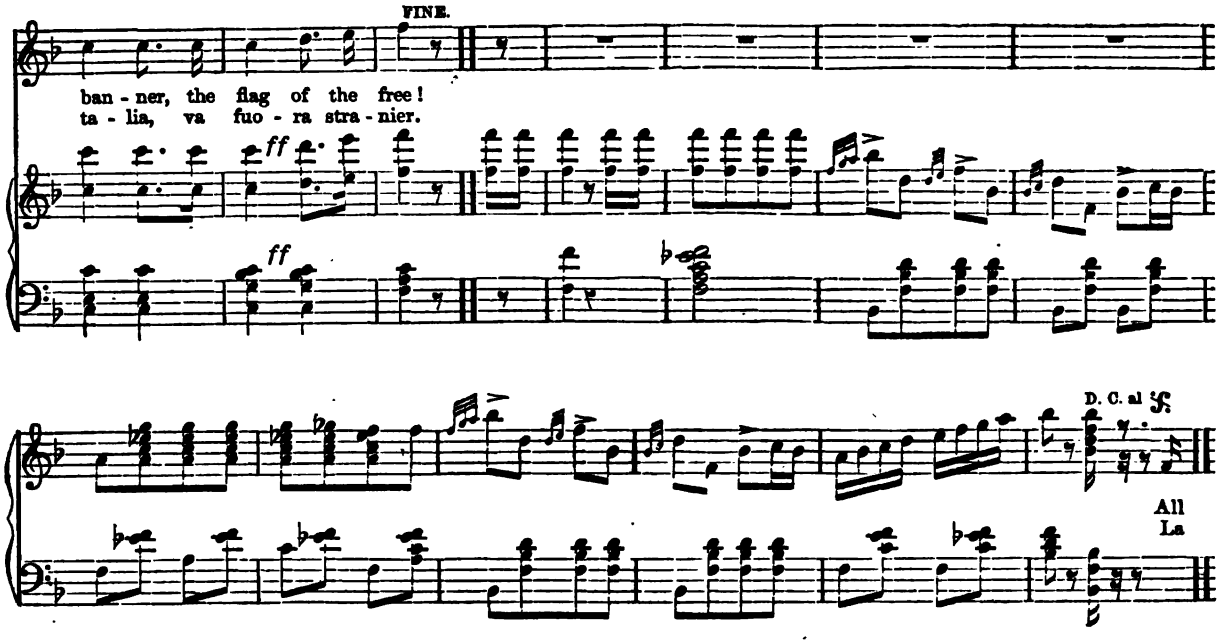

Re - bels, come on, tho' a thou - sand to one! Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty!
fiamma ed il no - me d'I - ta - lia sul cor. Cor - ria - mo, cor - ria - mo! su, o
death - less and glo - ri - ous, Un - der thy ban - ner thy sons are vic - to - rious,
gio - va - ni schie - re, Su al ven - to per tut - to le no - stre ban - die - re, Su
Free souls are val - iant, and strong arms are strong - er— God shall go with us, and
tut - ti col fer - ro, su tut - ti col fuo - co, Su tut - ti col fuo - co d' I-
ff CON RABBIA.
pp
CRESC.
bat - tle be won. Hur - rah for the ban - ner! Hur - rah for the ban - ner! Hur - rah for our
ta - lia nel cor. Va fuo - ra d'I - ta - lia, Va fuo - ra ch'e - l'o - ra, Va fuo - ra d' I-
ff CON RABBIA.
pp
CRESC.

GARIBALDI HYMN.



2.

All forward! All forward!
All forward for Freedom! In terrible splendor
She comes to the loyal who die to defend her:
Her stars and stripes o'er the wild wave of battle
Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.
All forward! to glory, though life-blood is pouring,
Where bright swords are flashing, and cannon are roaring,
Welcome to death in the bullet's quick rattle—
Fighting or falling shall freedom be won.
Hurrah for the banner! &c.

3.

All forward! All forward!
All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!
Liberty calls us from mountain and valley;
Waving her banner, she leads to the fight.
Forward! all forward! the trumpets are crying;
The drum beats to arms, our old flag is flying;
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally—
Forward to battle for God and the Right!
Hurrah for the banner! &c.

2.

La terra dei fiori, dei suoni, e dei carmi
Ritorni qual' era la terra dell' armi;
Di cento catene ci avvinser la mano,
Ma ancor di Legnano sa i ferri brandir.
Bastone tedesco l'Italia non doma,
Non crescono al giogo le stirpi di Roma;
Più Italia non vuole stranieri e tiranni,
Già troppi son gli anni che dura il servir.
Va fuora d'Italia, &c.

3.

Le case d'Italia son fatte per noi,
E là sul Danubio la casa de' tuoi;
Tu i campi ci guasti; tu il pane c'involi,
I nostri figliuoli per noi li vogliam.
Son l'Alpi e i due mari d'Italia i confini,
Col carro di fuoco rompiam gli Appennini,
Distrutto ogni segno di vecchia frontiera,
La nostra bandiera per tutto innalziam.
Va fuora d'Italia, &c.

4.

Sien mute le lingue, sien pronte le braccia
Soltanto al nemico volgiamo la faccia;
E tosto oltre i monti n'andrà lo straniero,
Se tutta un pensiero l'Italia sarà.
Non basta il trionfo di barbare spoglie
Si chiudan ai ladri d'Italia le soglie;
Le genti d'Italia son tutte una sola,
Son tutte una sola le cento città.
Va fuora d'Italia, &c.

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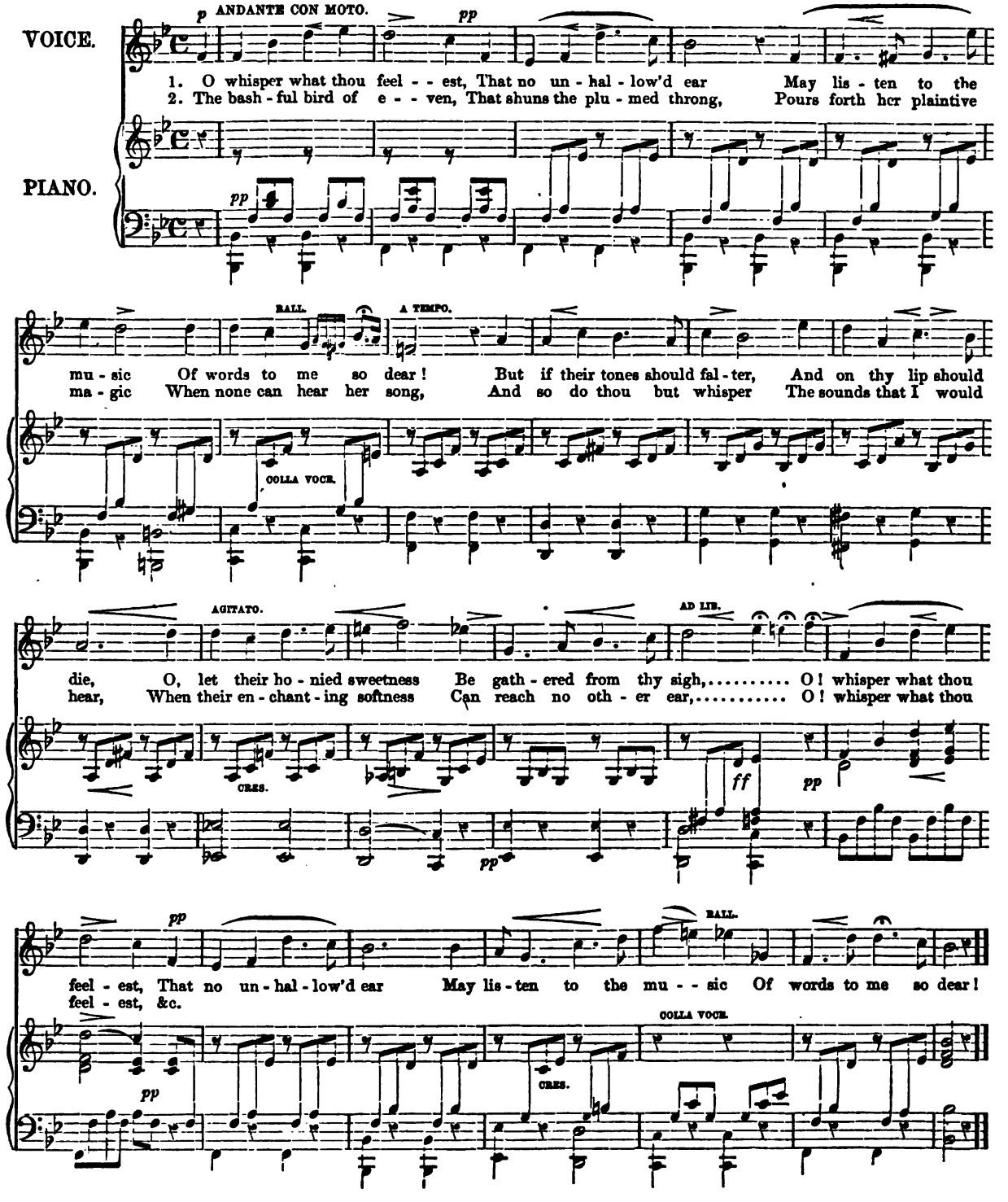
O! WHISPER WHAT THOU FEELEST.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.



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NO, NE'ER CAN THY HOME BE MINE.

DUETT.

T. H. BAYLY, Esq.

MODERATO.

FIRST VOICE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

I have told thee how sweet the ro - ses are In my home be - yond the sea; Where the dark-eyed maid with her sweet gui - tar, Sits un - der the or - ange tree; Then fly, O fly from this isle of storm, Where all that is fair must pine, To a sky more blue, And a sun more warm, Henceforth let my home be thine.

pp *ff* DIM. *p*

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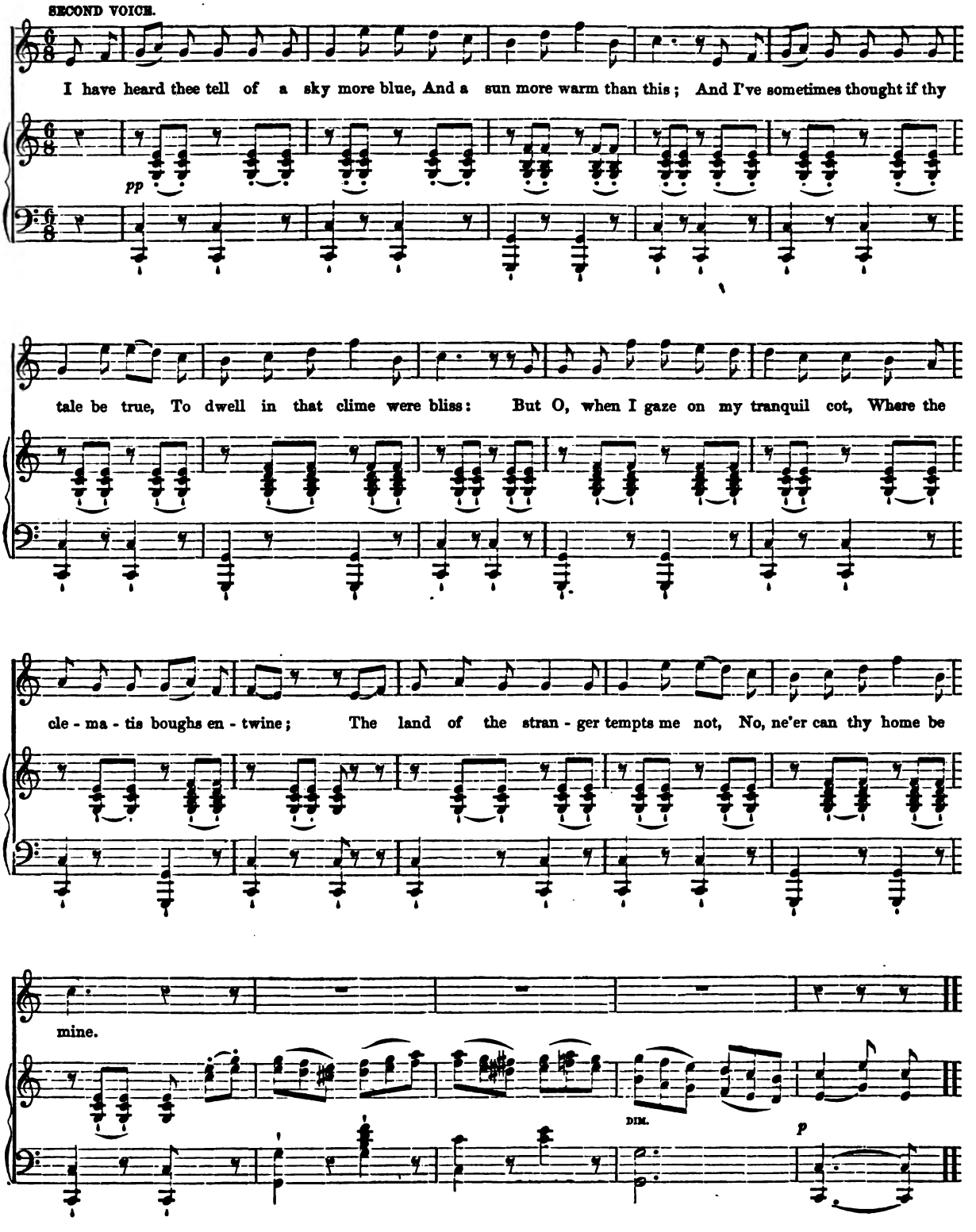

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NO, NE'ER CAN THY HOME BE MINE.

DUET.

1st voice. I will sing to thee, if with me thou'lt rove, The songs of the old - en time; Thou wilt
2d " A - - - las, 'tis plain that my moun - tain home Must ev - er be scorn'd by thee, And

pp

ne - ver com - pare with my ar - dent love, The love of this cold - er clime! Thou wilt scorn the fruits of thy
may I not fear that a time will come When thou wilt have scorn for me! And O! there is one.. who

mountain home, Be - hold - ing the pur - ple vine; Then come to the land of my birth, O come, Hence-
loves me here, Whose voice, if less sweet than thine, To my sim - ple taste is far more dear— No,

forth let my home be thine.
ne'er can thy home be mine.

DIM. p

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KITTY TYRRELL.

C. W. GLOVER.

ANDANTE NON TROPPO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. You're look - ing as fresh as the morn, dar - ling, You're looking as bright as the day;— But
2. I've built me a neat lit - tle cot, dar - ling, I've pigs and po - ta - toes in store; I've
3. You're smiling, and that's a good sign, dar - ling, Say "yes," and you'll never re - pent;— Or,

p

while on your charms I'm dilating, You're stealing my poor heart a - way;— But keep it, and welcome, ma-
twen - ty good pounds in the bank, love, And, may be, a pound or two more; It's all ve - ry well to have
if you would ra - ther be silent, Your silence I'll take for con - sent. That good-natur'd dim - ple's a

vourneen, Its loss I'm not go - ing to mourn; Yet one heart's enough for a bo - dy, So
rich - es, But I'm such a cov - et - ous elf, I can't help still sigh - ing for something, And,
tell-tale, Now all that I have is your own; This week you may be Kit - ty Tyr - rell, Next

A PIACERE.

pray give me yours in re - turn. Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, O! pray give me yours in re - turn.
darling, that something's yourself. Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, That something, you know, is yourself.
week you'll be Mistress Ma - lone. Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, You'll be my own Mistress Ma - lone.

pp

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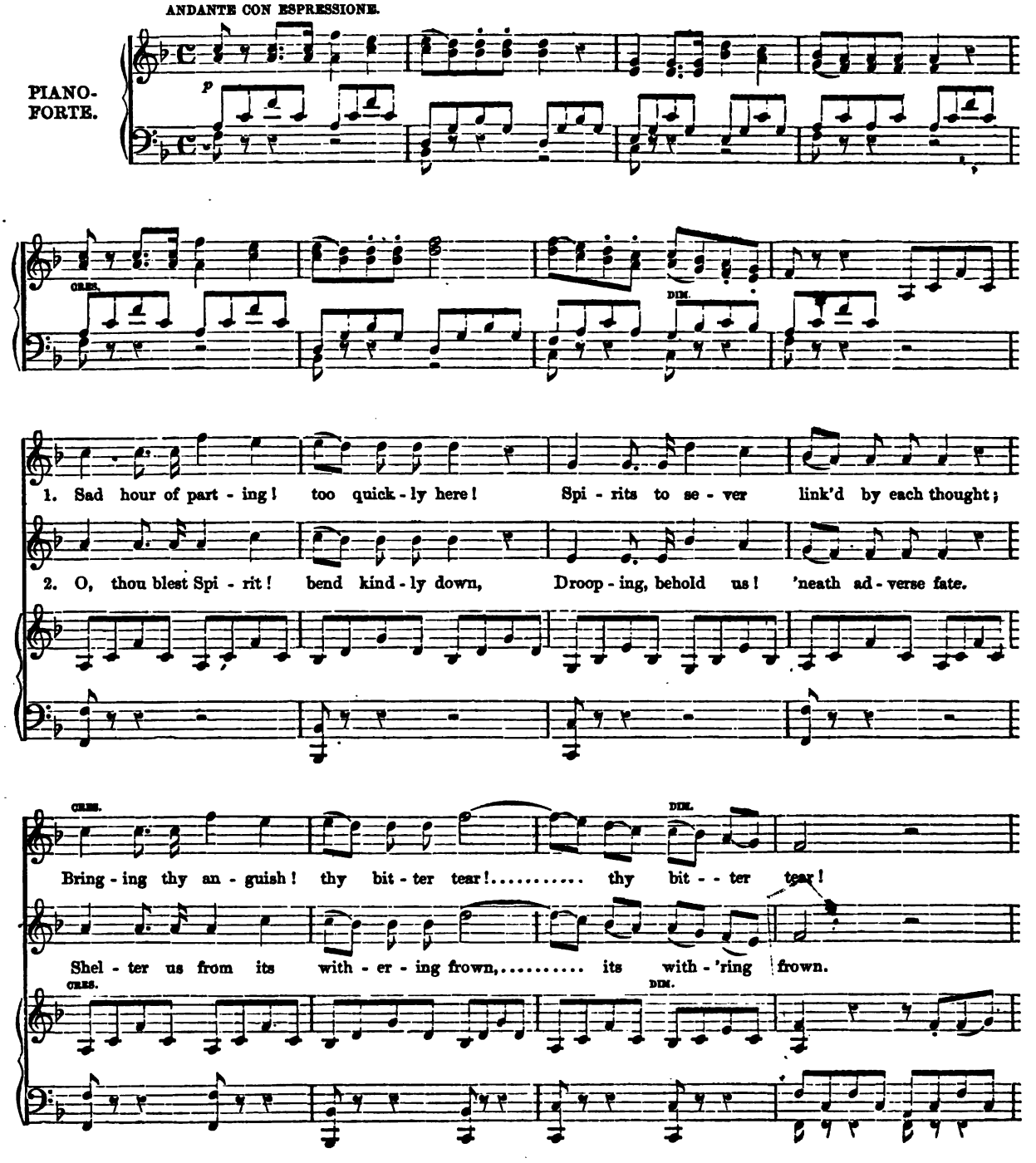
THE HOUR OF PARTING.

DUETT.

Words by ELIZABETH ANN WHITE. Music by BELLINI.



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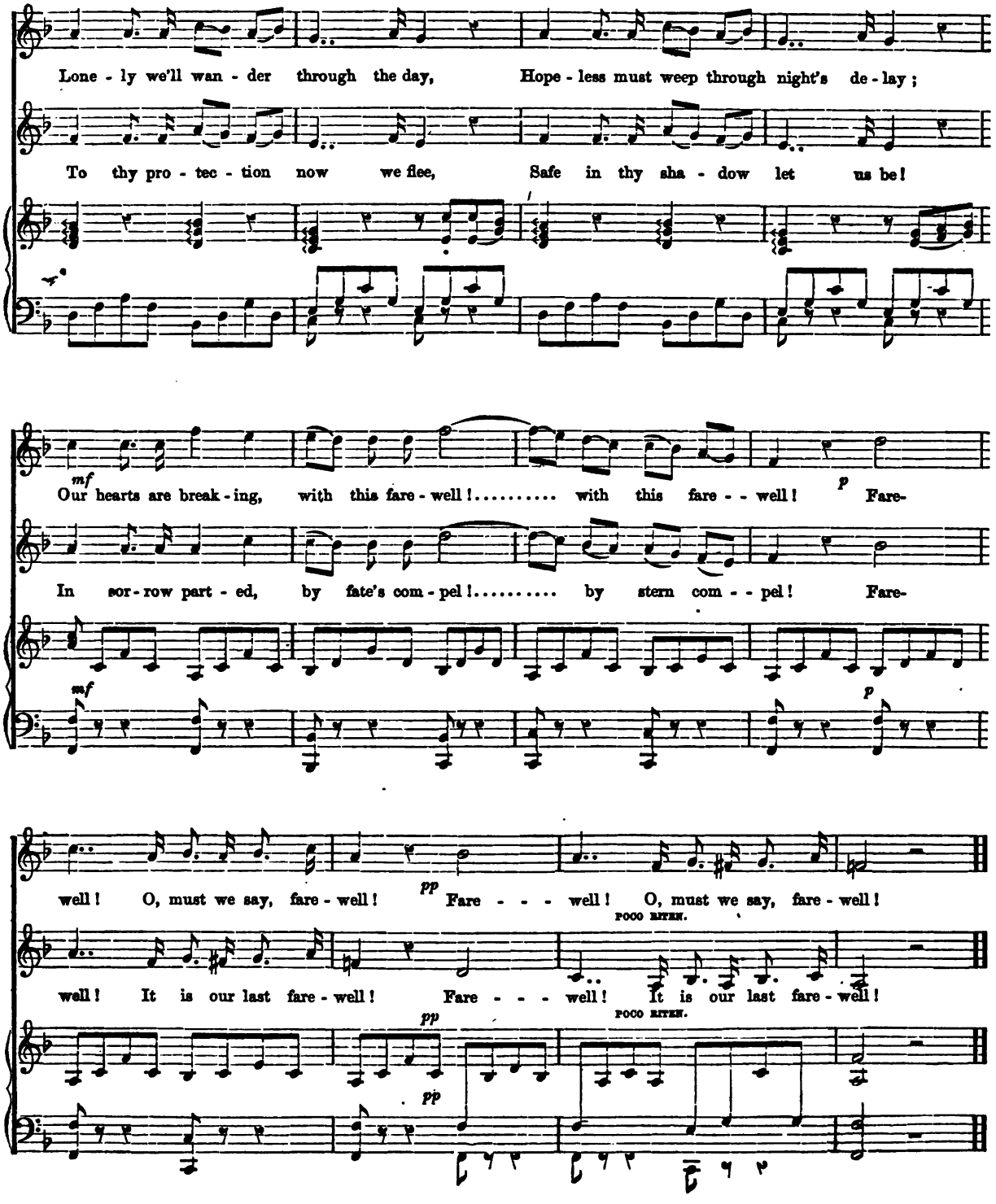

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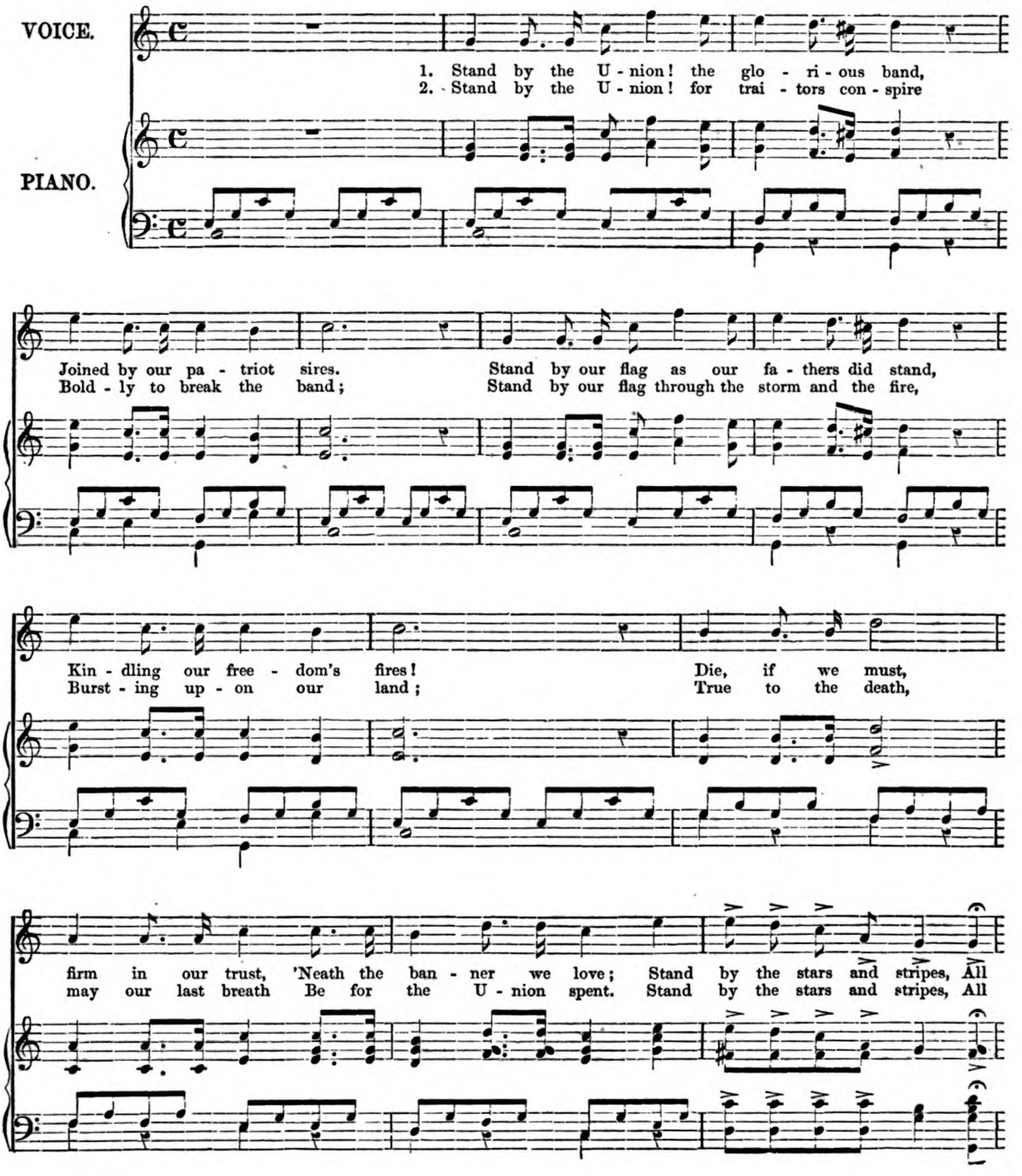
STAND BY THE UNION!

ARMY SONG AND CHORUS.

Poetry by W. T. ADAMS, Esq.

Arr. by C. BUTLER,
From "THE ENCHANTRESS."



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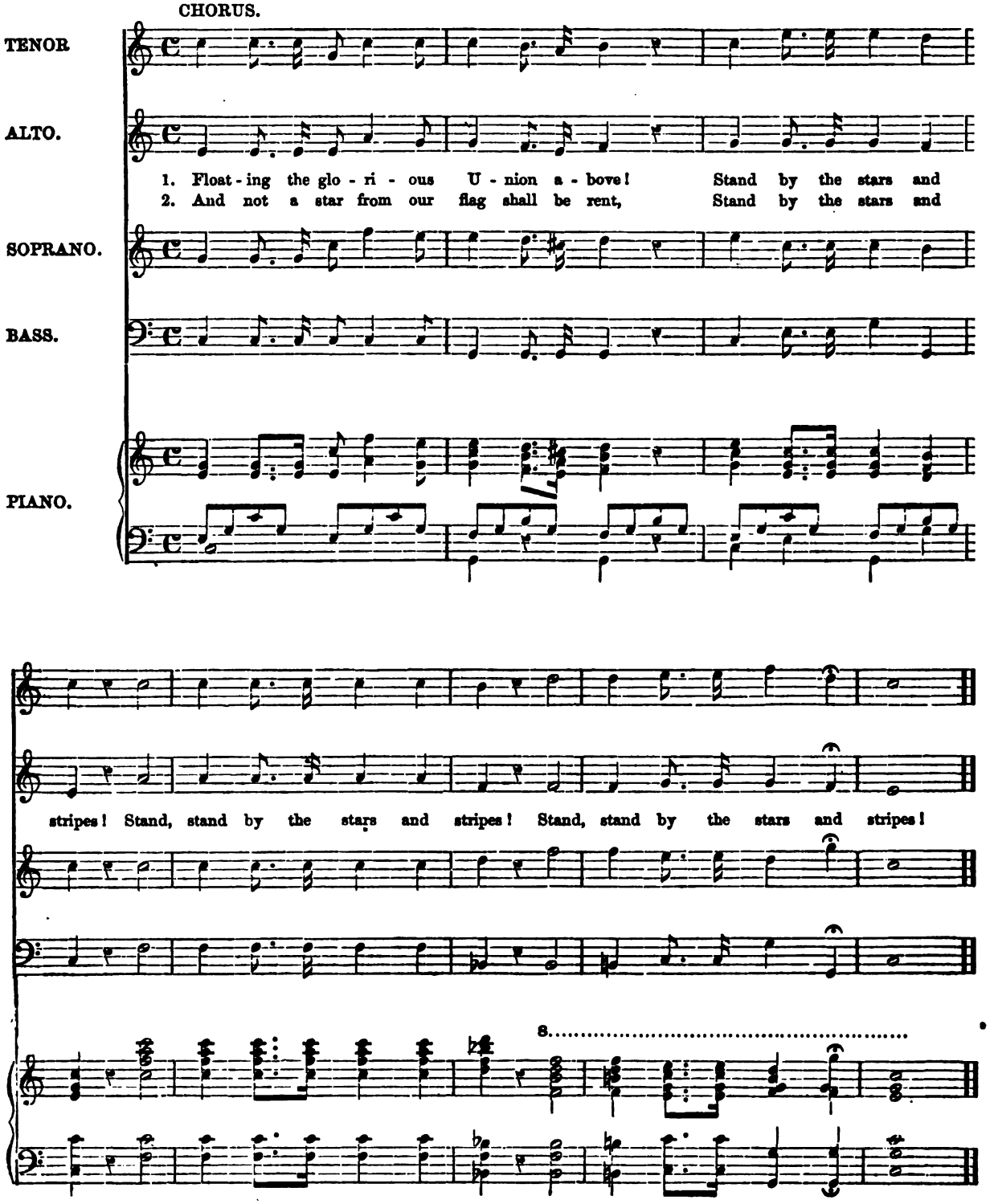

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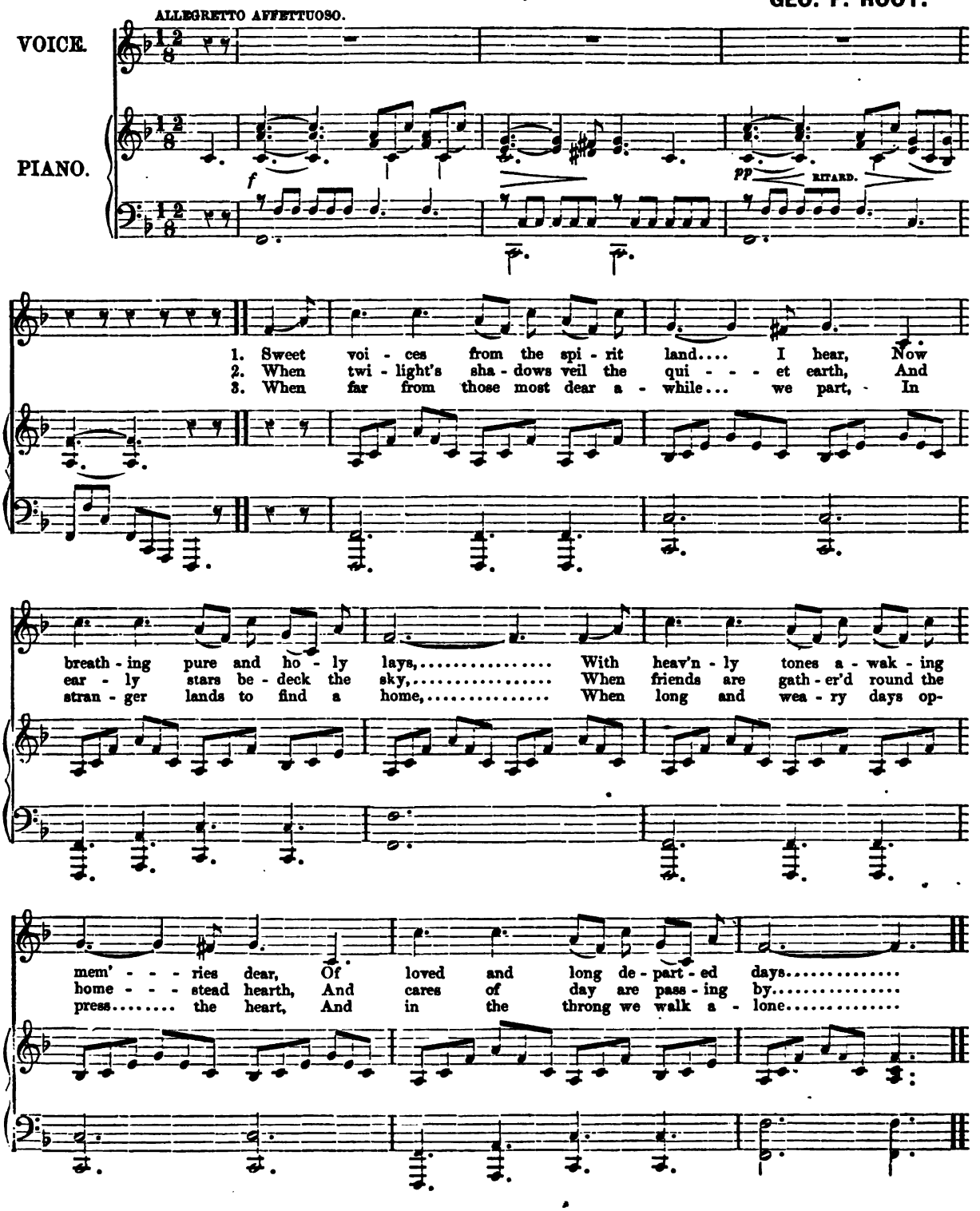
DEPARTED DAYS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GEO. F. ROOT.



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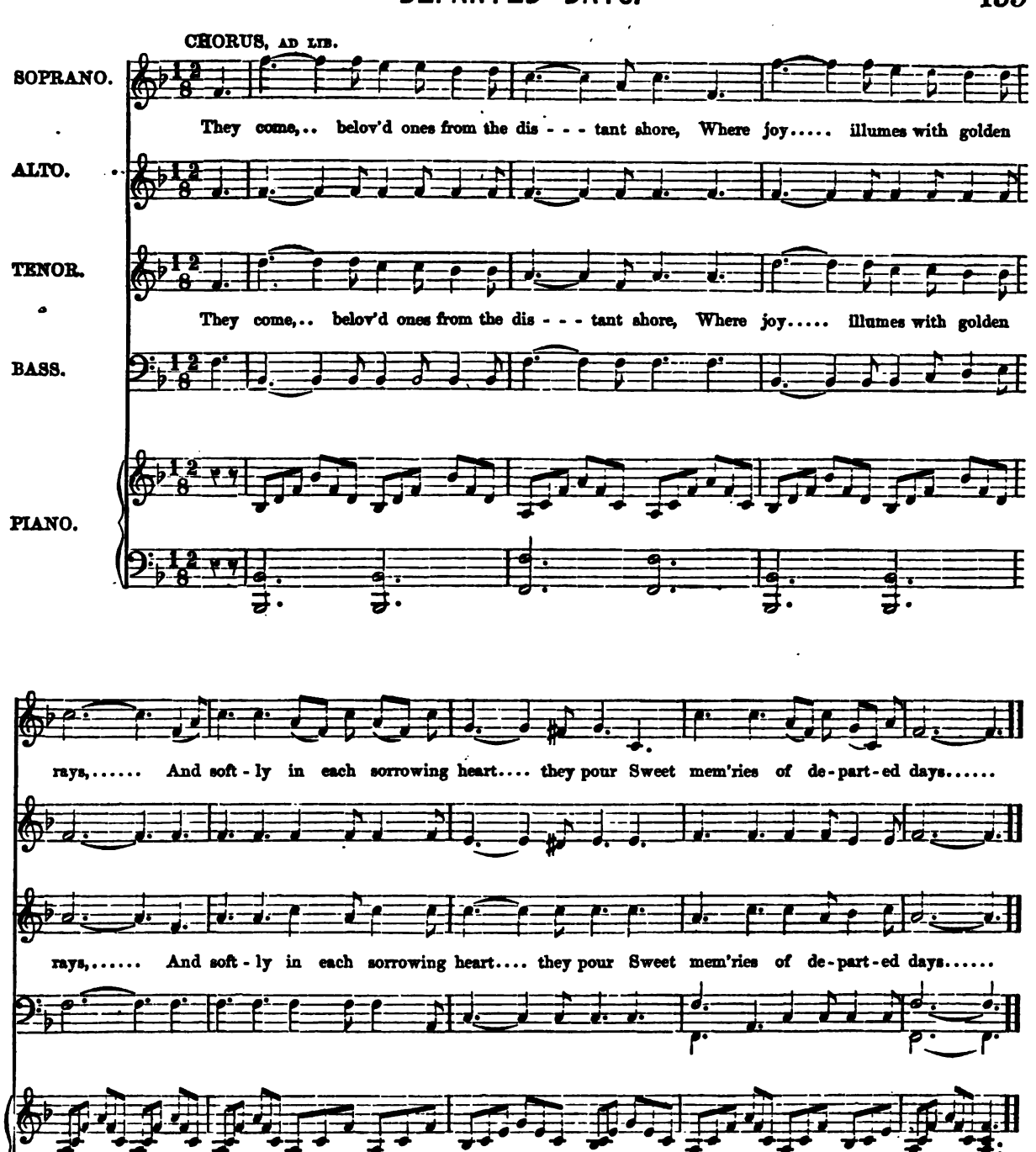

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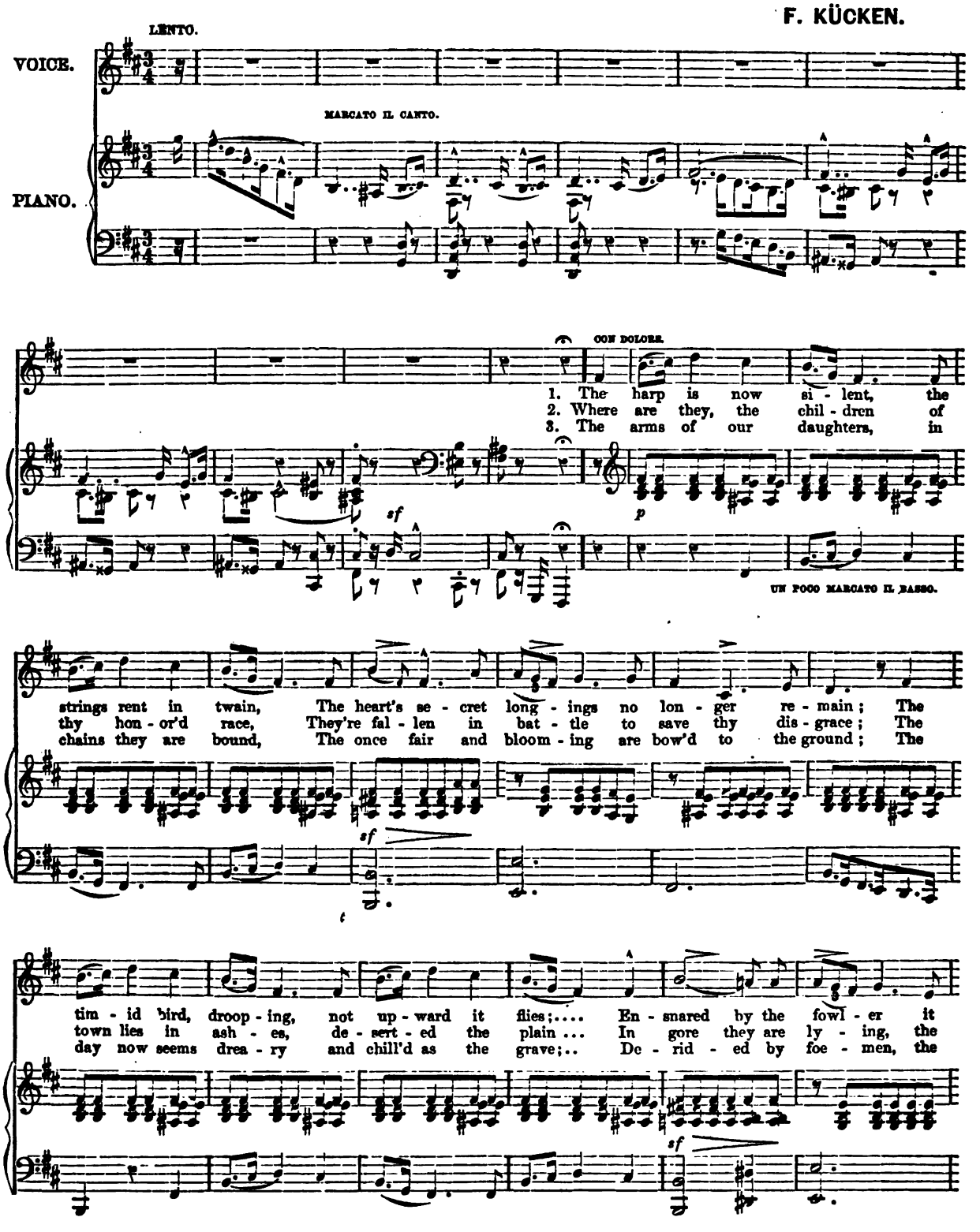
THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

F. KÜCKEN.



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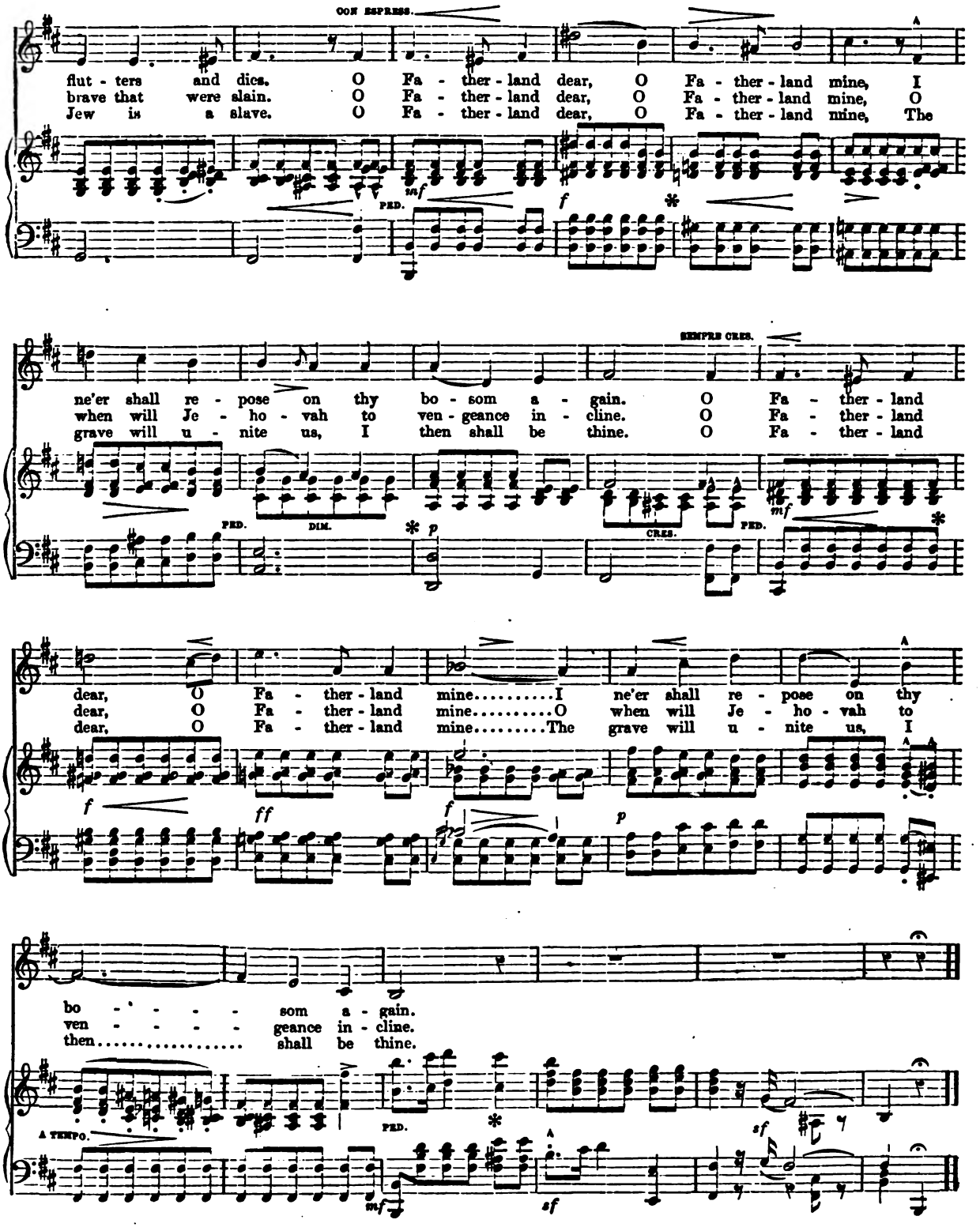

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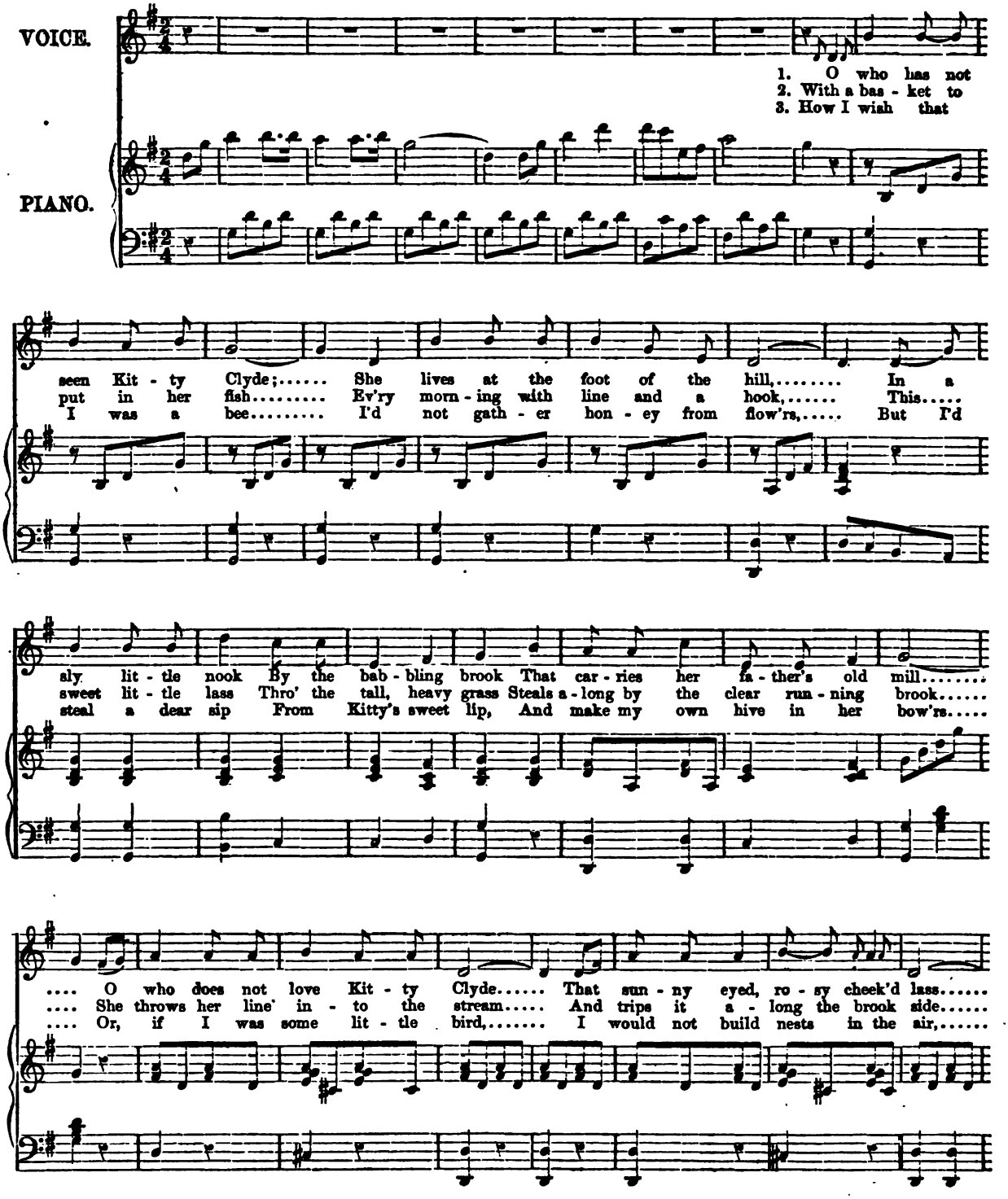
KITTY CLYDE.

L. V. H. CROSBY.



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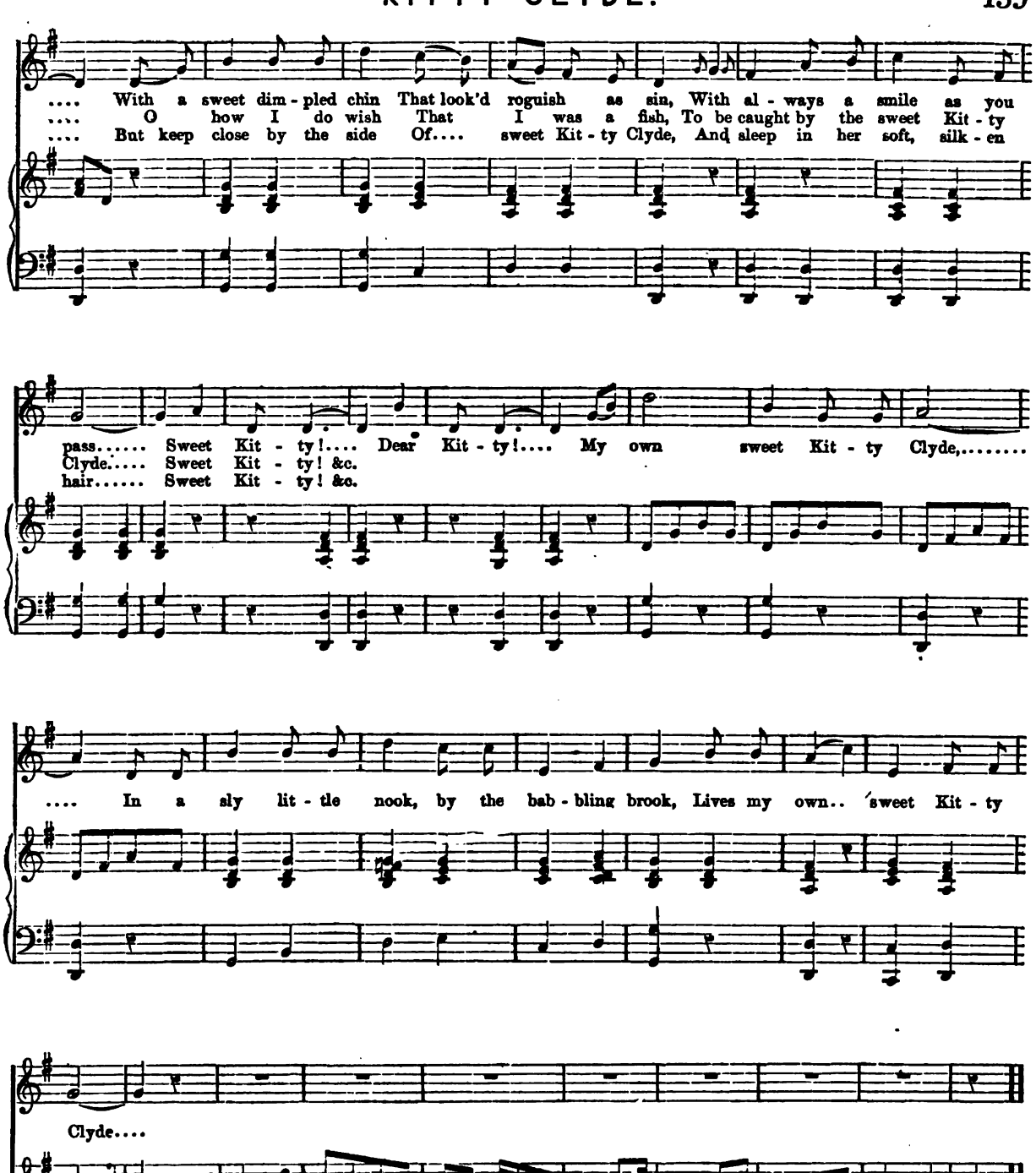

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KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

F. N. CROUCH.

ANDANTE E PENSEROSO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf *mf* *mf* *mf*

1. Kath - leen Mavour - neen! the gray dawn is breaking,.. The horn of the hun - ter.. is heard on the
2. Kath - leen Mavour - neen! a - wake from thy slumbers, The blue mountains glow in.... the sun's.. gold - en

mf

Small notes to be sung to the 2d verse.

hill, The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kath - leen.... Ma-
light, Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers, A - rise in thy

vour - neen,.. what, slumb'ring still, Kath - leen, Mavourneen, what, slum - b'ring still. Or
beau - ty, thou star of my night, A - rise.... in thy beauty, thou star.... of my night. Ma-

SLENTANDO.

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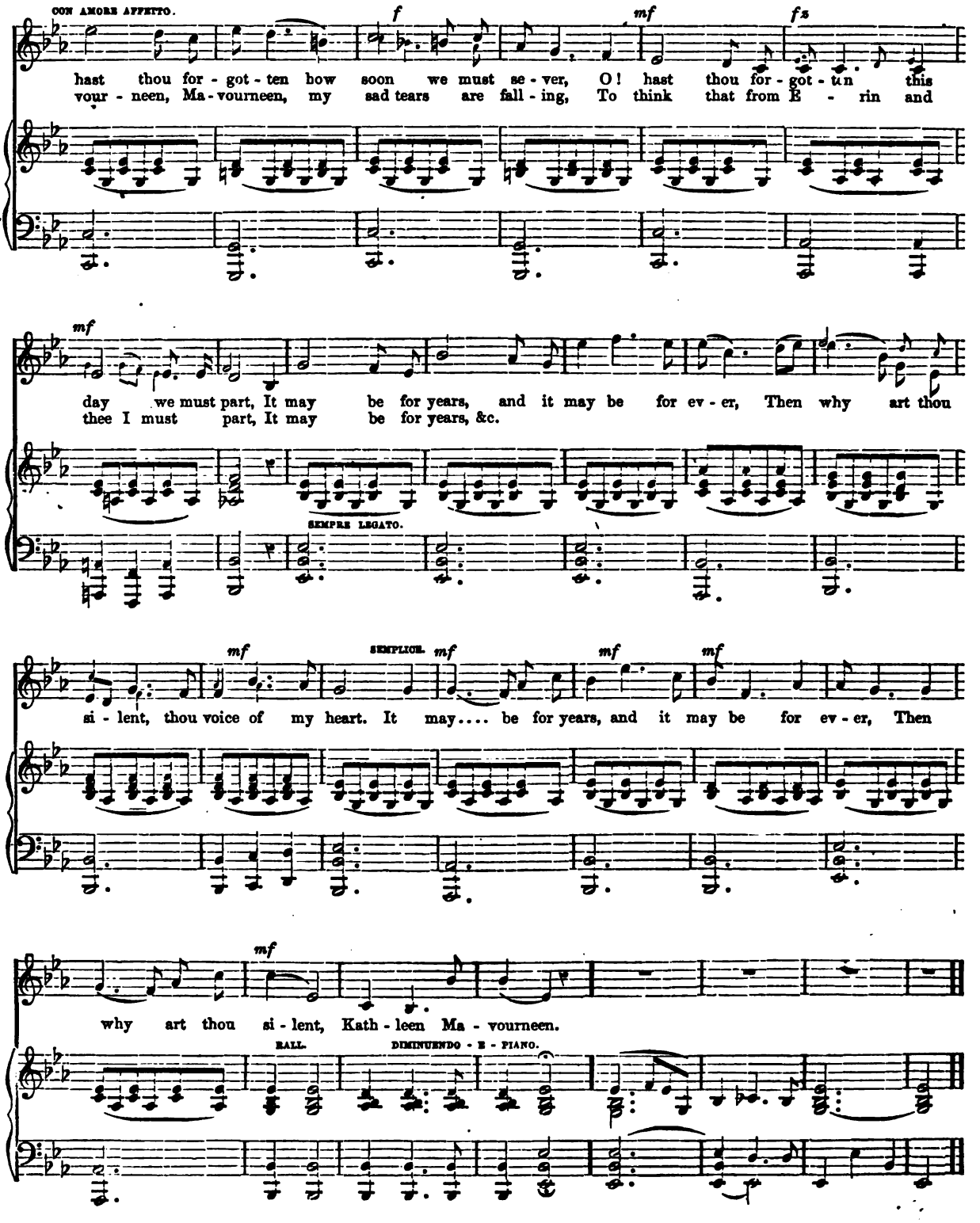

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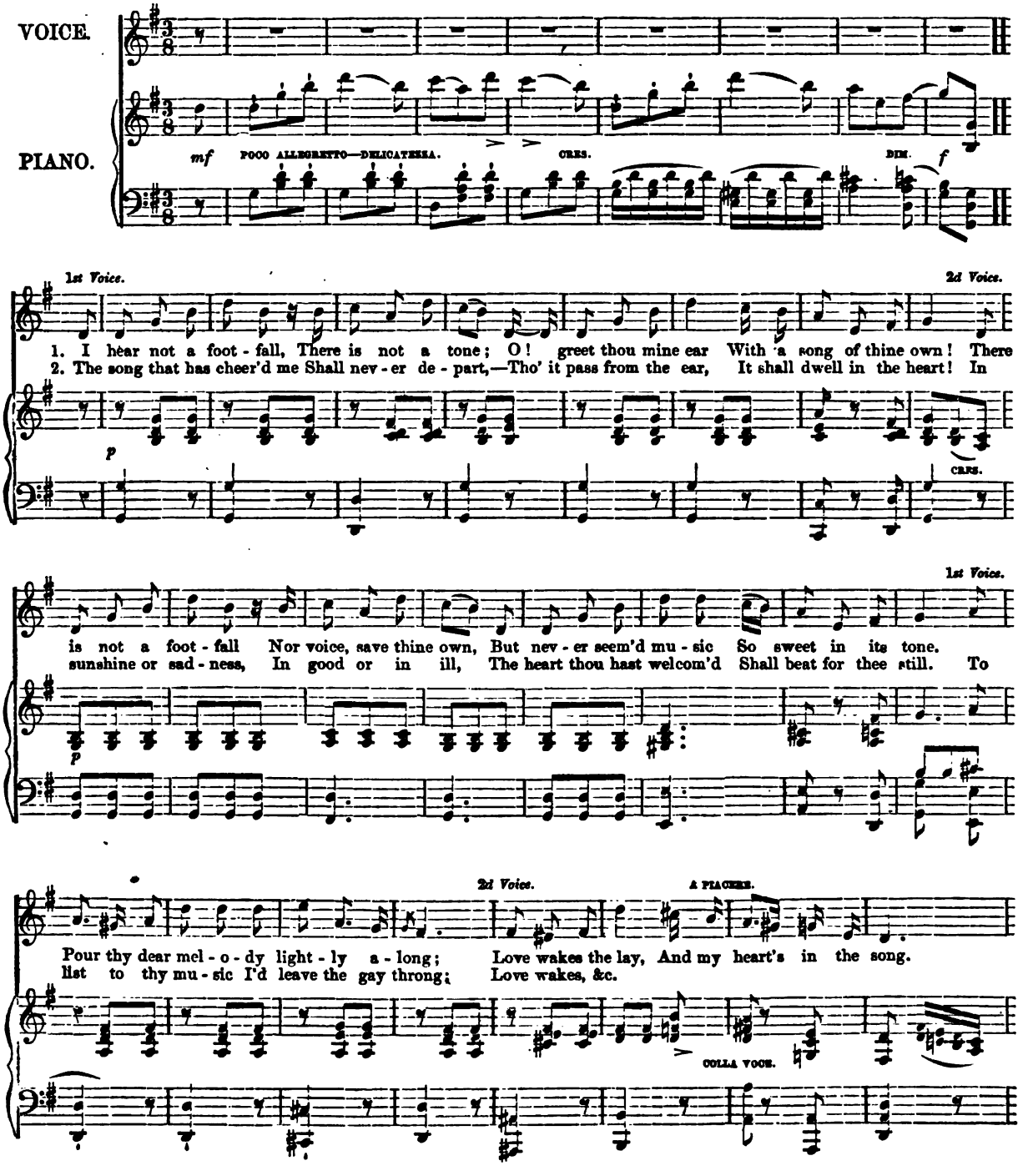
MUSIC AT NIGHTFALL.

DUETT.

Words by C. J. JEFFREYS. Music by S. NELSON.



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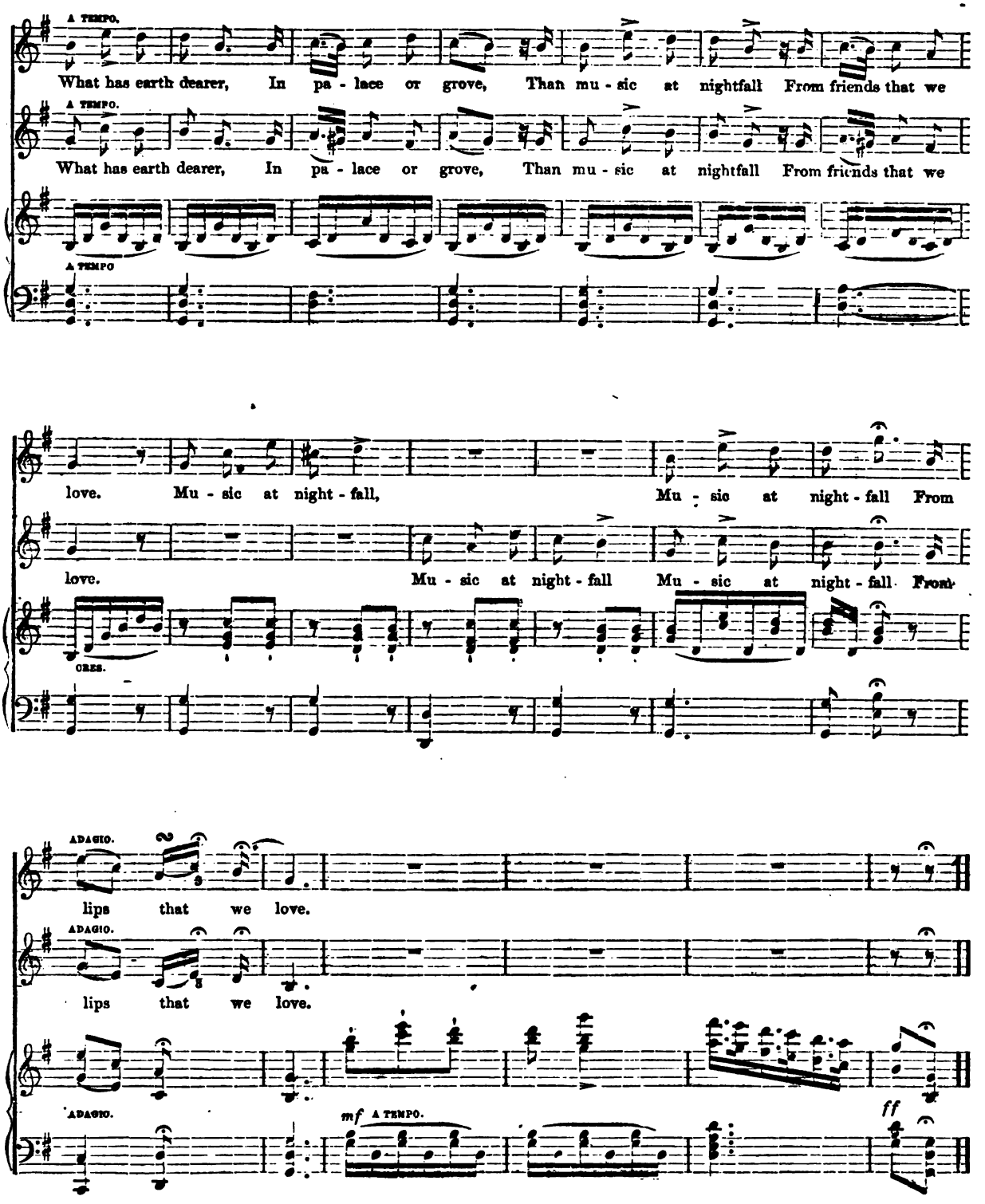
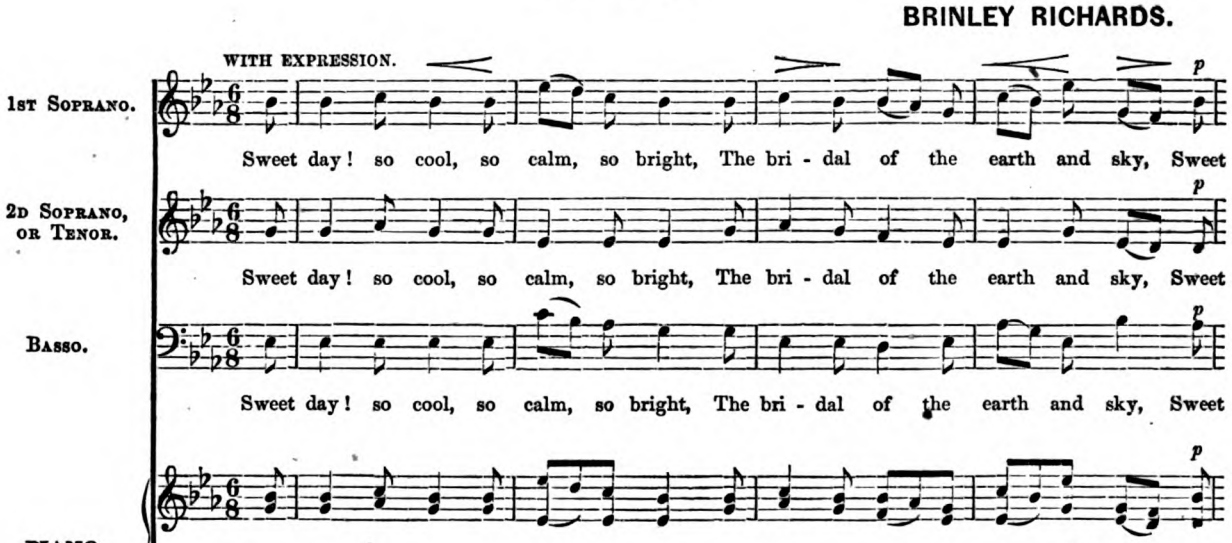
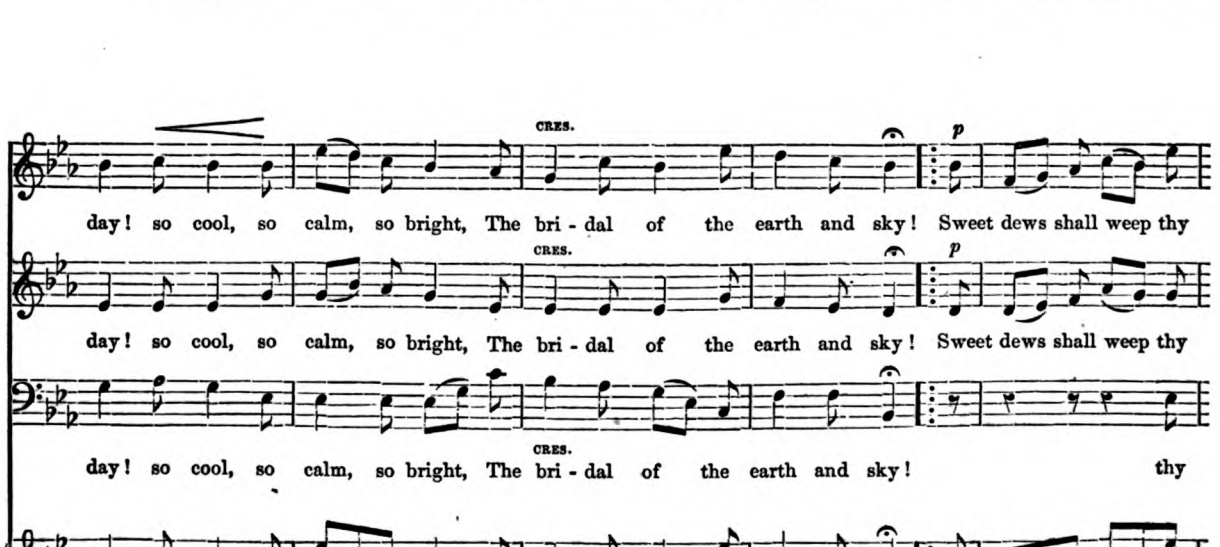

A TEMPO.
What has earth dearer, In pa - lace or grove, Than mu - sic at nightfall From friends that we
A TEMPO.
What has earth dearer, In pa - lace or grove, Than mu - sic at nightfall From friends that we
A TEMPO
love. Mu - sic at night - fall, Mu - sic at night - fall From
love. Mu - sic at night - fall Mu - sic at night - fall From
ORES.
ADAGIO.
lips that we love.
ADAGIO.
lips that we love.
ADAGIO.
mf A TEMPO.
ff

SWEET DAY, SO COOL.

TRIO.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.





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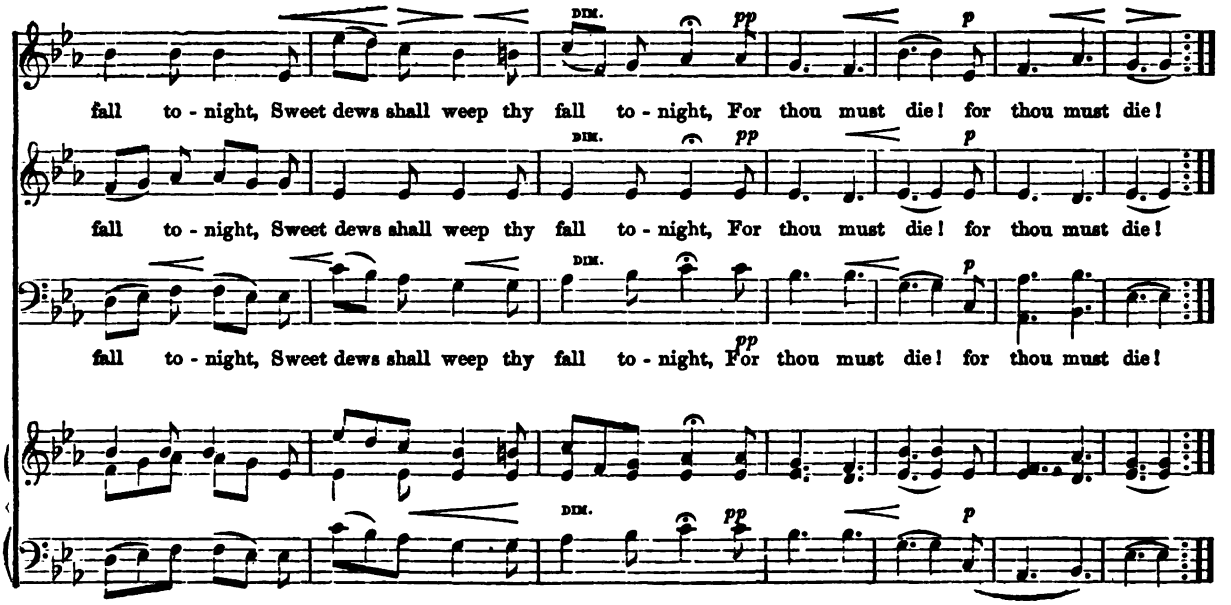
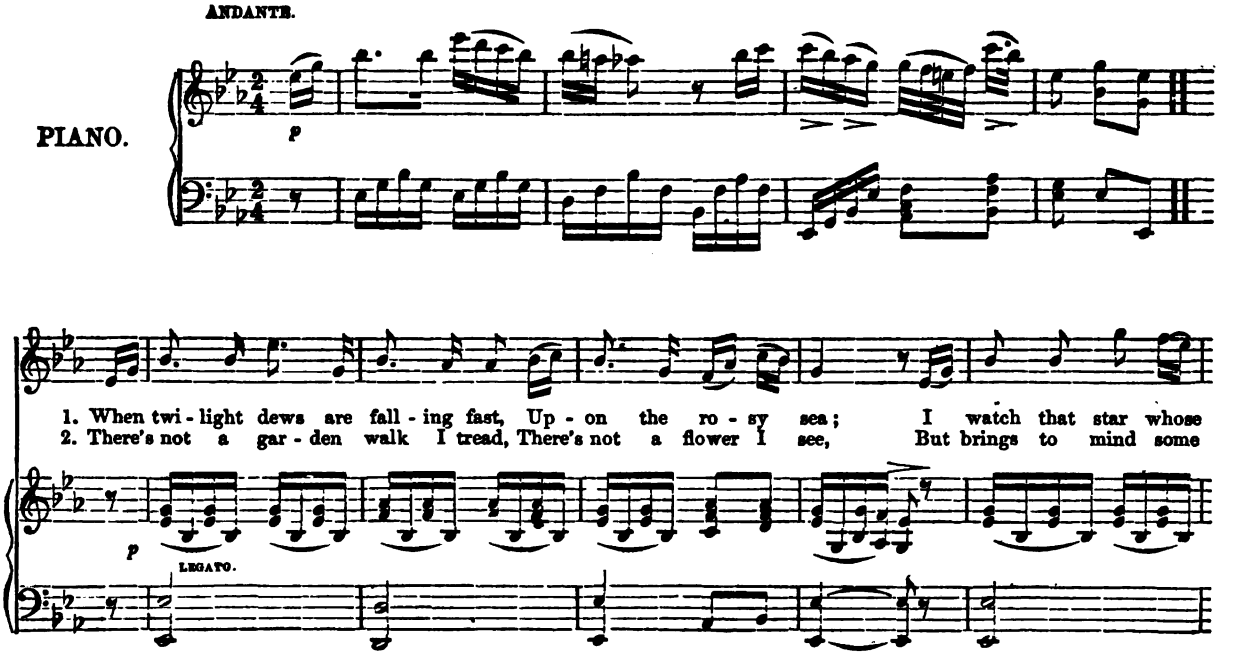


TWILIGHT DEWS.

ANDANTE.

PIANO.



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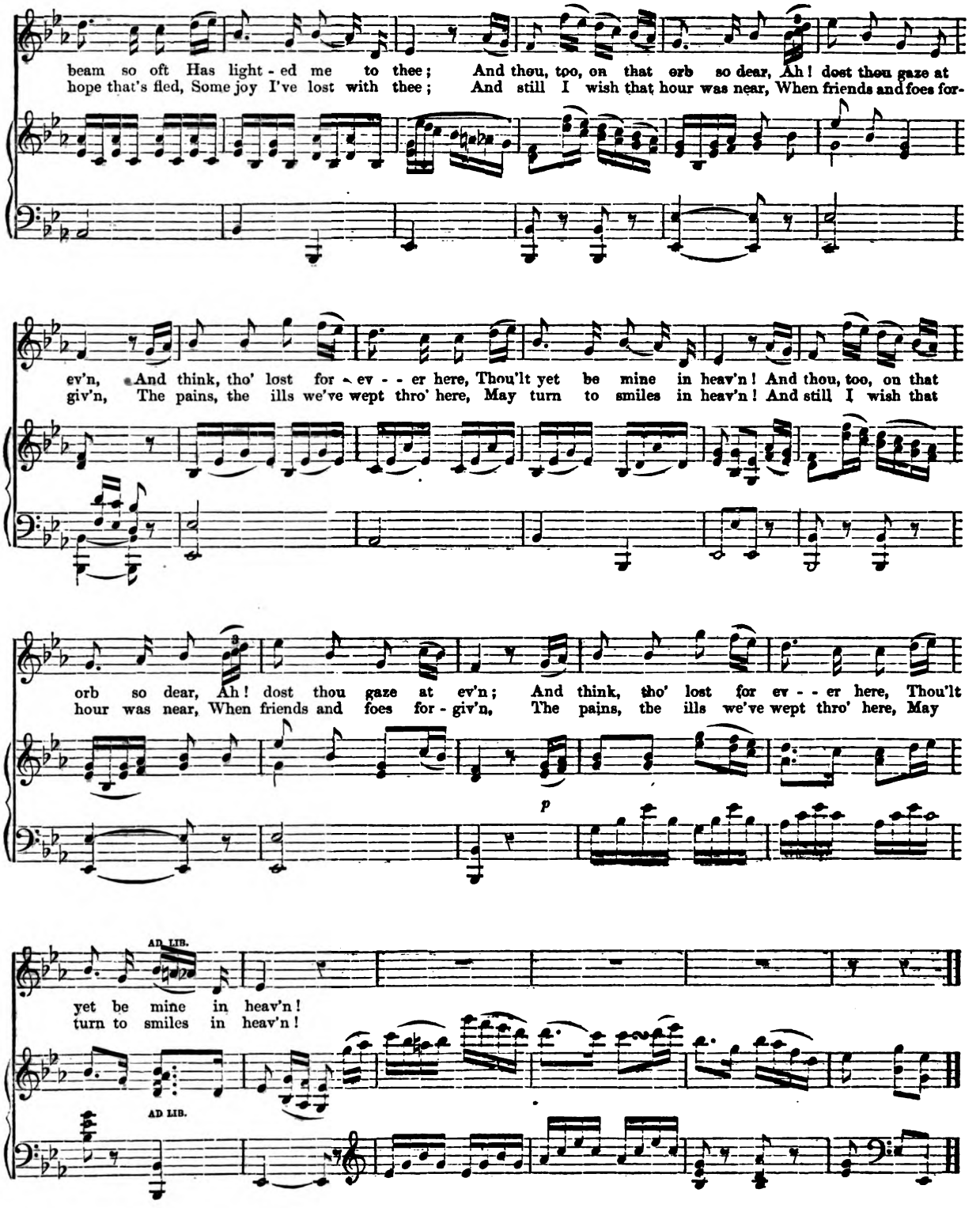

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MARY OF ARGYLE.

S. NELSON.

POCO ALLEGRETTO E DELICATEZZA.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I have heard the mavis singing His.. love-song to the morn, I have seen the dew-drop clinging To the
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its brightness too, Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy

rose just newly born; But a sweet-er song has cheer'd me, At the ev'ning's gen-tle close, And I've
hair its sunny hue, Still to me wilt thou be dear-er Than all the world shall own; I have

CRES.

RITARD.

seen an eye still brighter Than the dew-drop on the rose.... 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Ma-ry, And thine
lov'd thee for thy beau-ty, But.... not for that a-lone... I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary, And its

COLLA VOCE.

mf

art-less win-ning smile, That... made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of..... Ar-gyle!
good-ness was the wile That has made thee mine for ev-er, Bon-ny Ma-ry of..... Ar-gyle!

RIT.

AD LIB.

mf

AD LIB.

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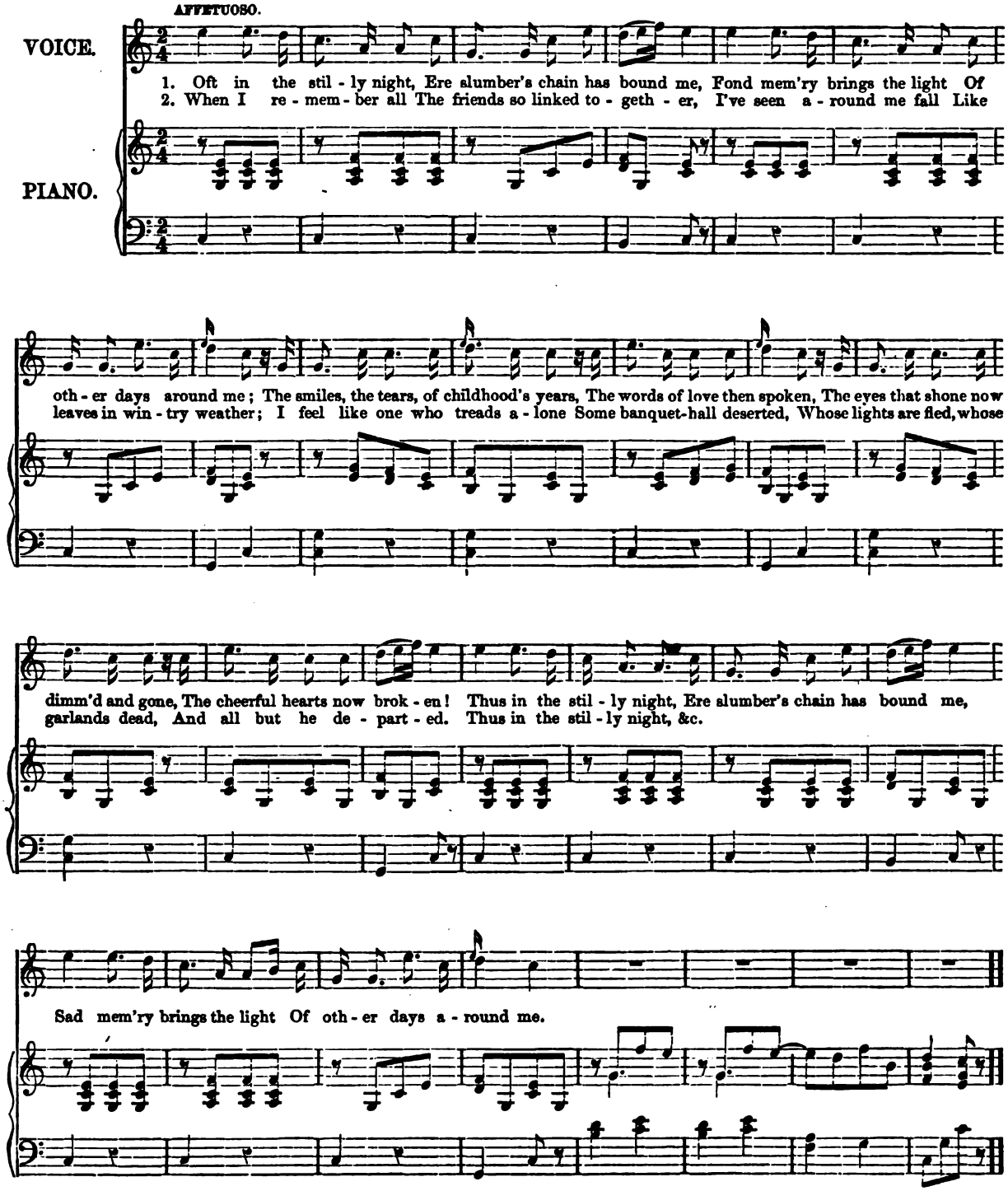
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.



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THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

Words by Miss MARY A. GRIFFITH. Arranged by F. MAYER.

RELIGIOSO.

PIANO.

1. The hour of eve its shade around me throws, The time draws near when I must seek re - pose; In - to Thy hands my soul I do commend,
2. When but a child, I roam'd amid the flow'rs, Time then had wings, all heedless flew the hours; Visions that were, have now no charms for me,
3. O may my fu - ture be consign'd to Thee, Safe in Thy care, from ev' - ry sorrow free; In Thy protection, doubt and fear have flown,

Father, watch o'er me, guide and de - fend. Sorrow has chastened, trust - ing in Thee. Father in hea - ven, make me Thine own.

p O may the sha - - dows That droop a- Make me more wor - - thy Of Thy great And when is bro - - ken Life's gold - en

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by HENRY TOLMAN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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round me, Fill now my heart with Ho - ly thoughts, with thoughts of Thee.
good - - ness, Fa - - - ther, pre - pare me, For my home, my home in Heav'n.
cir - - cle, Then, Fa - ther, take me To Thy home, Thy home in Heav'n.

ARMONIOSO.

pp PED. * PED. * PED. * PED. * PED. *

FADING AWAY.

SONG OR DUET.

ANNE FRICKER.

VOCAL.

1. Rose of the gar - den, Blush - ing and gay,....
2. Spring's fair - - est blos - som, Sum - mer's bright day,....
3. Hope's fai - - ry pro - mise, Charms to be - tray, ...

PIANO.

RALL.

E'en as we pluck thee, Fa - ding a - way. Beams of the
Au - tumn's rich clus - ter, Fa - ding a - way. Song of the
All that is earth - ly, Fa - deth a - way. But there's a

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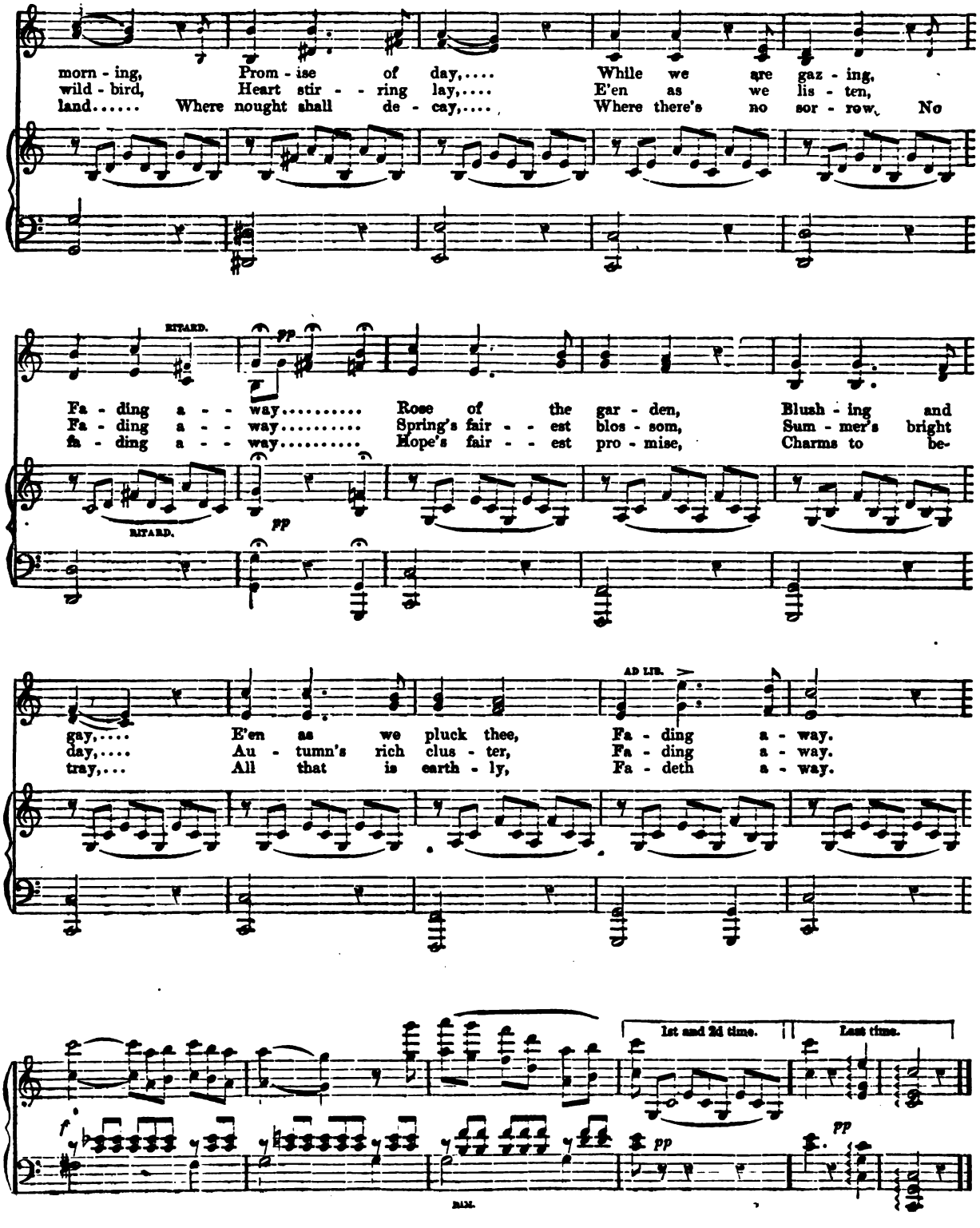

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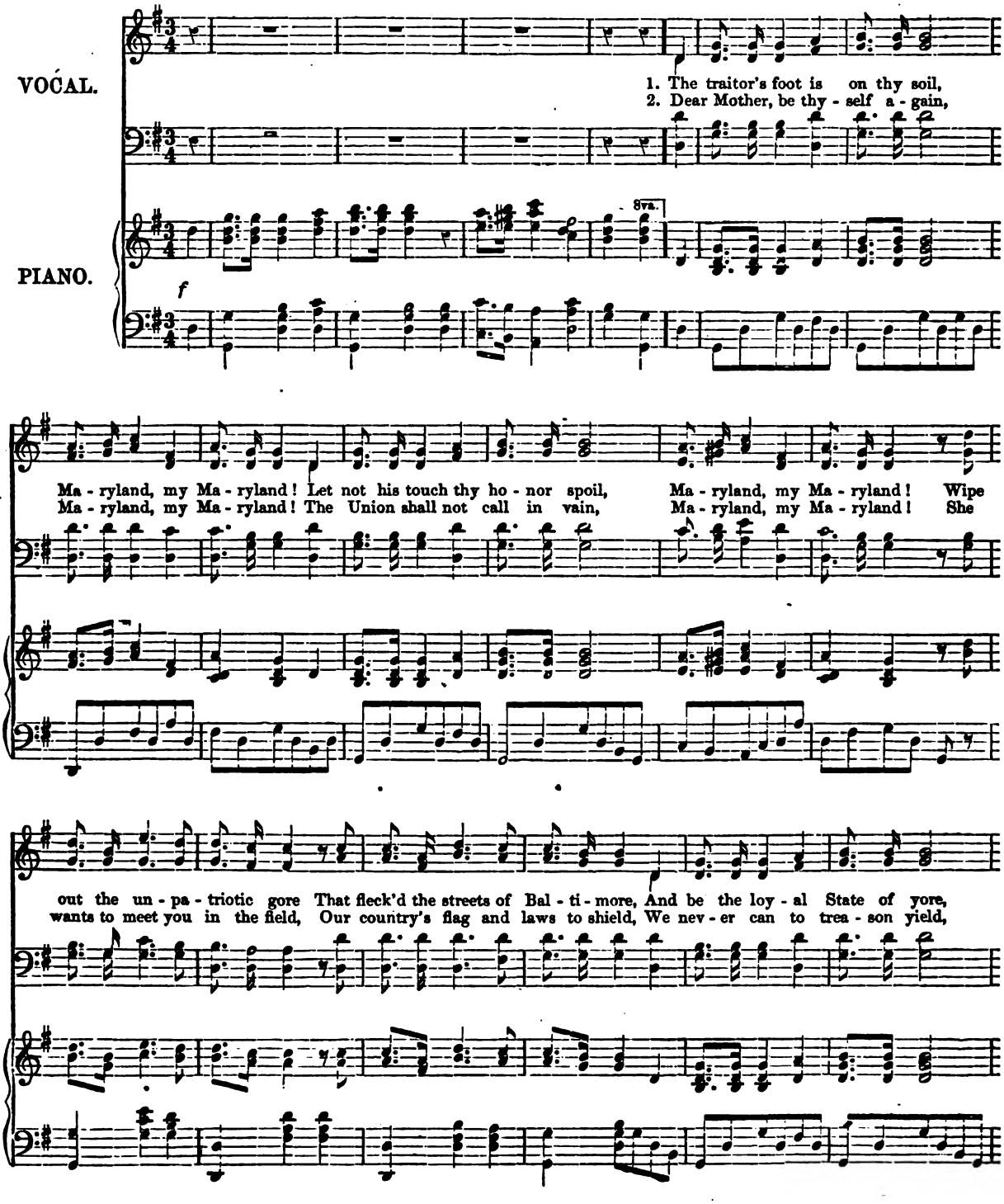
MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

SONG OR QUARTETTE.



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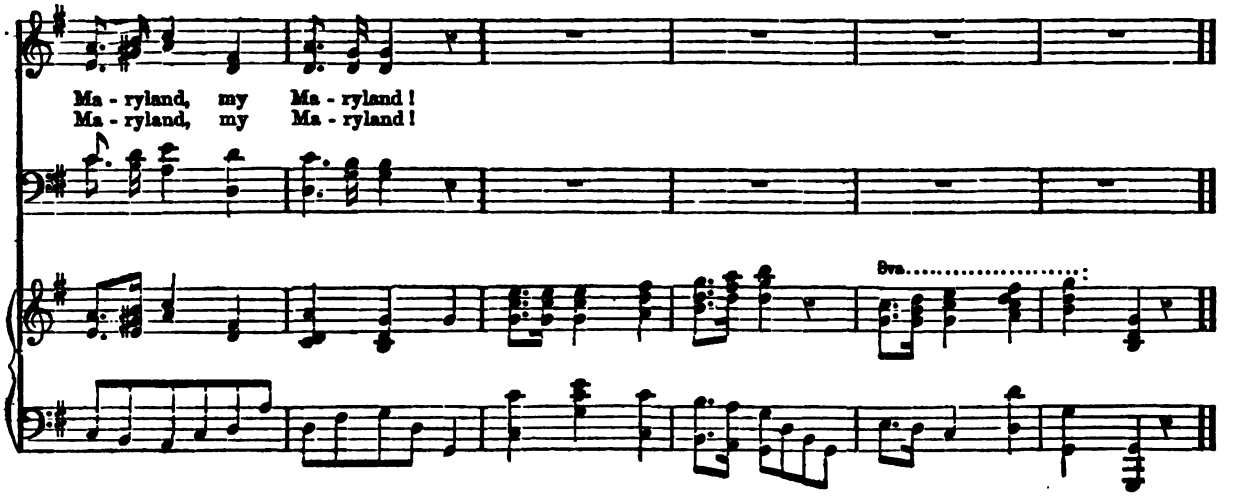

3.

Thou wilt not yield the rebel toll,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thou wilt not bend to his control,
Maryland my Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than degradation of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland.

4.

Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
For Liberty, and Truth and Right,
Let all your loyal sons unite,
Drive all invaders from thy sight,
Maryland, my Maryland!

5.

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But thou wert ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Arise! and heed thy sisters' cry,
Let ev'ry hand and heart comply,
And burst the chains of Tyranny,
Maryland, my Maryland!

6.

I hear the distant cannon's roar,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The fife and drum of Baltimore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Huzza! she comes to help restore
The Union as it was before,
And honored be thou evermore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

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ANGELS, MY DARLING, WILL ROCK THEE TO SLEEP.

F. MAYER.

ESPRESSIVO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. My child, ah, my child! thou art
2. Backward? say on-ward, ye

wea-ry to-night; Thy spi-rit is sad, and dim is the light; Thou would'st call me back from the
swift roll-ing years; Gird on thy arm-or, keep back thy tears! Count not thy trials nor

ech-o-less shore, To the tri-als of life, to thy heart as of yore, Thou longest a-
ef-forts in vain They'll bring thee the light of thy childhood a-gain. You should not

gain for my fond lov-ing care; For my kiss on thy cheek, for my hand on thy hair; But
wea-ry, my child, by the way, But watch for the light of that bright-er day; Not

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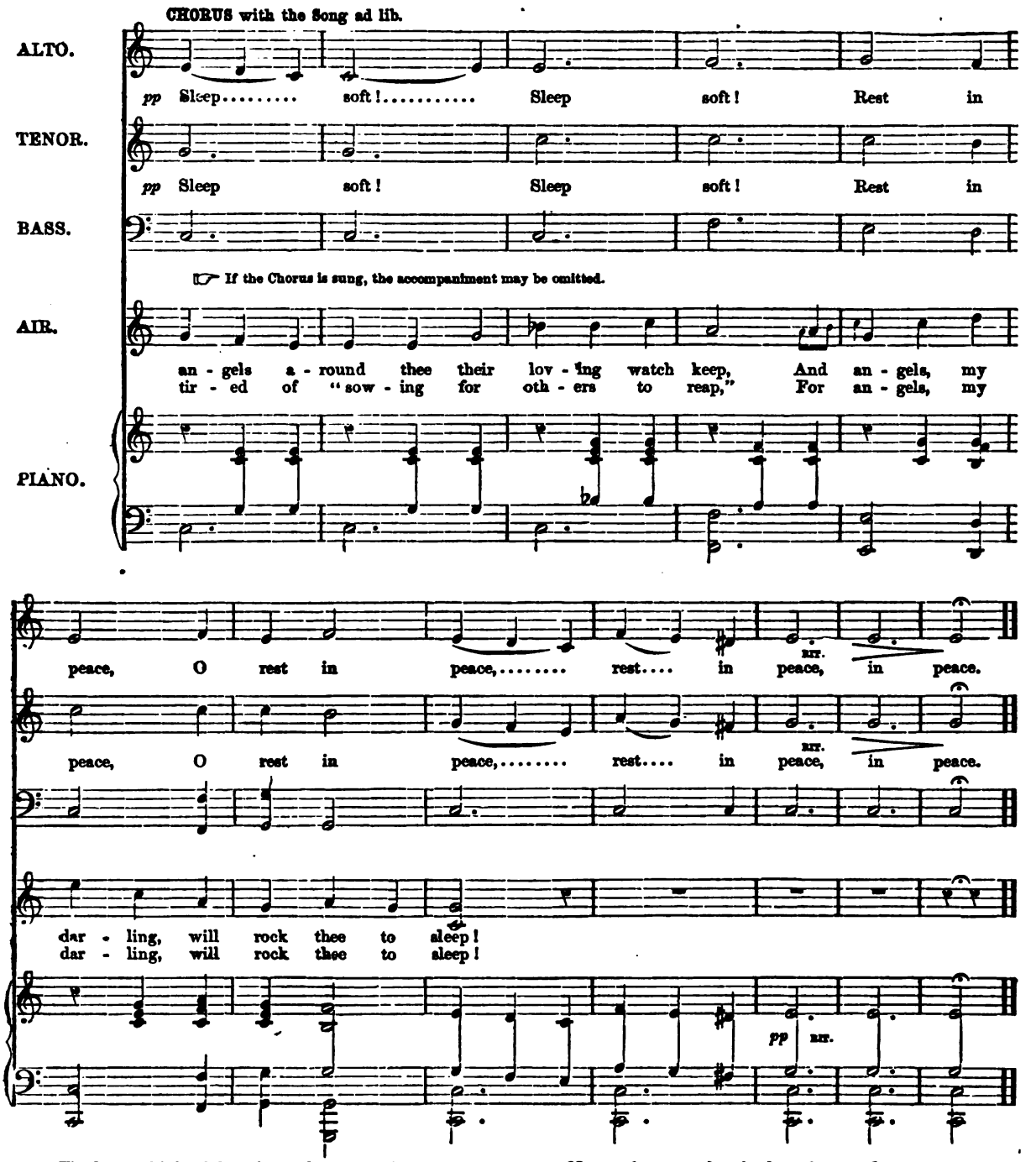

3. Tired, my child, of the "base, the untrue,"
O, I have tasted the cup they give you;
I've felt the deep sorrow in the living green
Of a low mossy grave by a silvery stream;
But the dear mother I sought for in vain
Is an angel presence, and with me again,
And in the still night, from the silence so deep,
Will come the bright angels to "rock me to sleep."

CHORUS.

4. Nearer thee now than in days that are flown,
Purer the love light encircling thy home,
Far more enduring the watch for to-night,
Than even earth worship away from the light;
Soon the dark shadows will linger no more,
Nor come at thy call from the opening door,
But know thou, my child, that the angels watch keep,
And soon, very soon, they will "rock thee to sleep."

CHORUS.

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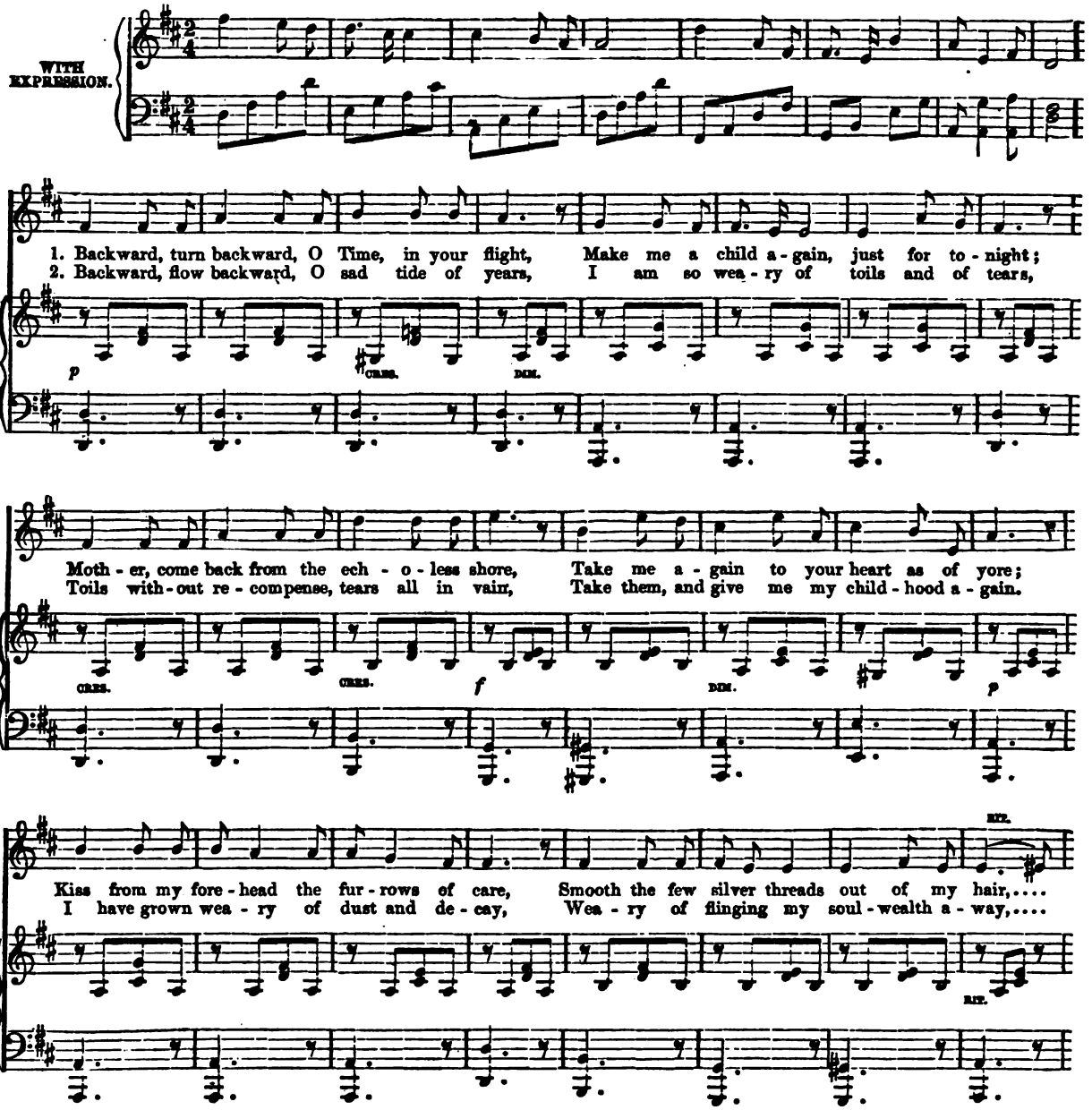
ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by FLORENCE PERCY. Music by F. MAYER.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by HENRY TOLMAN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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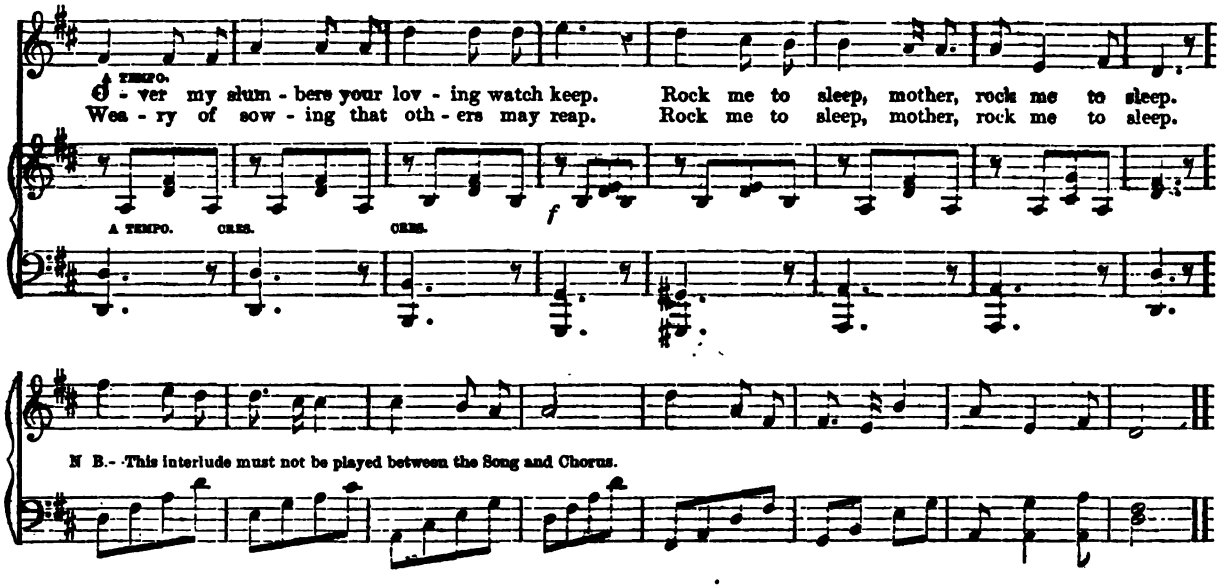
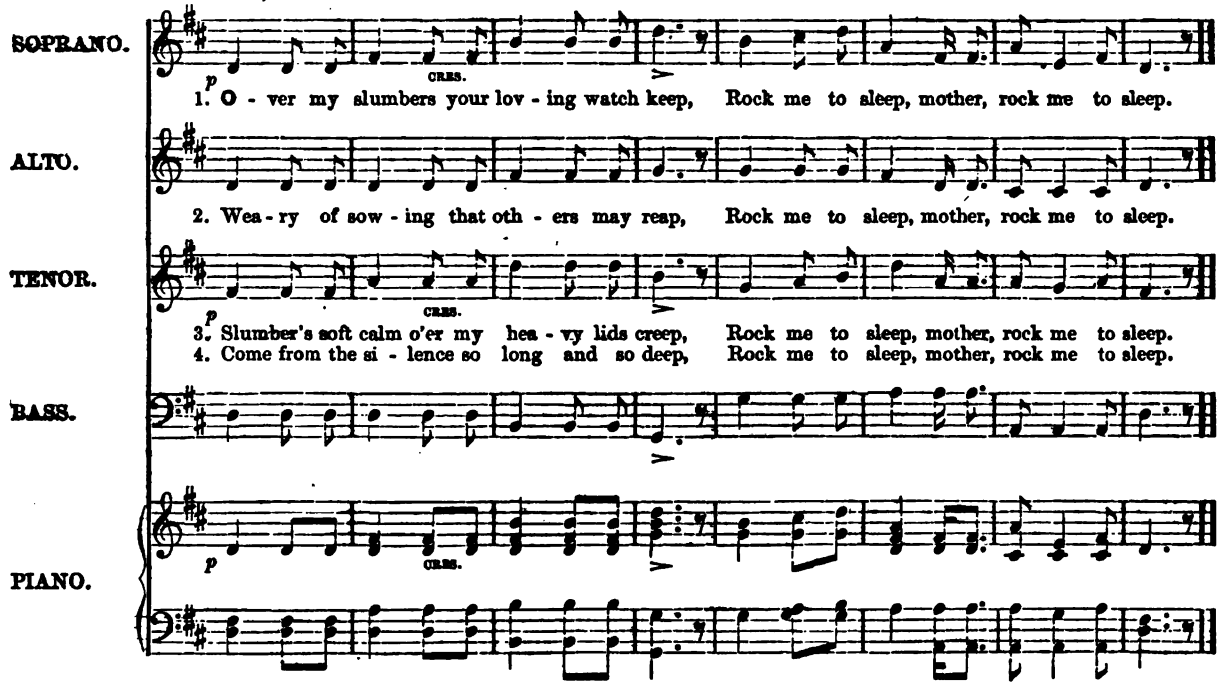


CHORUS, AD LIB.



3.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like thine, mother, ever has shown,
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours,
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sad soul and the world weary brain,
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me, &c.

4.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I last hush'd to your lullaby song,
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossom'd and faded our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep,
Rock me, &c.

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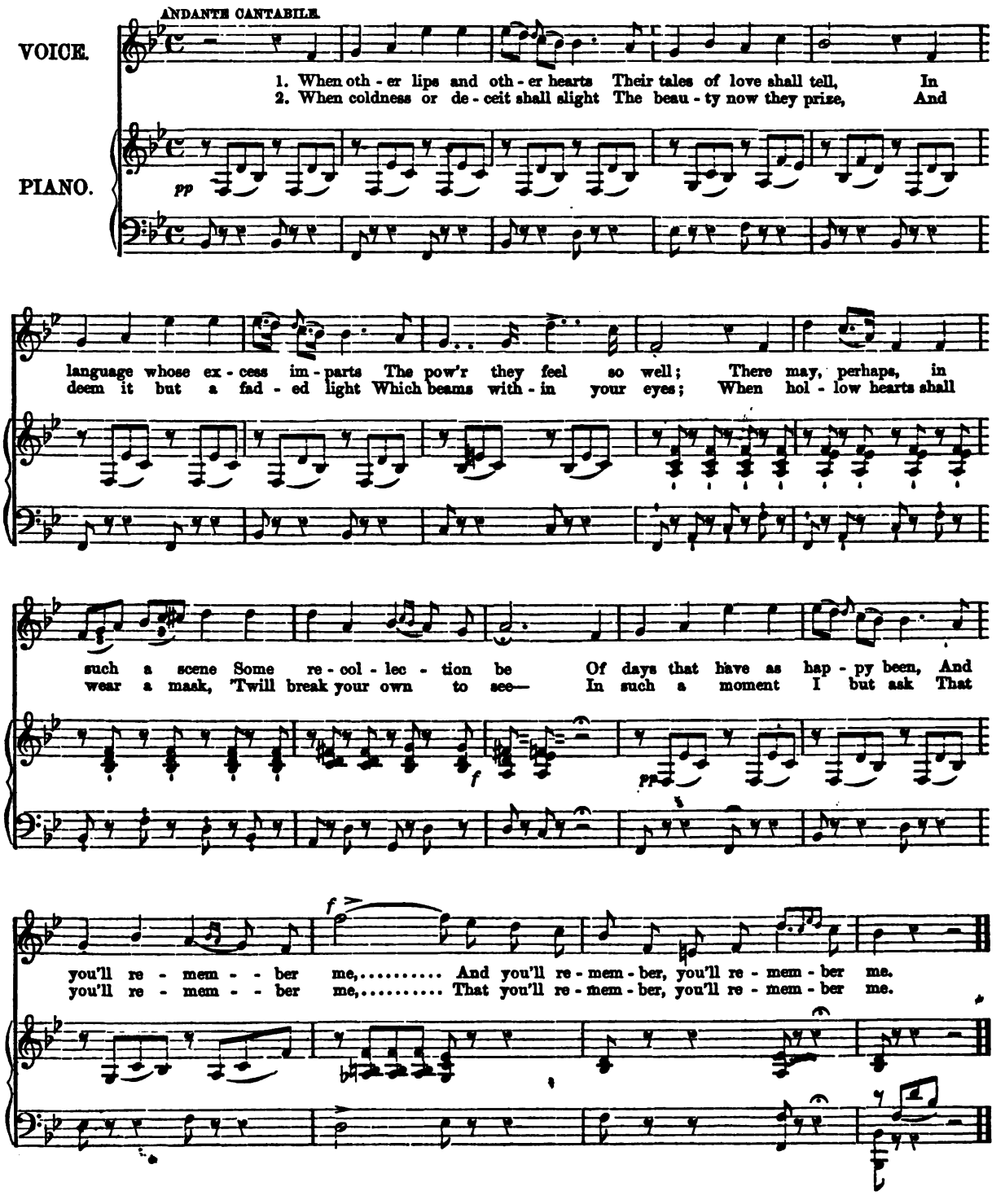
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Words by ALFRED BUNN, Esq. Music by M. W. BALFE.



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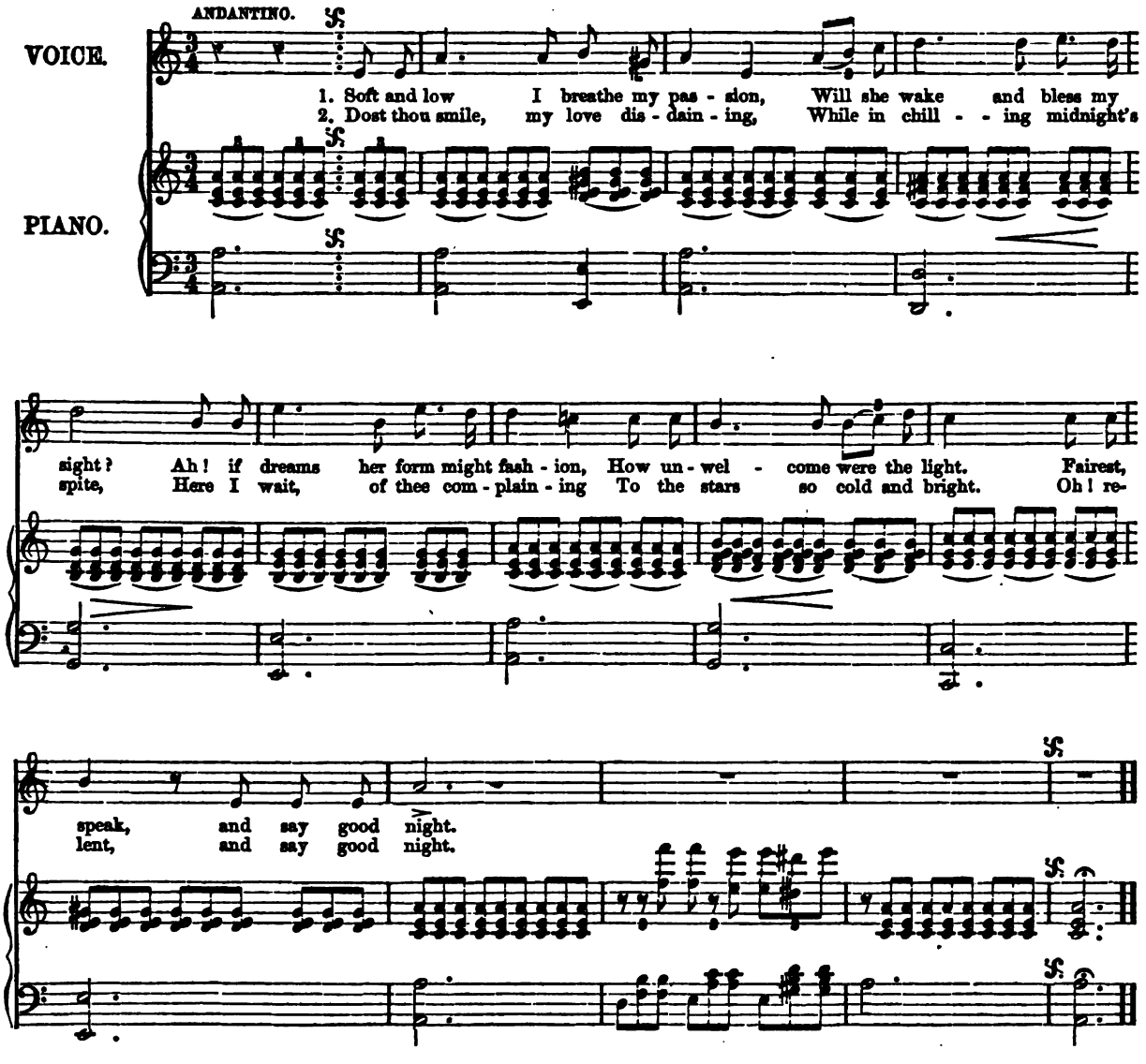
TO MINONA.

SERENADE.

L. SPOHR.



3.

Far from love, o'er plain and river,
Late I rushed in headlong flight;
Ah! he followed ever, ever,
Vain is speed against his might.
Here I yield, O! one good night.

4.

Leave me not in darkness pining,
From thy curtained window's height,
Let one look of pity shining,
Warm my heart to new delight.
Let me hear one sweet good night.

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MOTHER DEAR, O PRAY FOR ME.

I. B. WOODBURY.

ANDANTE MOLTO CON ESPRESSIONE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Mother dear, O pray for me, When fresh in youth's bright home, Or when a - far thy child from thee, Feels oft the cold world's frown; O bow thy knee in ear - nest pray'r, As none but pa - rents know, That
2. Mother dear, O pray for me, When pleasure's sy - ren call Shall tempt the child to wan - der free, In paths where he may fall; When thorns be - set life's de - vious way, And dark - ling wa - ters flow, Then
3. Mother dear, O pray for me, When all looks bright and fair, That I may all my dan - ger see, For sure - ly then 'tis near; A moth - er's pray'r how much we need, If pros - p'rous be the ray, That

I may in temp - tation's hour, Be kept where'er I go. Mo - ther dear, re - mem - ber me,
mo - ther, bow thy knee and pray, As none but pa - rents know. Mo - ther dear, &c.
paints with gold the flowery mead, Which blossoms o'er our way. Mo - ther dear, &c.

In thy con - stant prayer; Pray, O pray most earn - est - ly, That Heav'n may for me care.

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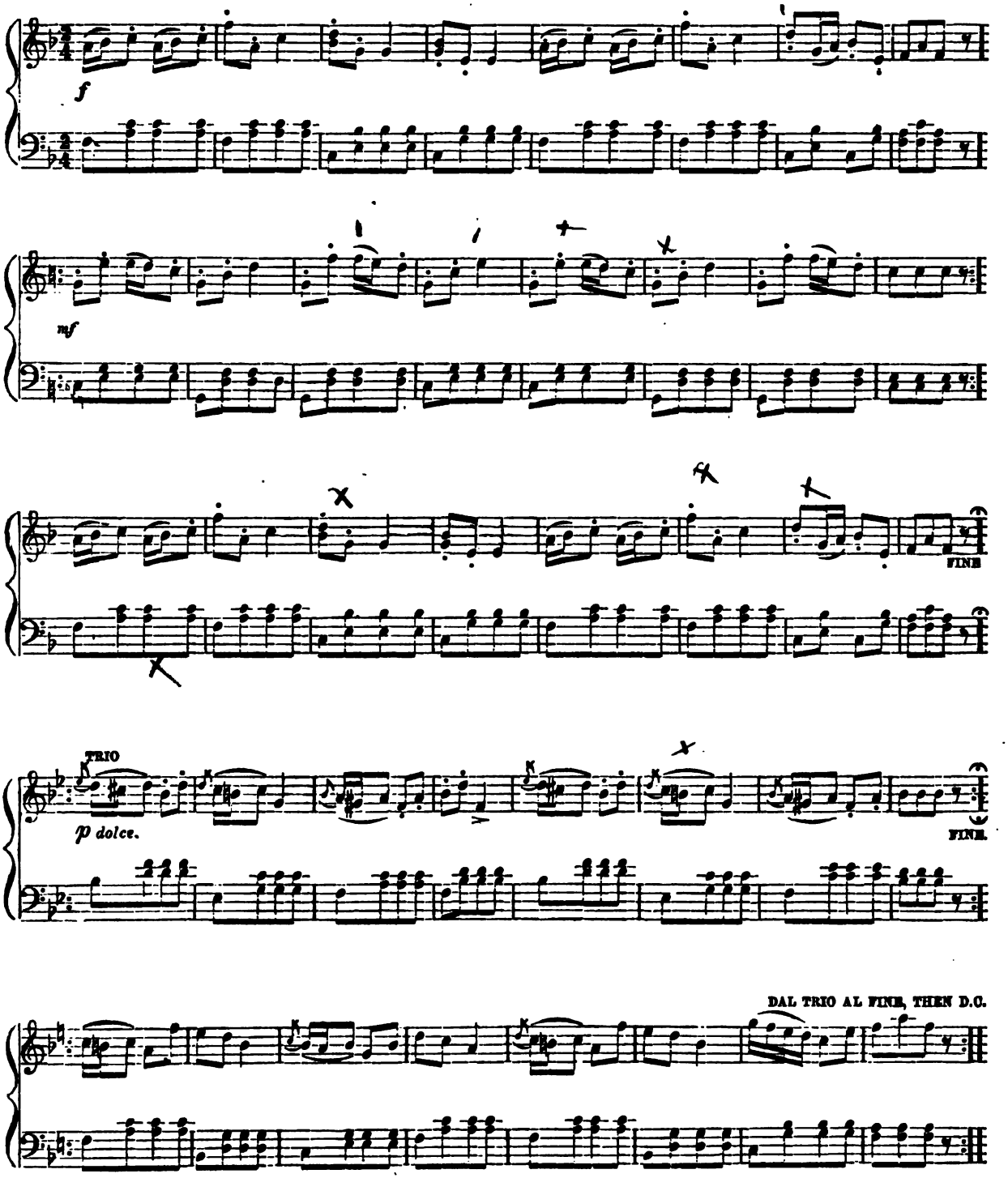
CLARA POLKA.

JANKE.



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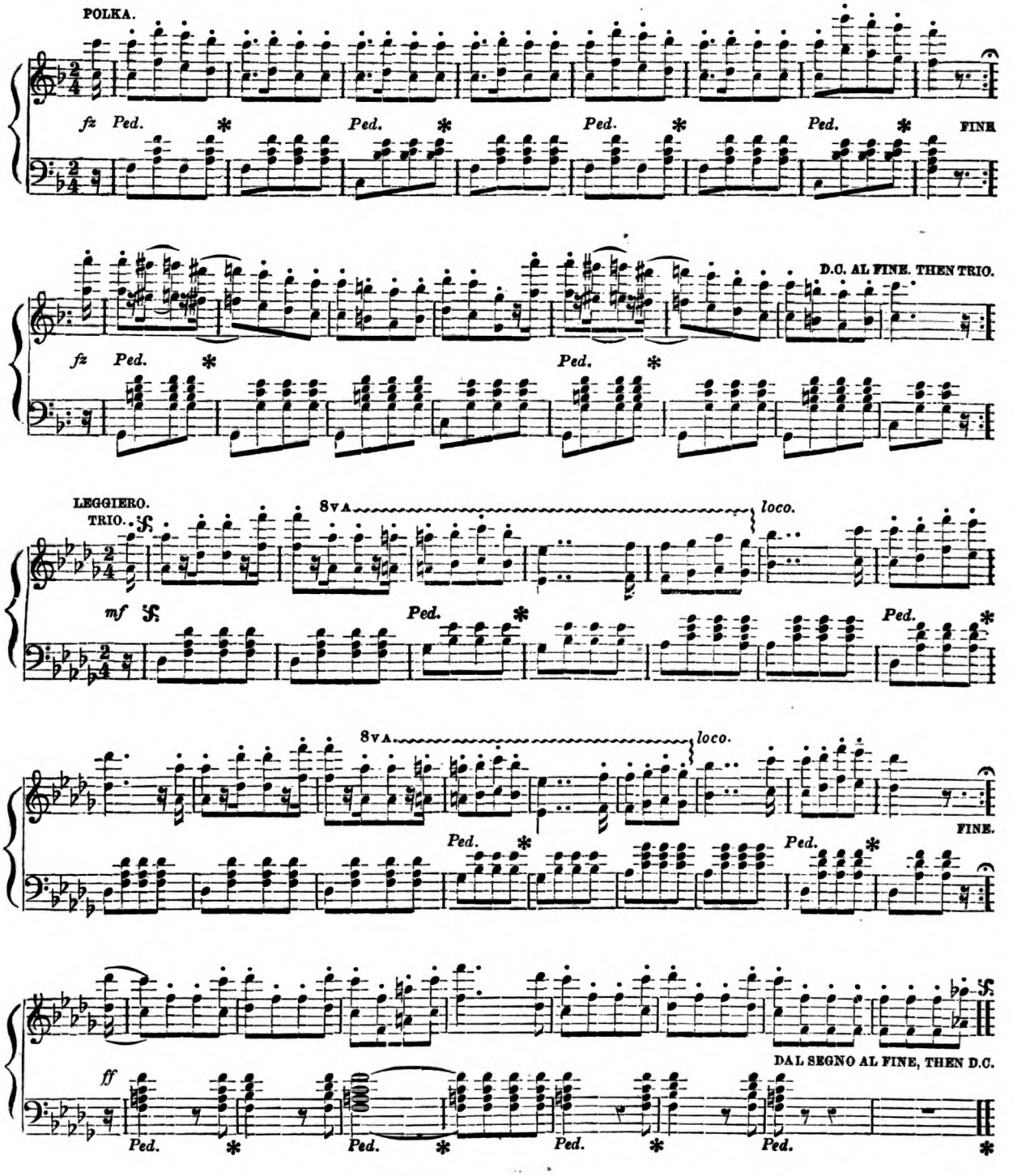
THE STORM POLKA.

A. WALLERSTEIN.



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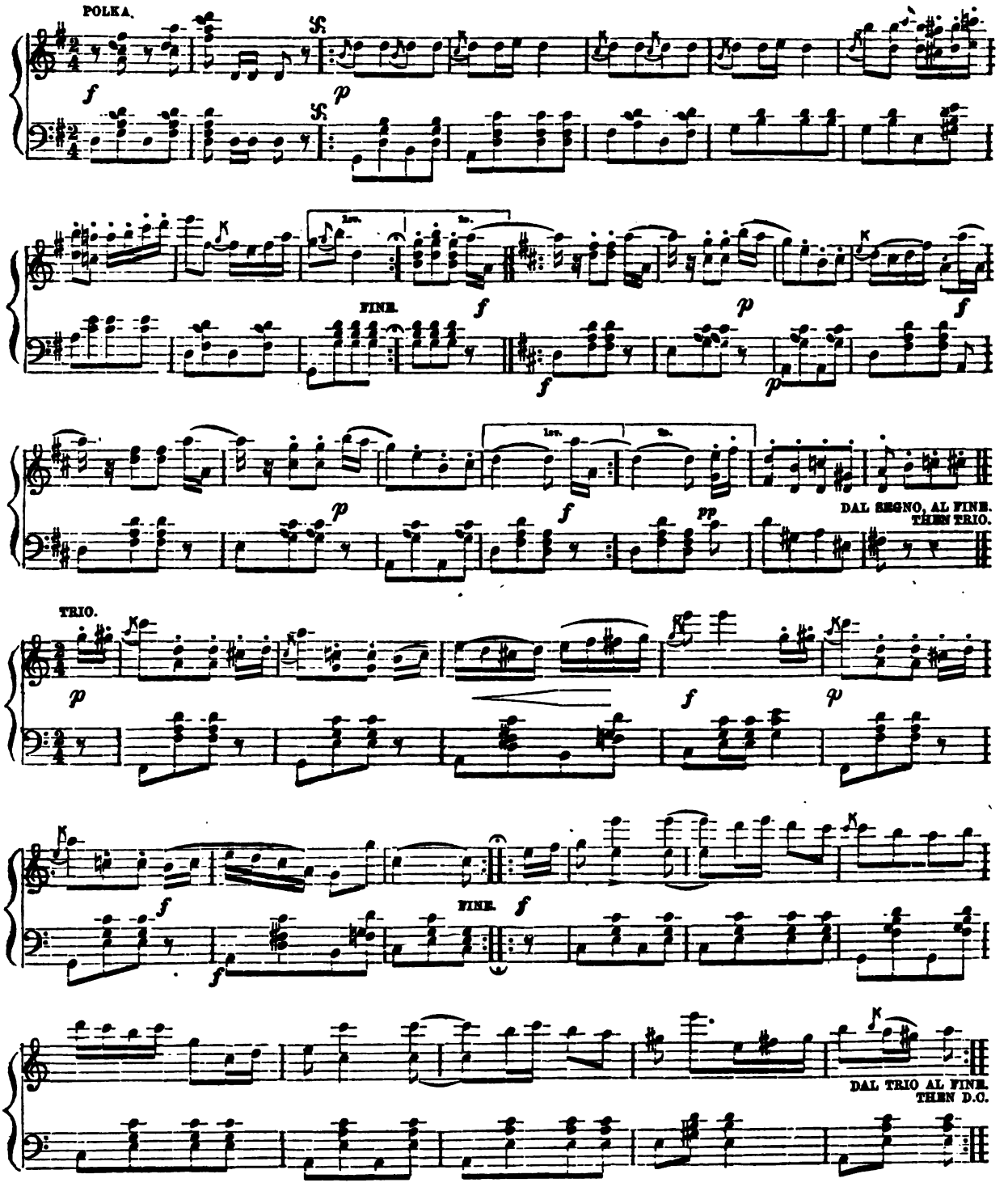
SANS SOUCI POLKA.

JOHANN STRAUSS.



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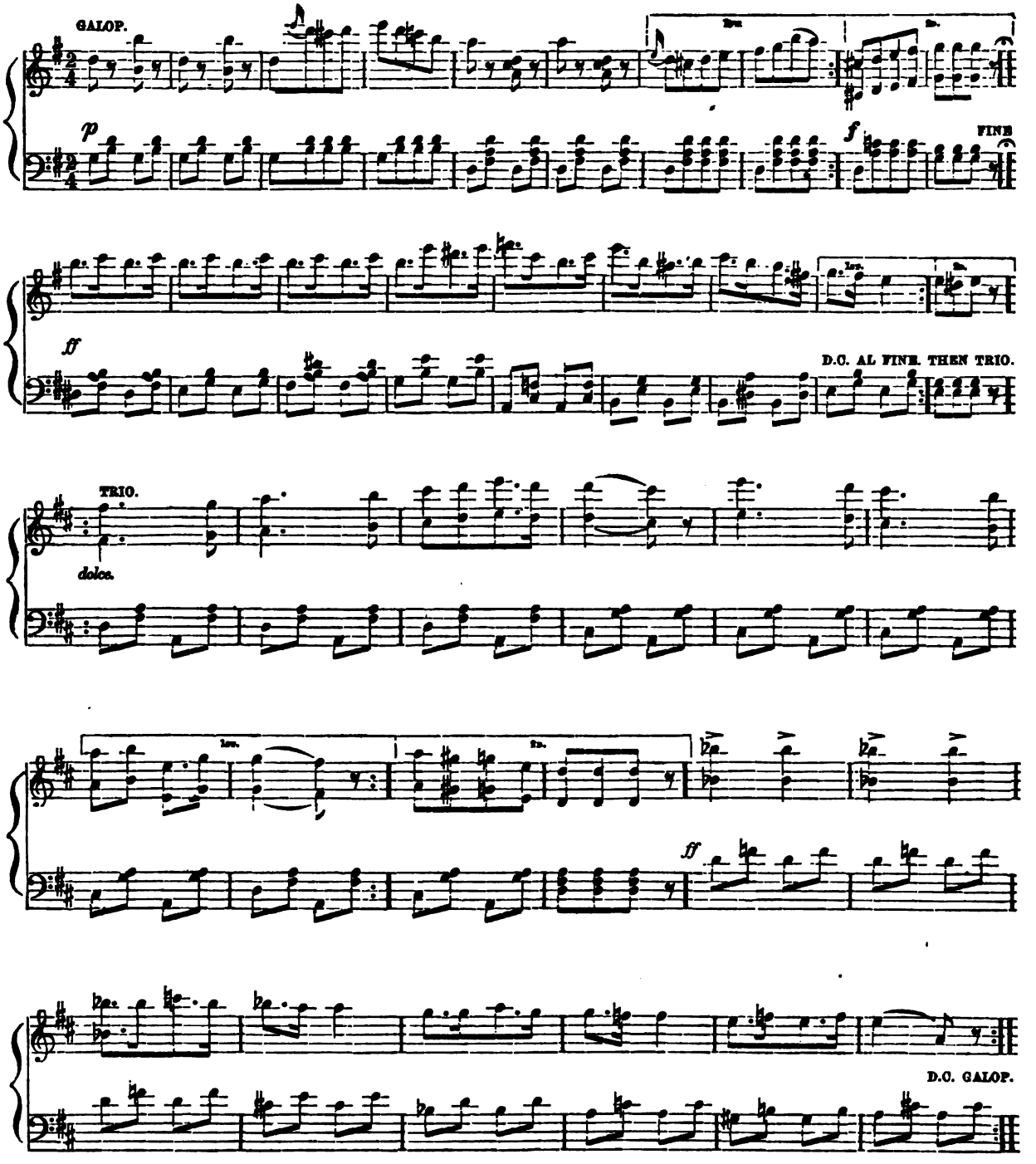
THE LEVIATHAN GALOP.

CHAS. D'ALBERT.



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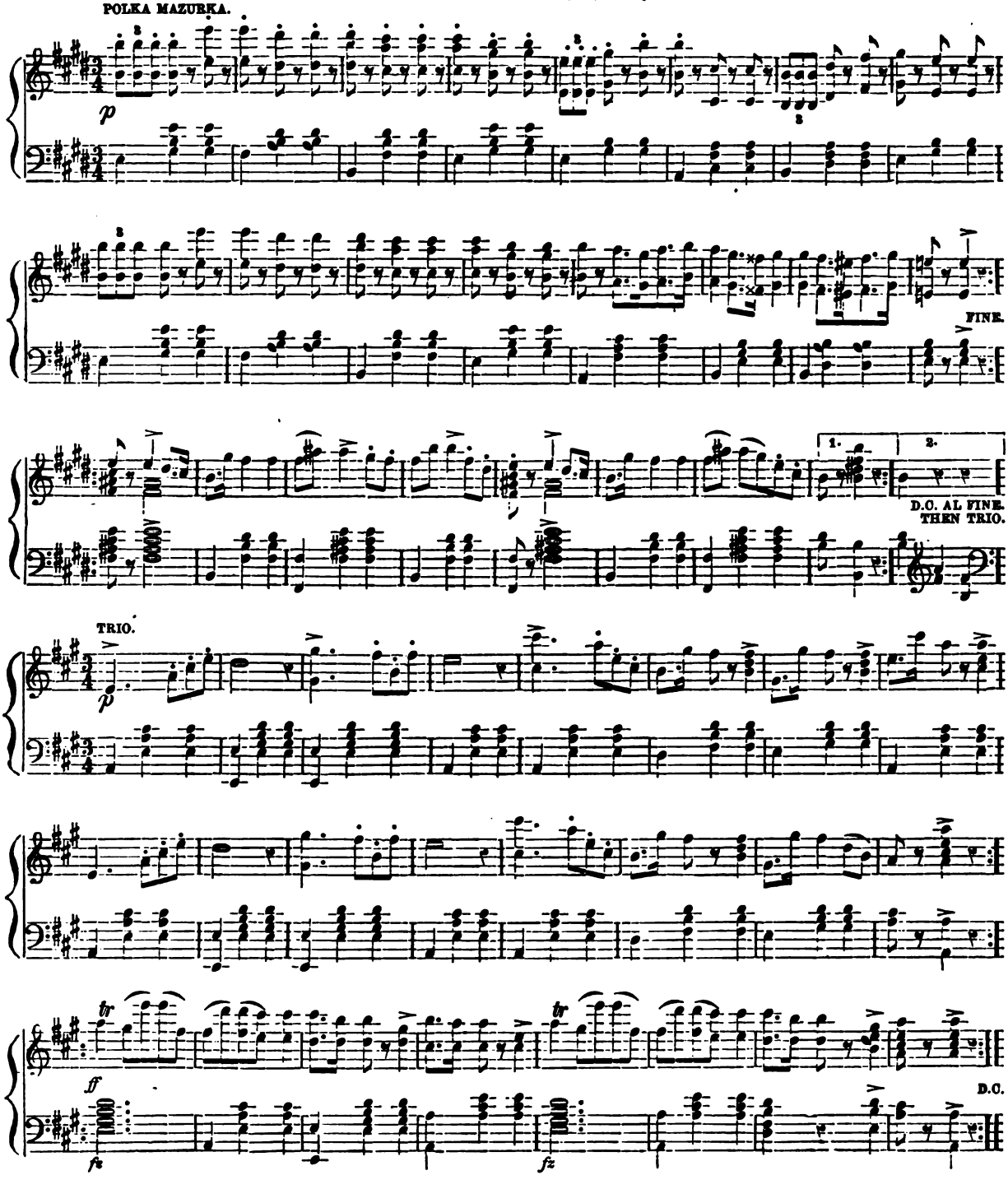
LA VIOLETTE.

CHARLES FAUST.

POLKA MAZURKA.



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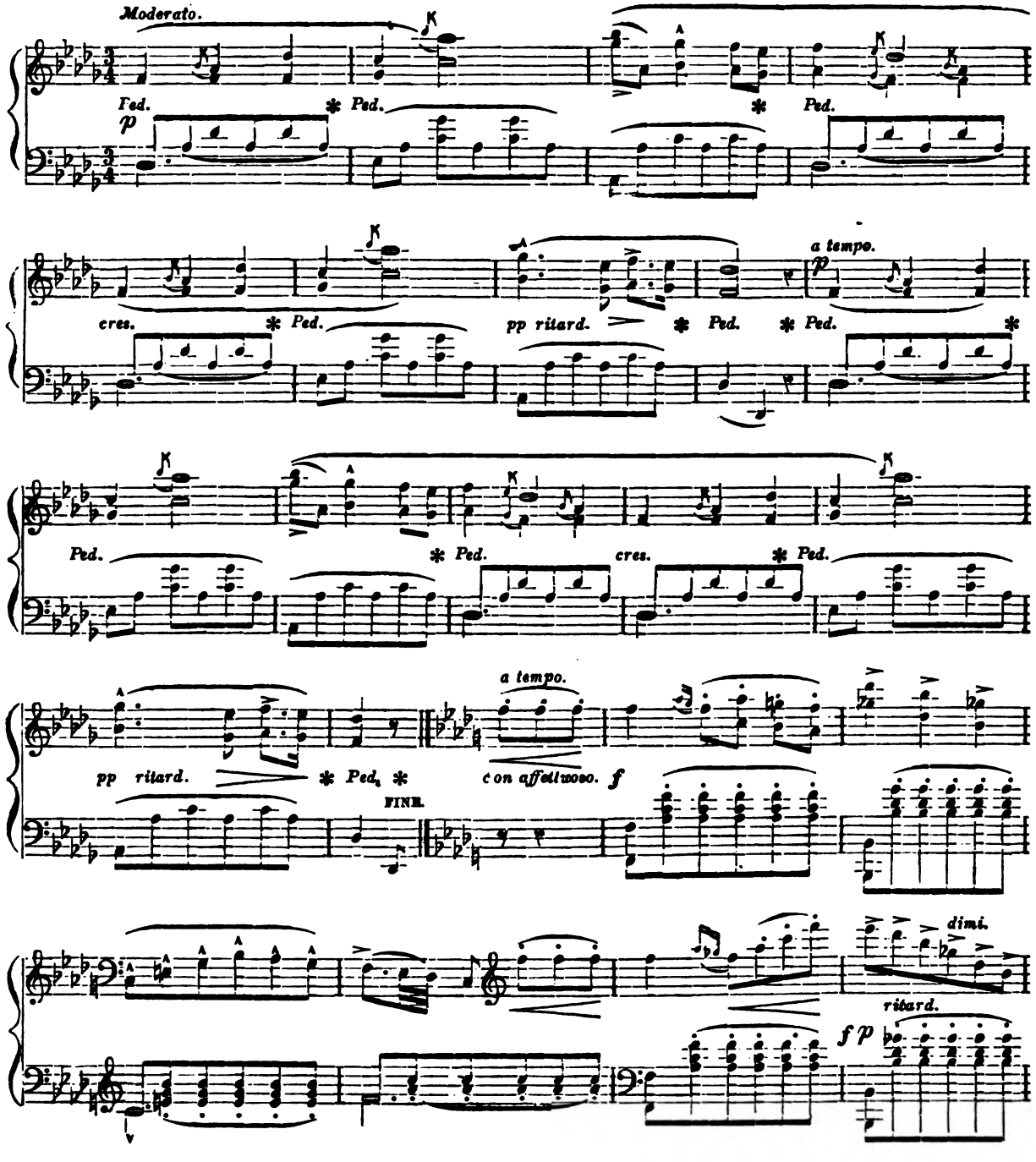
LONGING.

(SEHNSUCHT.)

MELODIE. ALBERT JUNGMANN.



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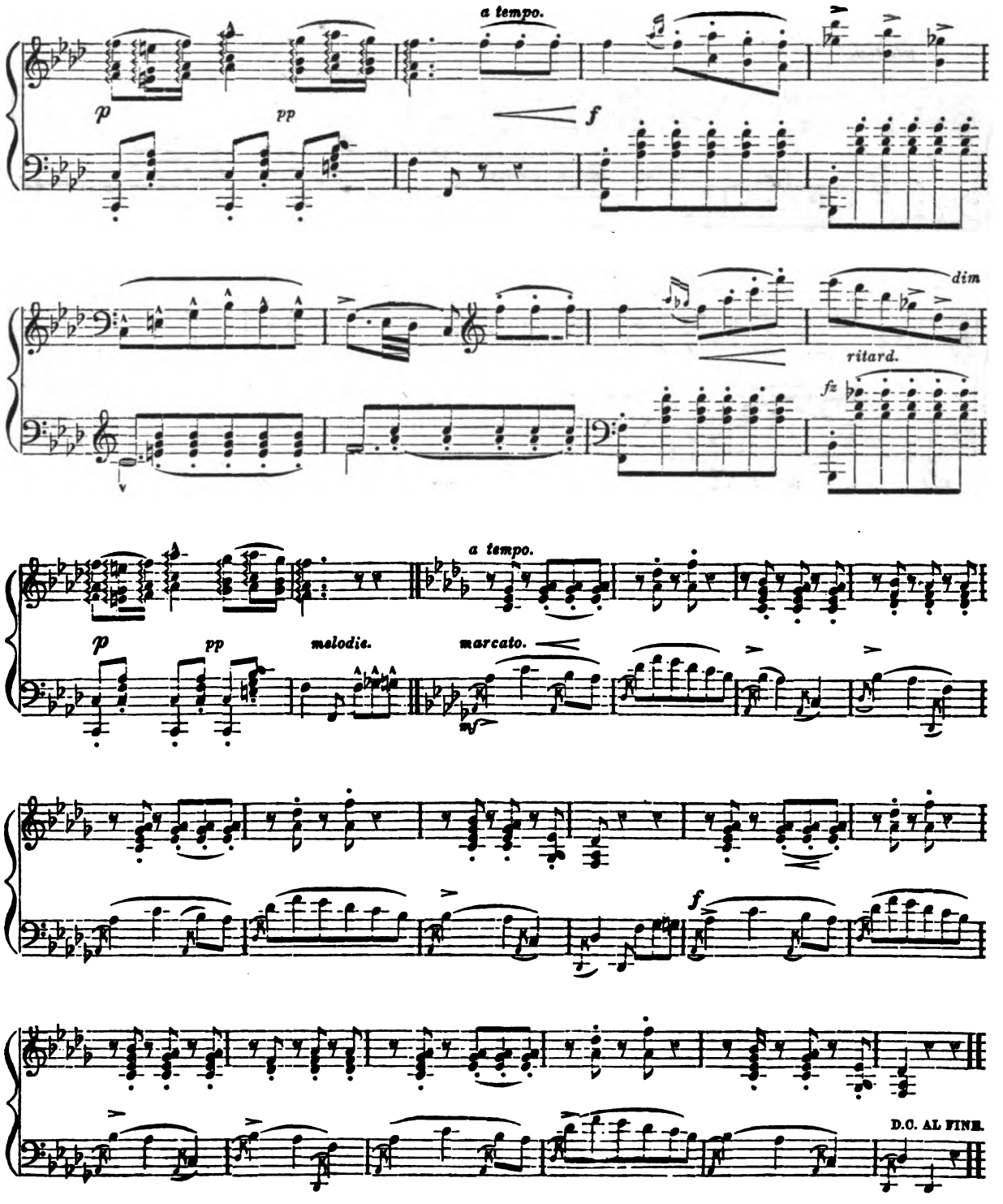

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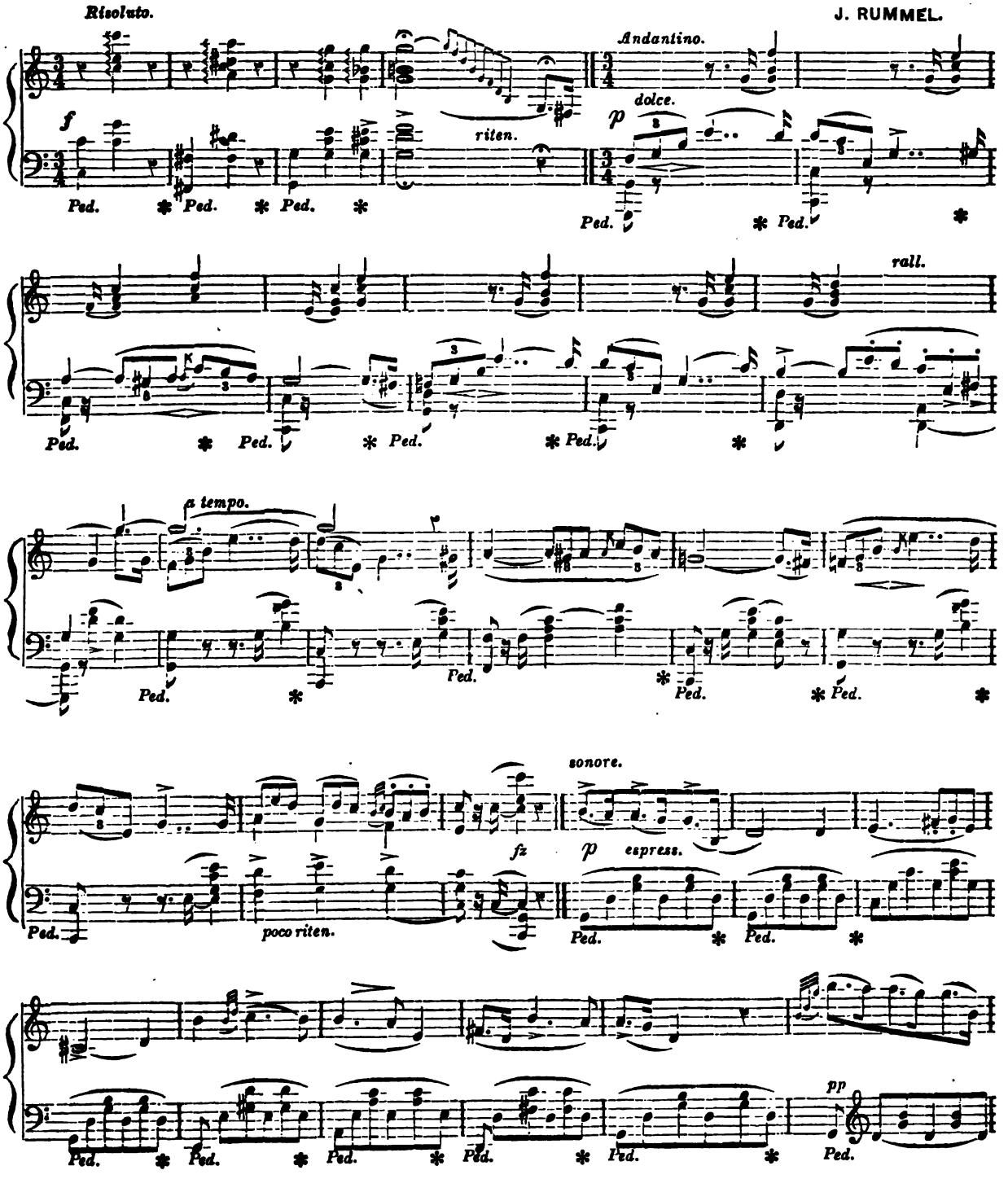
SYMPATHY.

(CONSOLE TOI.)



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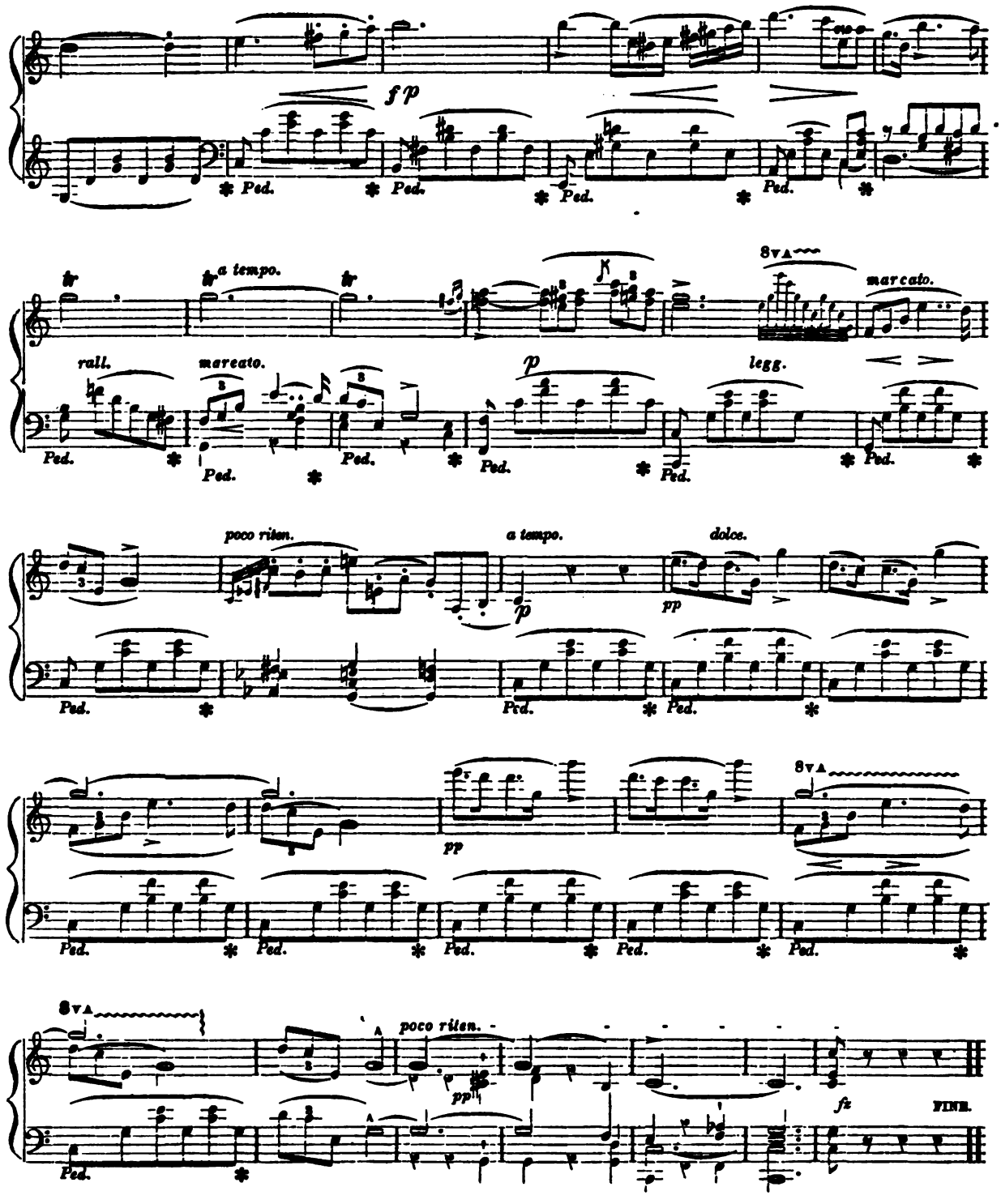

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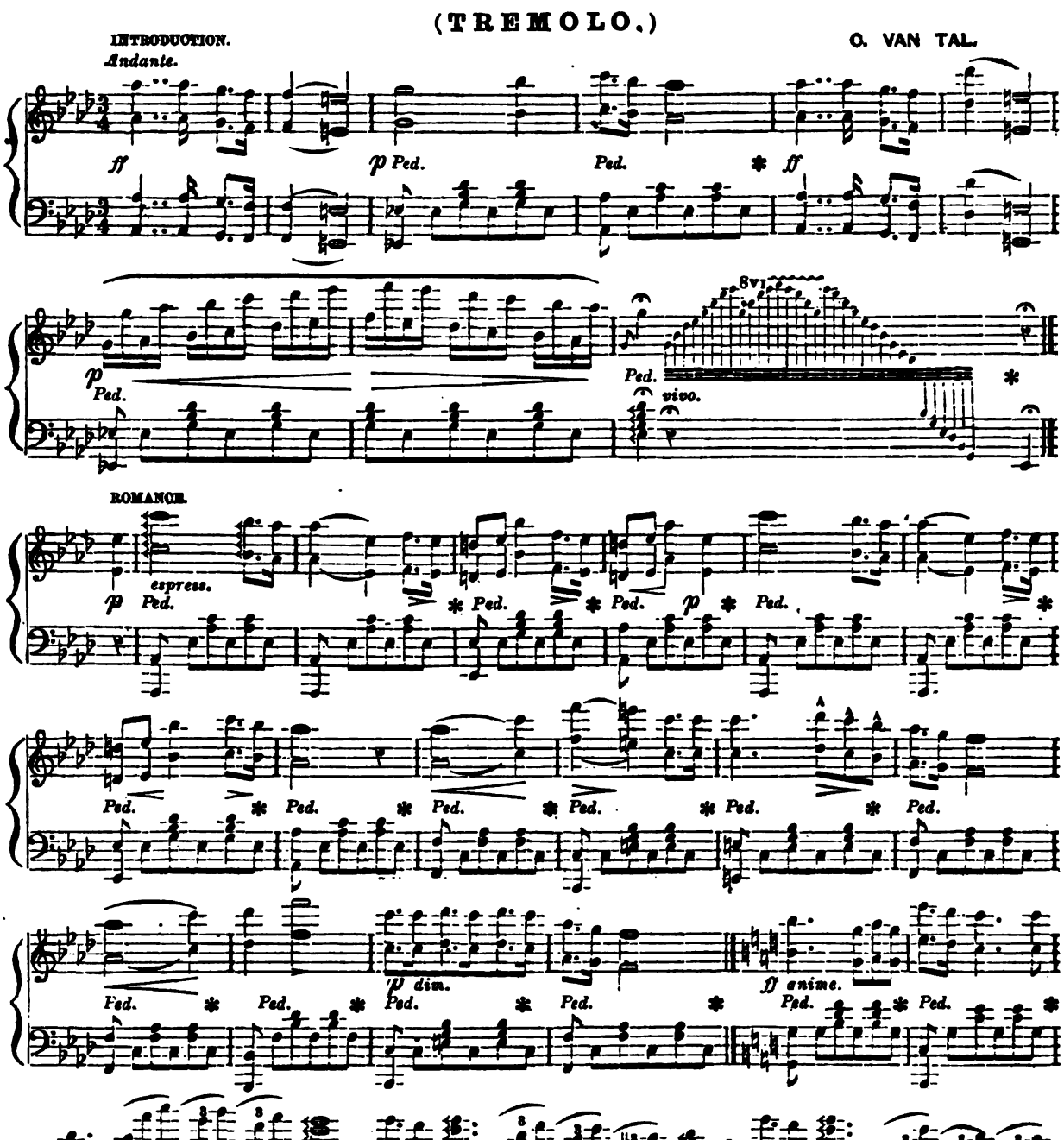
ABSENCE, OR GOLDEN SHOWER.

(TREMOLO.)

O. VAN TAL.



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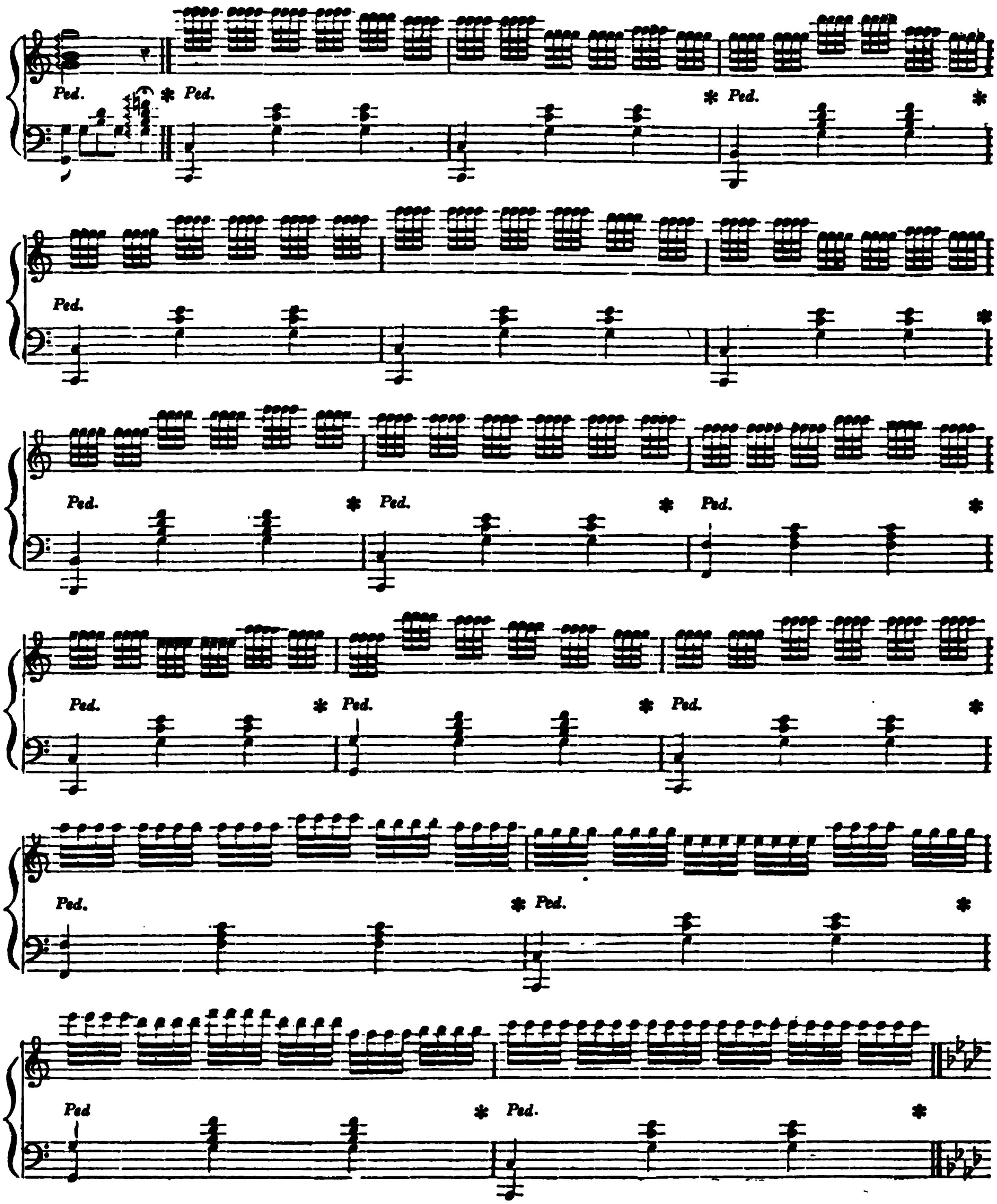
ABSENCE, OR GOLDEN SHOWER.



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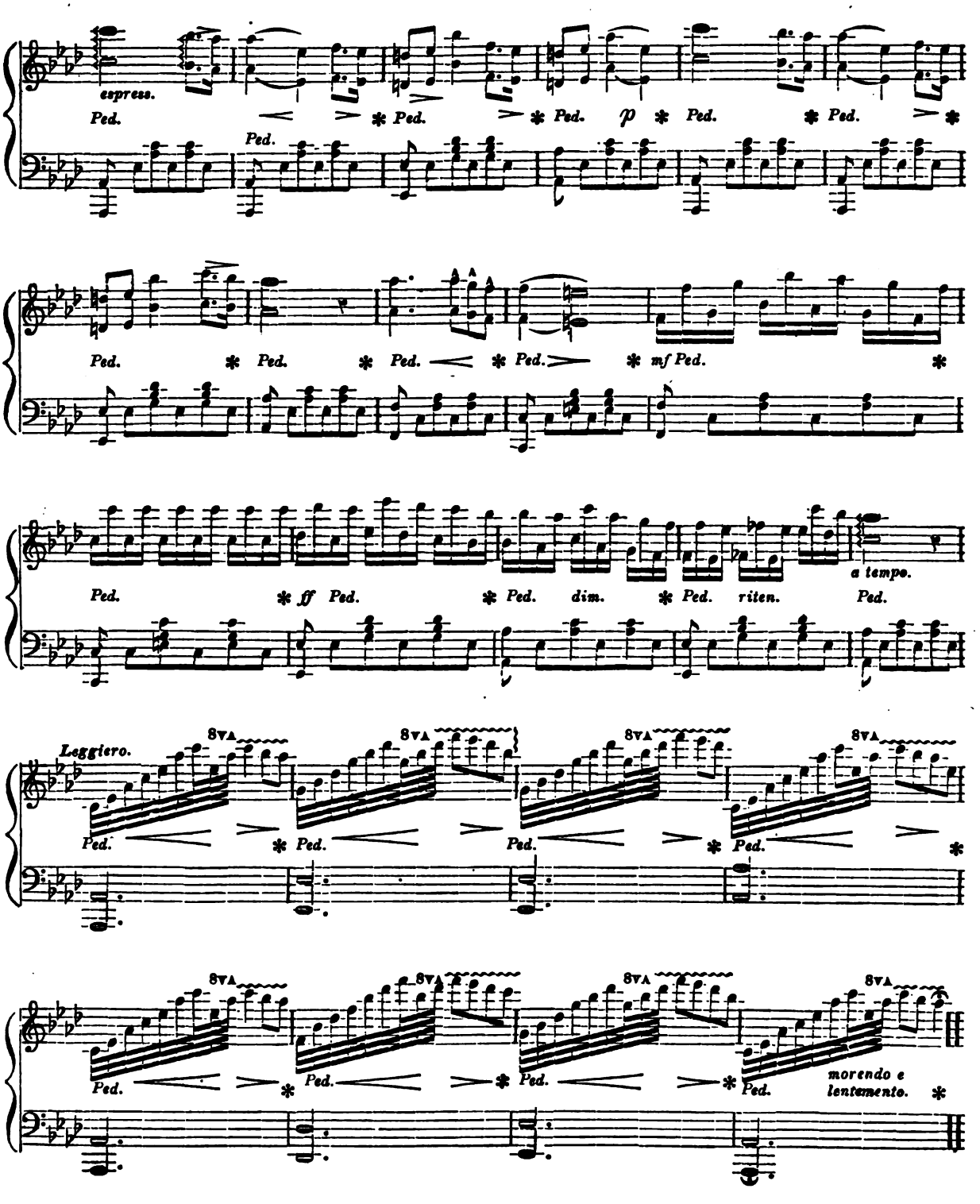

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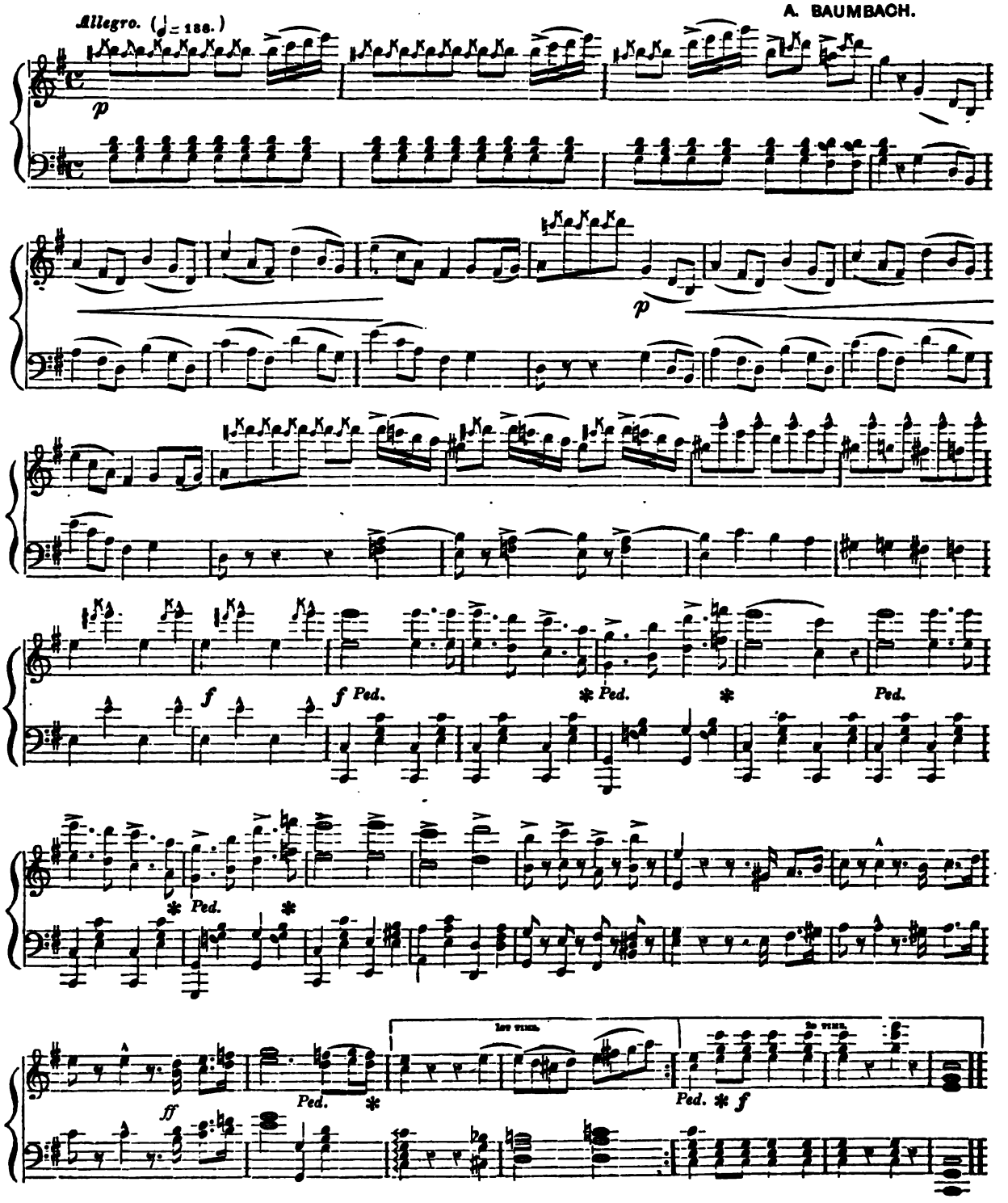
ANVIL CHORUS.

A. BAUMBACH.



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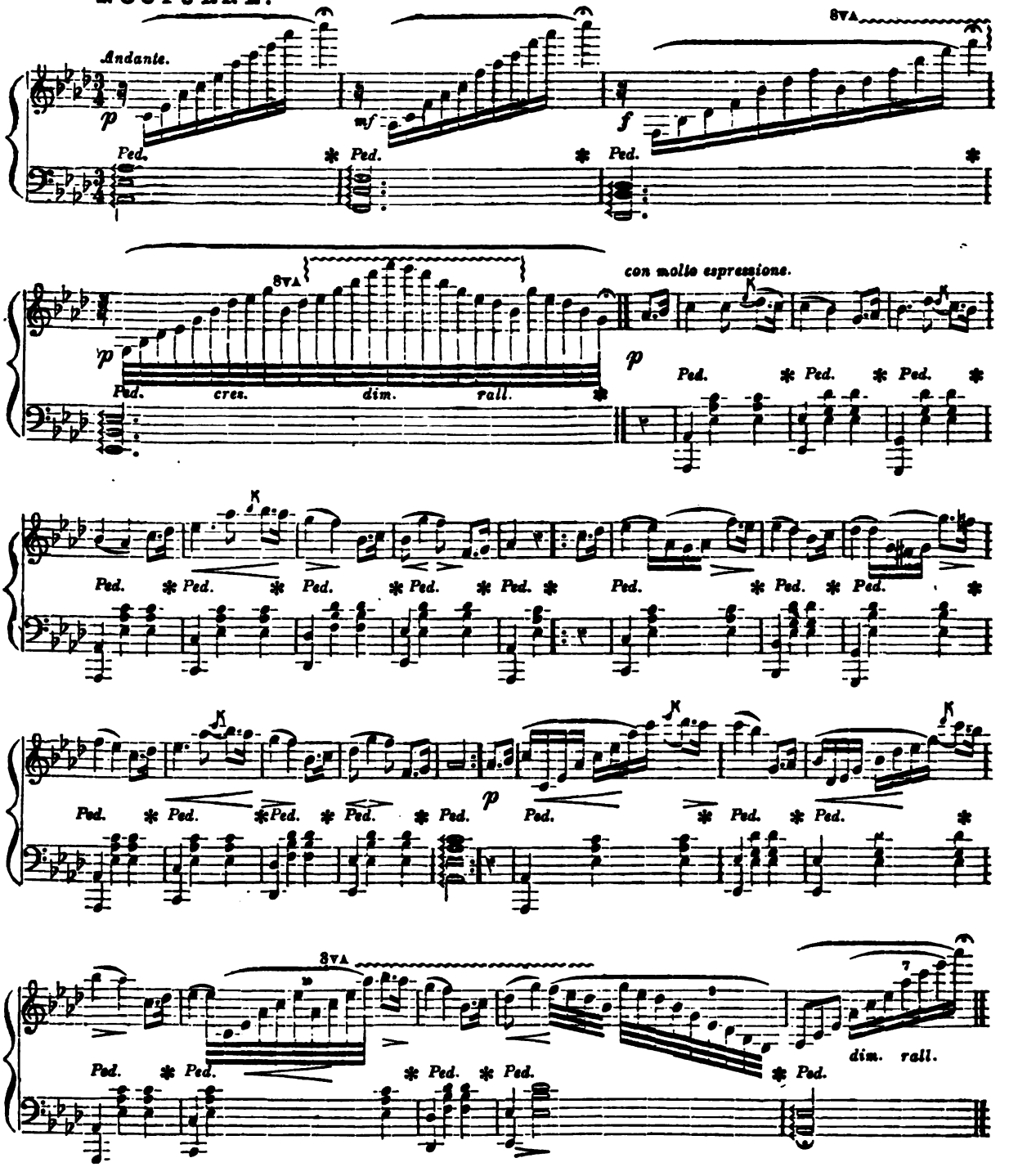
PENSEZ A MOI.

(REMEMBER ME.)

NOCTURNE.

AUGUSTE HELD.



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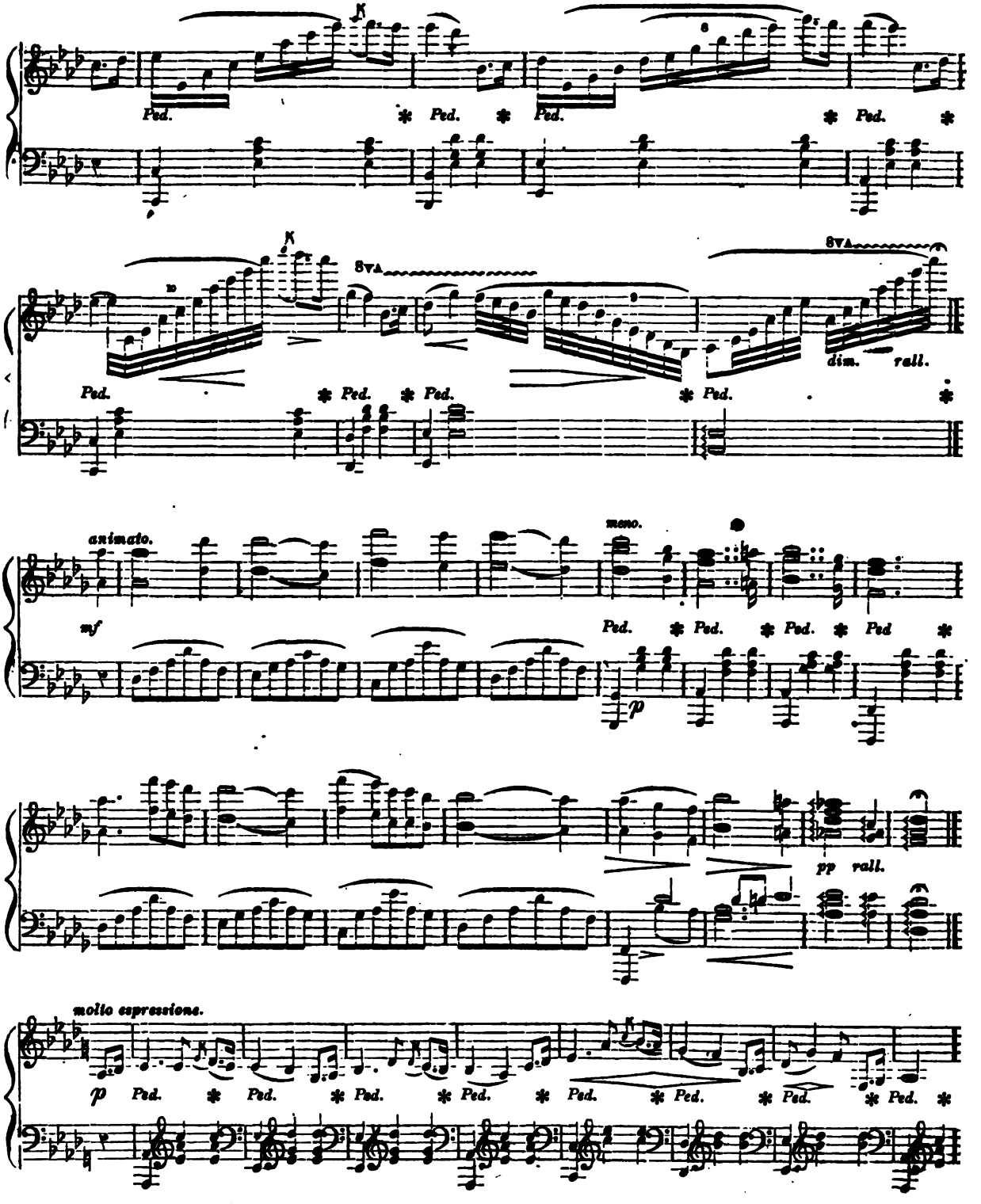

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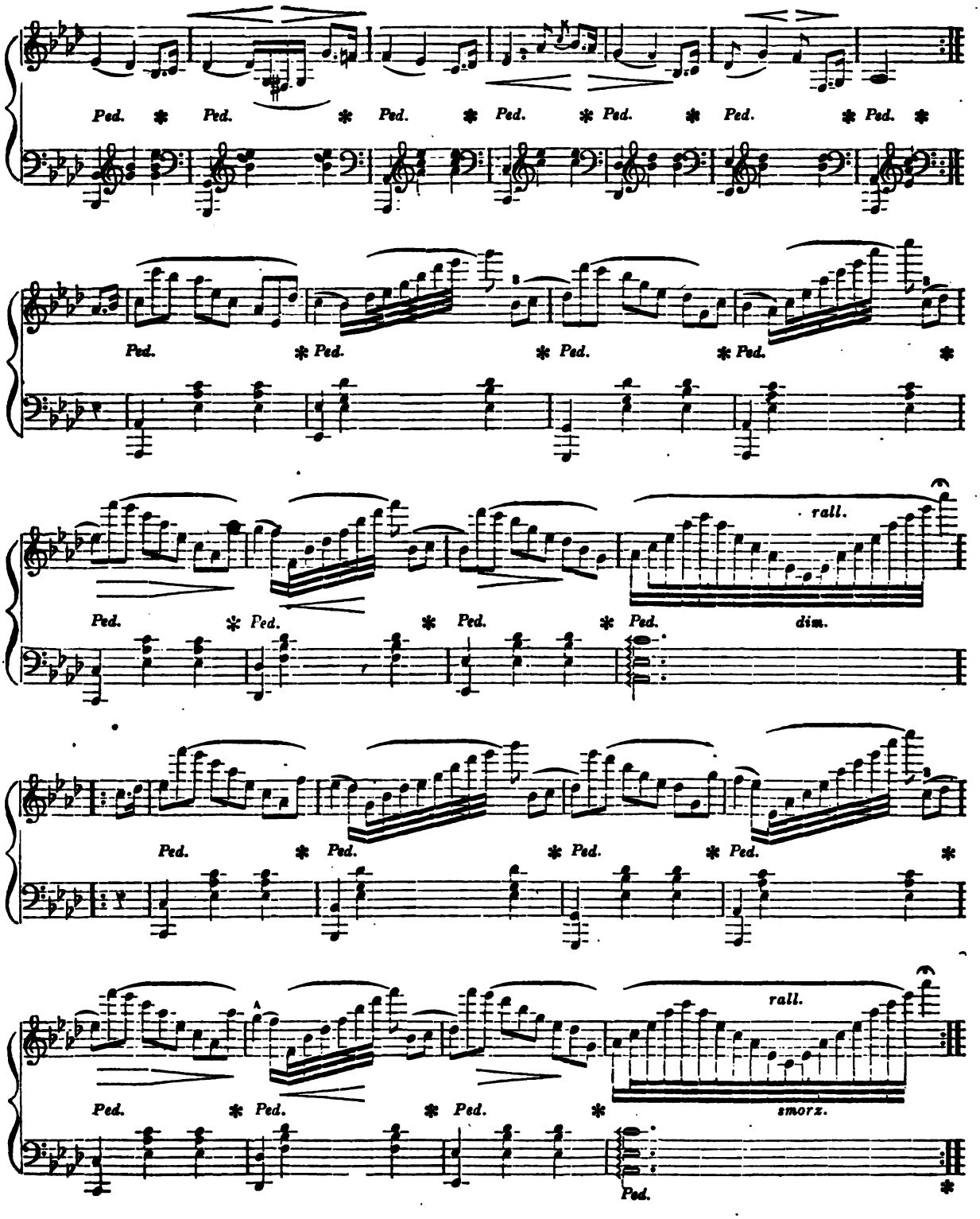

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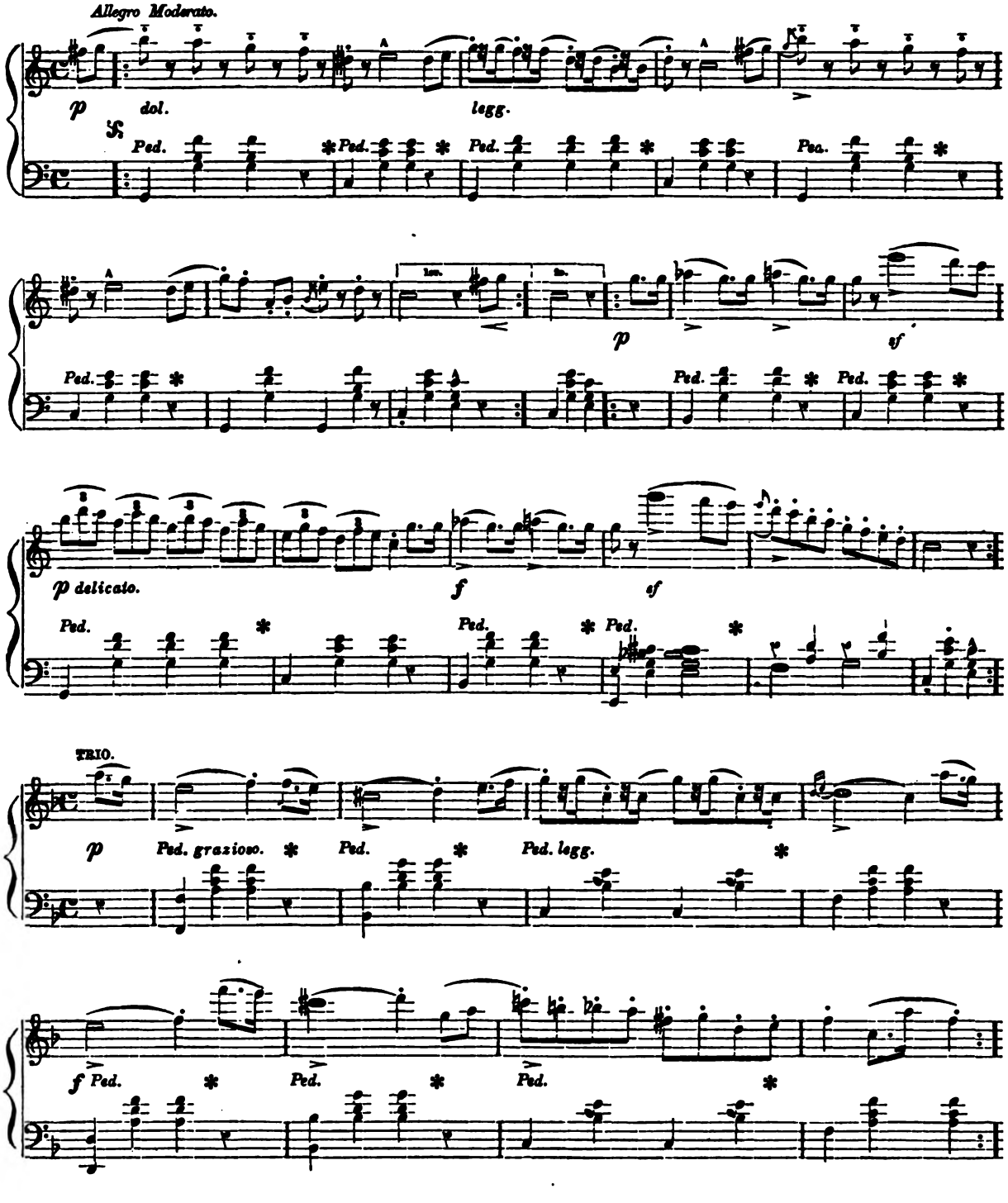
CARNIVAL ROMAIN SCHOTTISCH.

F. BURGMULLER.



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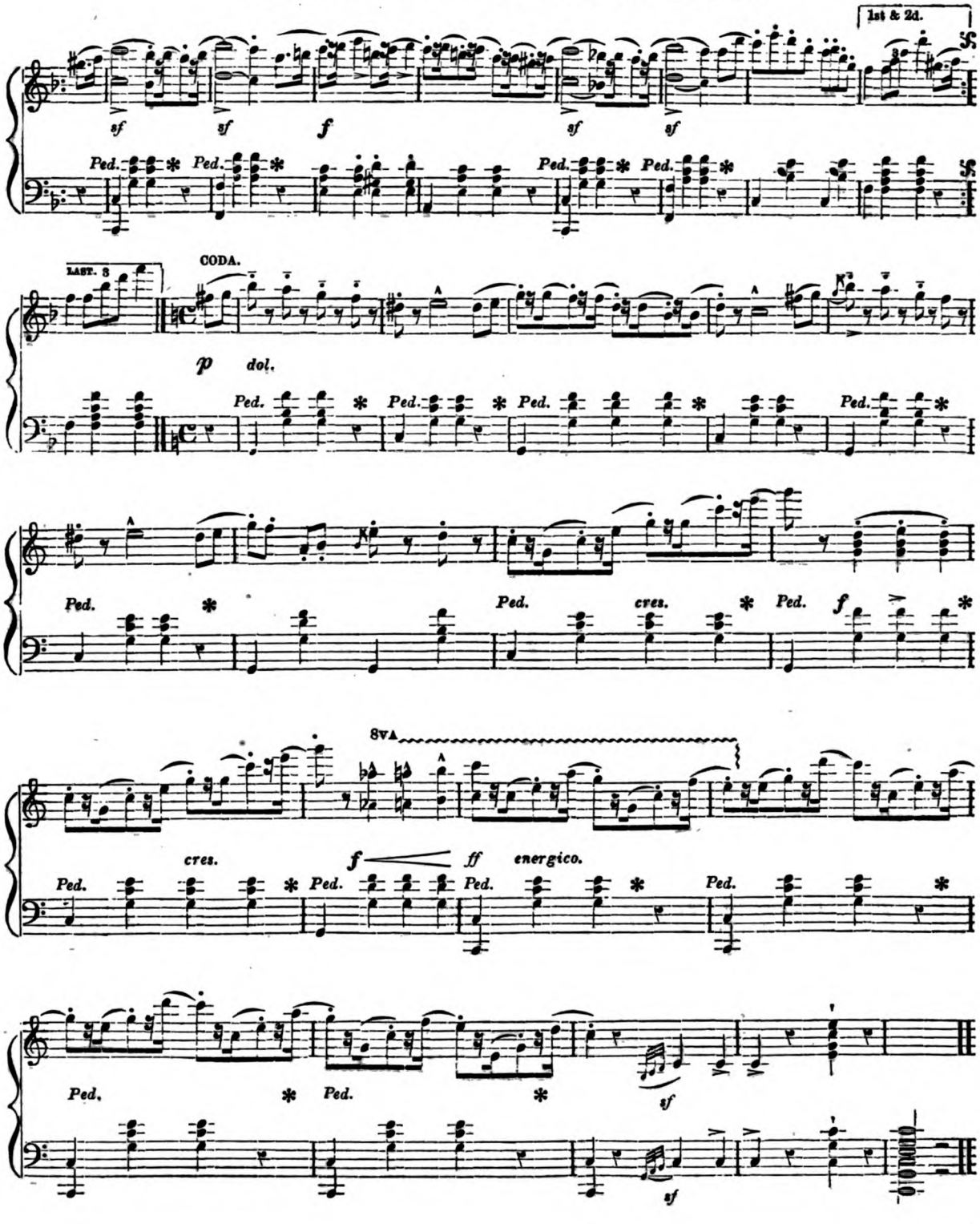
CARNIVAL ROMAIN SCHOTTISCH.



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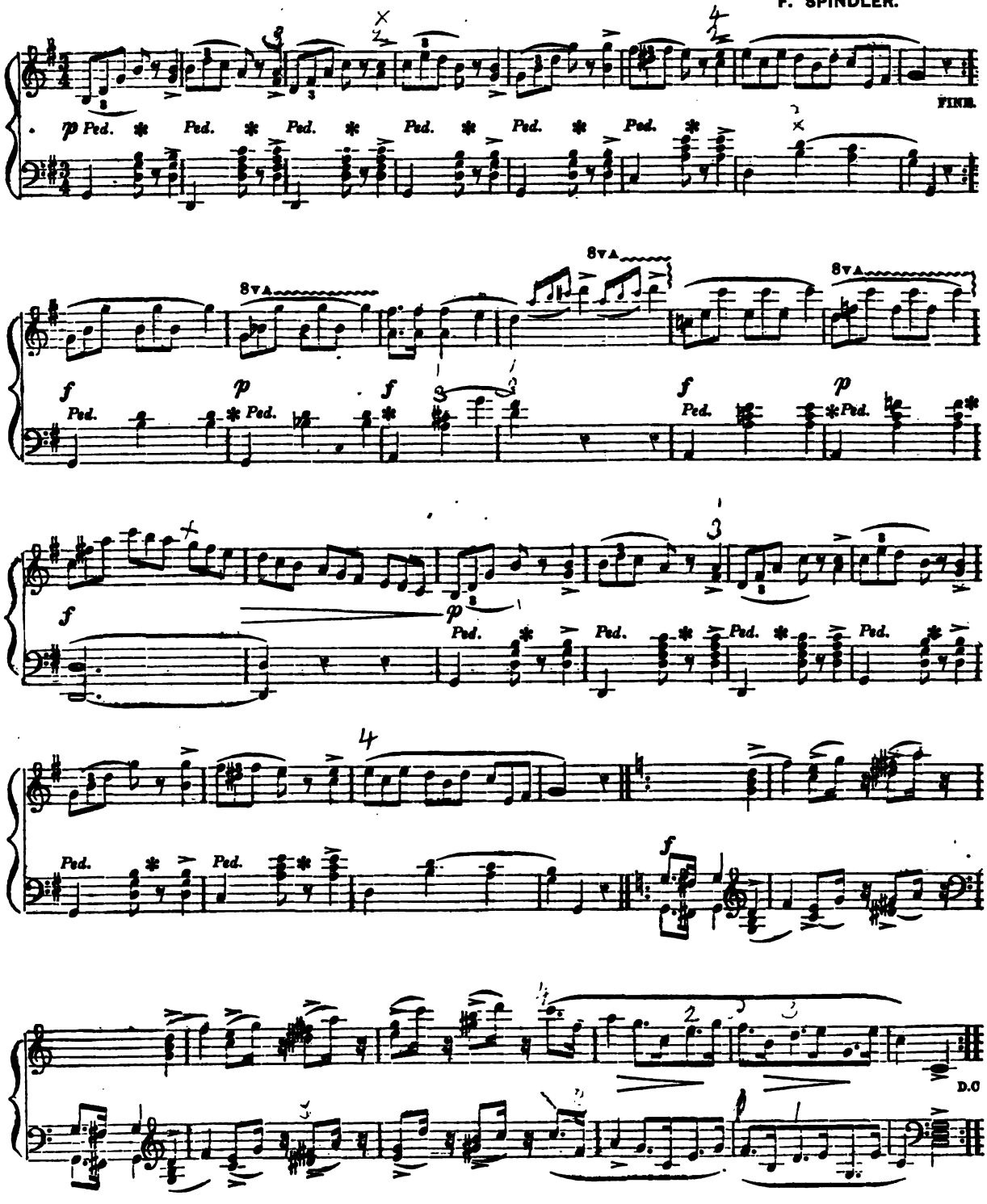
ARIEL MAZURKA.

F. SPINDLER.



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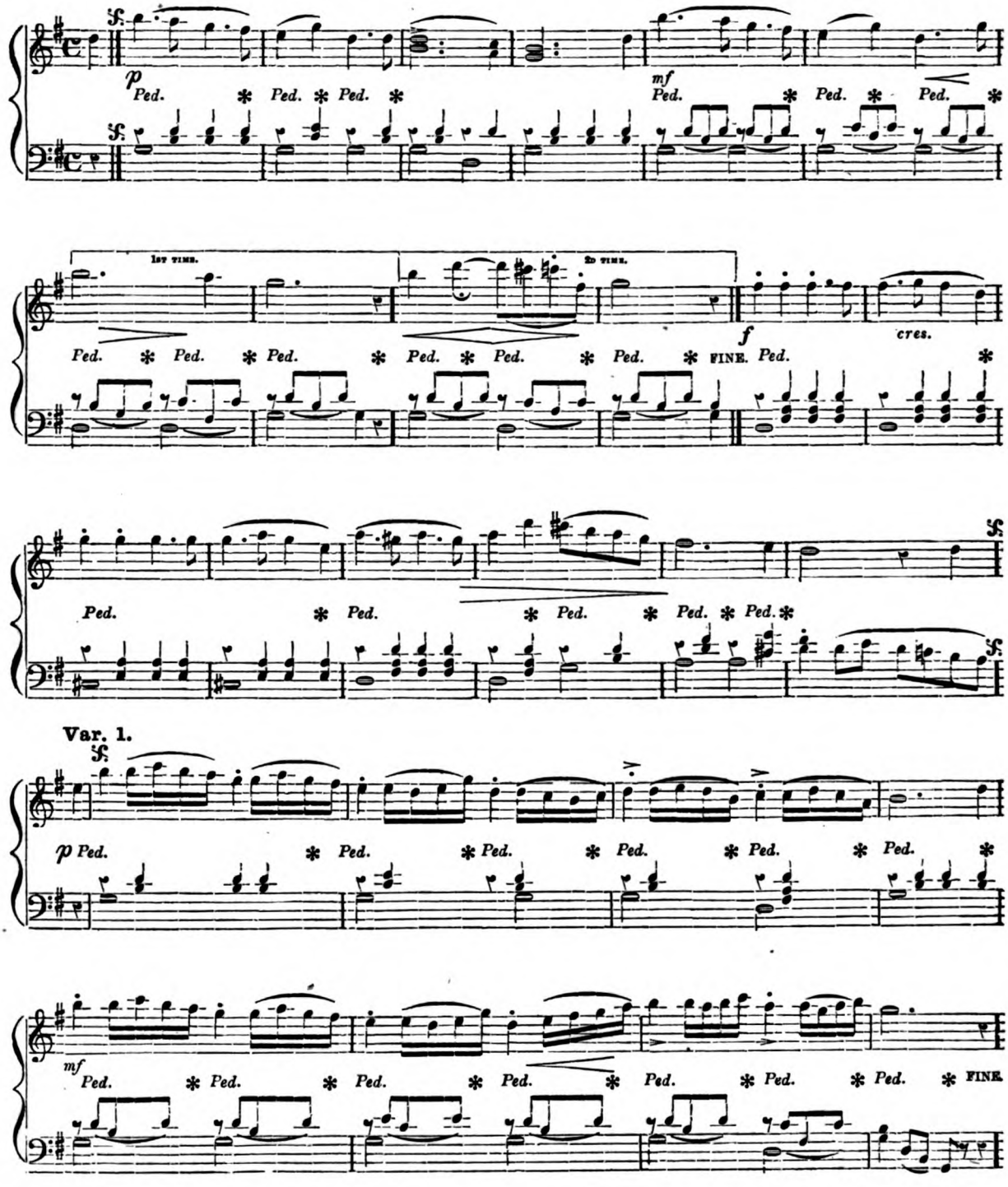
THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH.

A. BAUMBACH.



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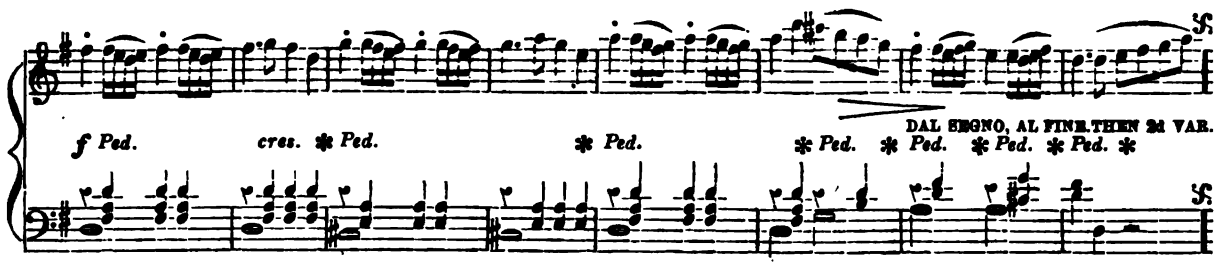
THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH.



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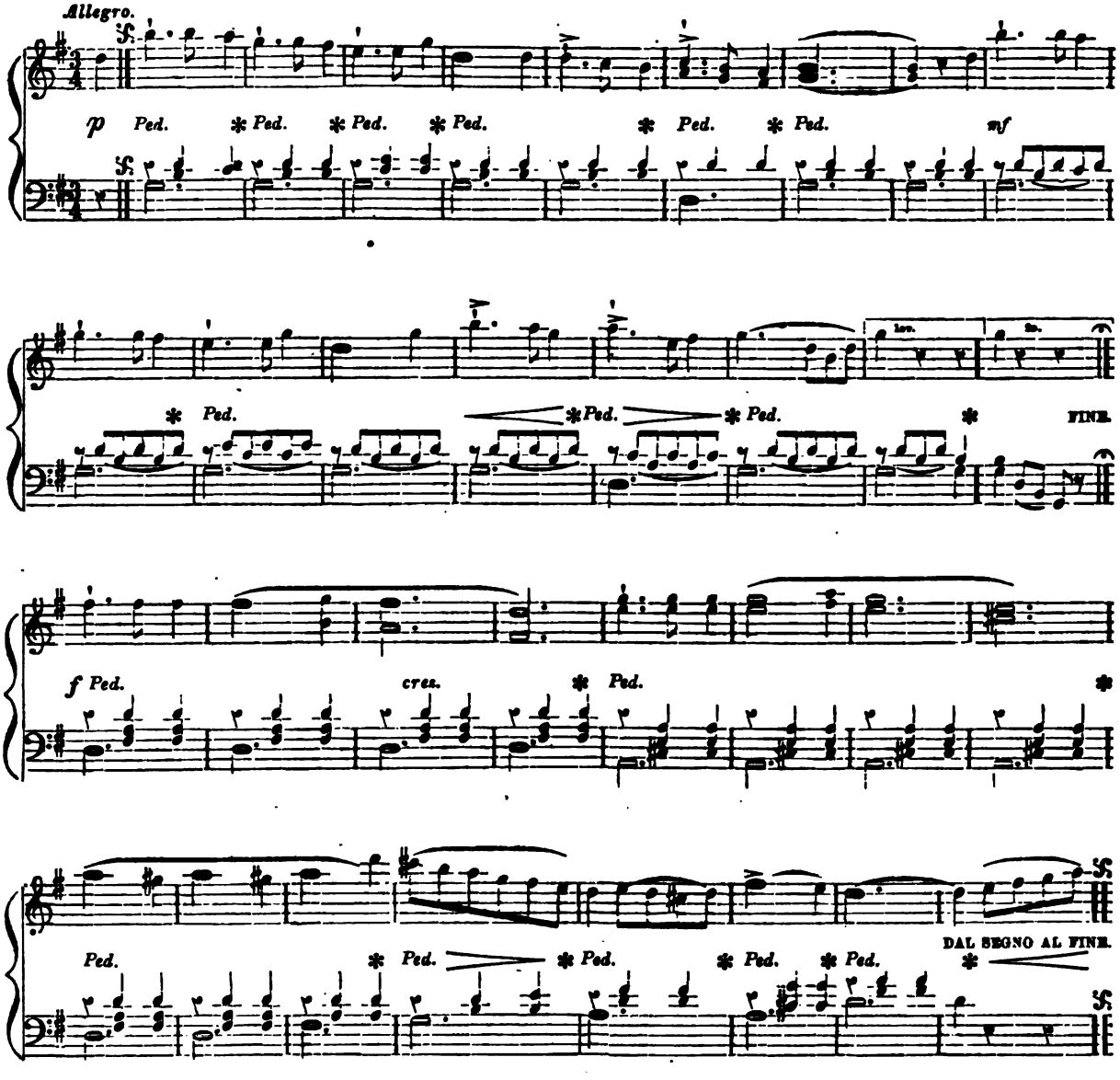

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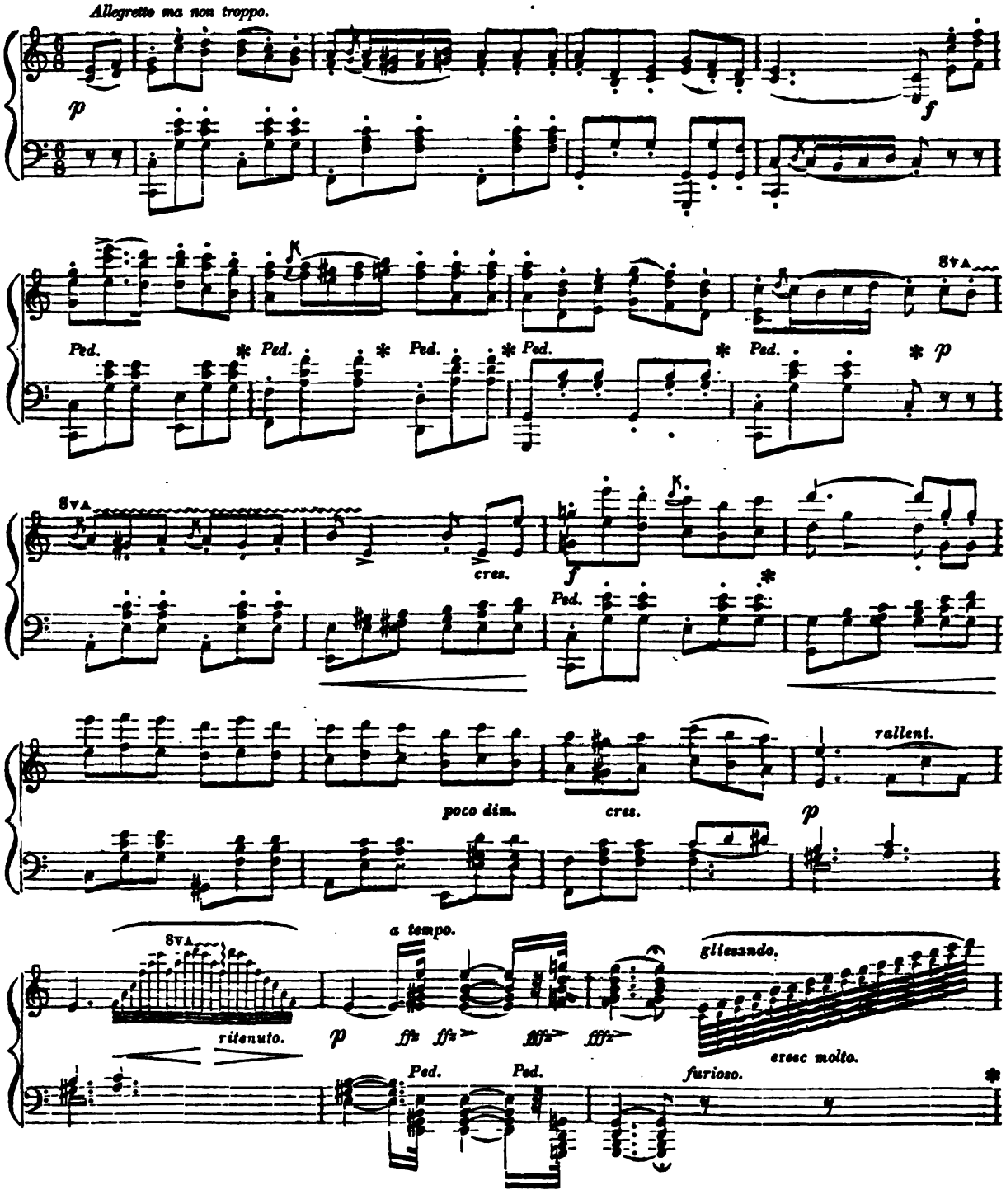
IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN BE SIGHING.

FROM LUCREZIA BORGIA. D. KRUG.



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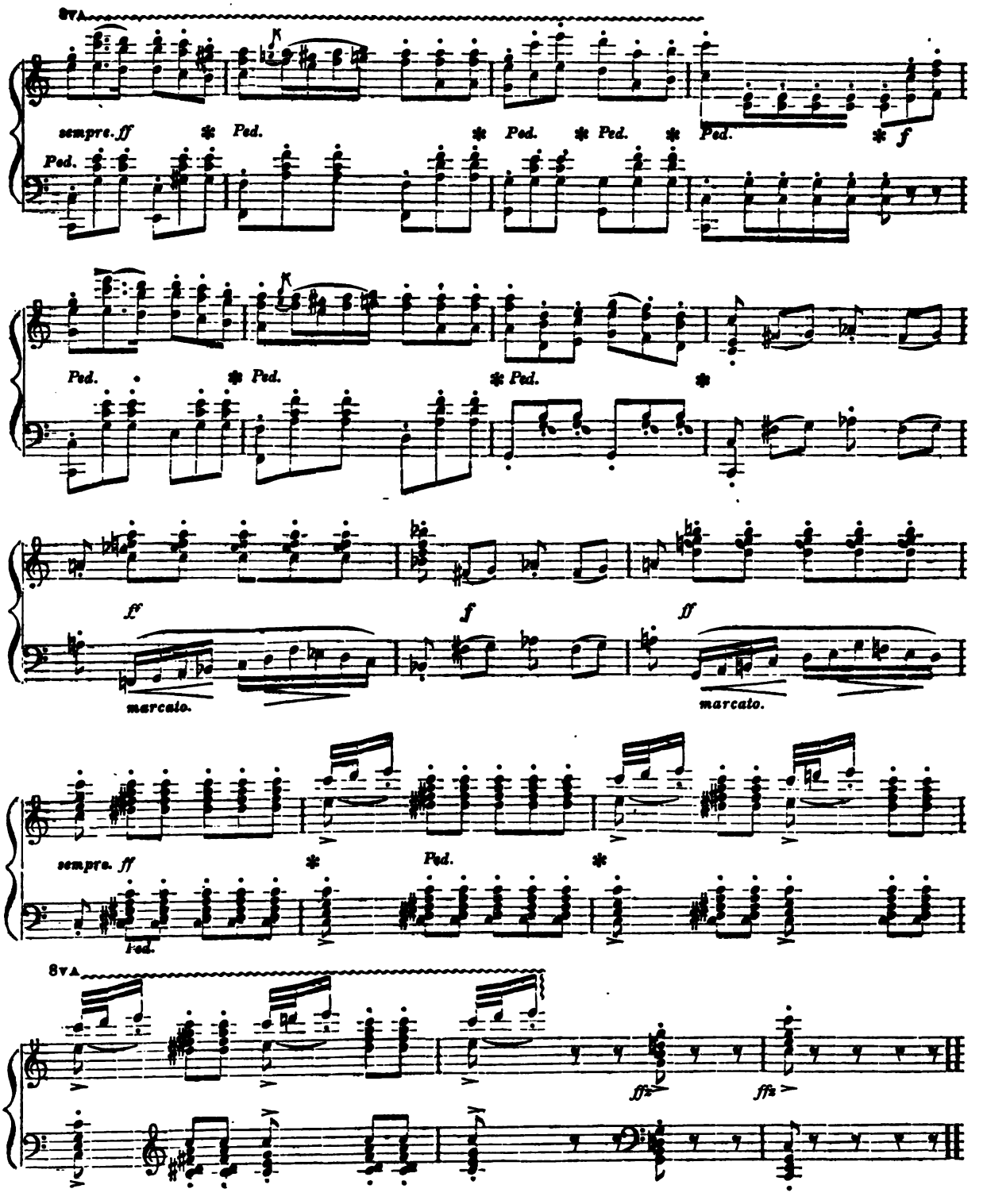

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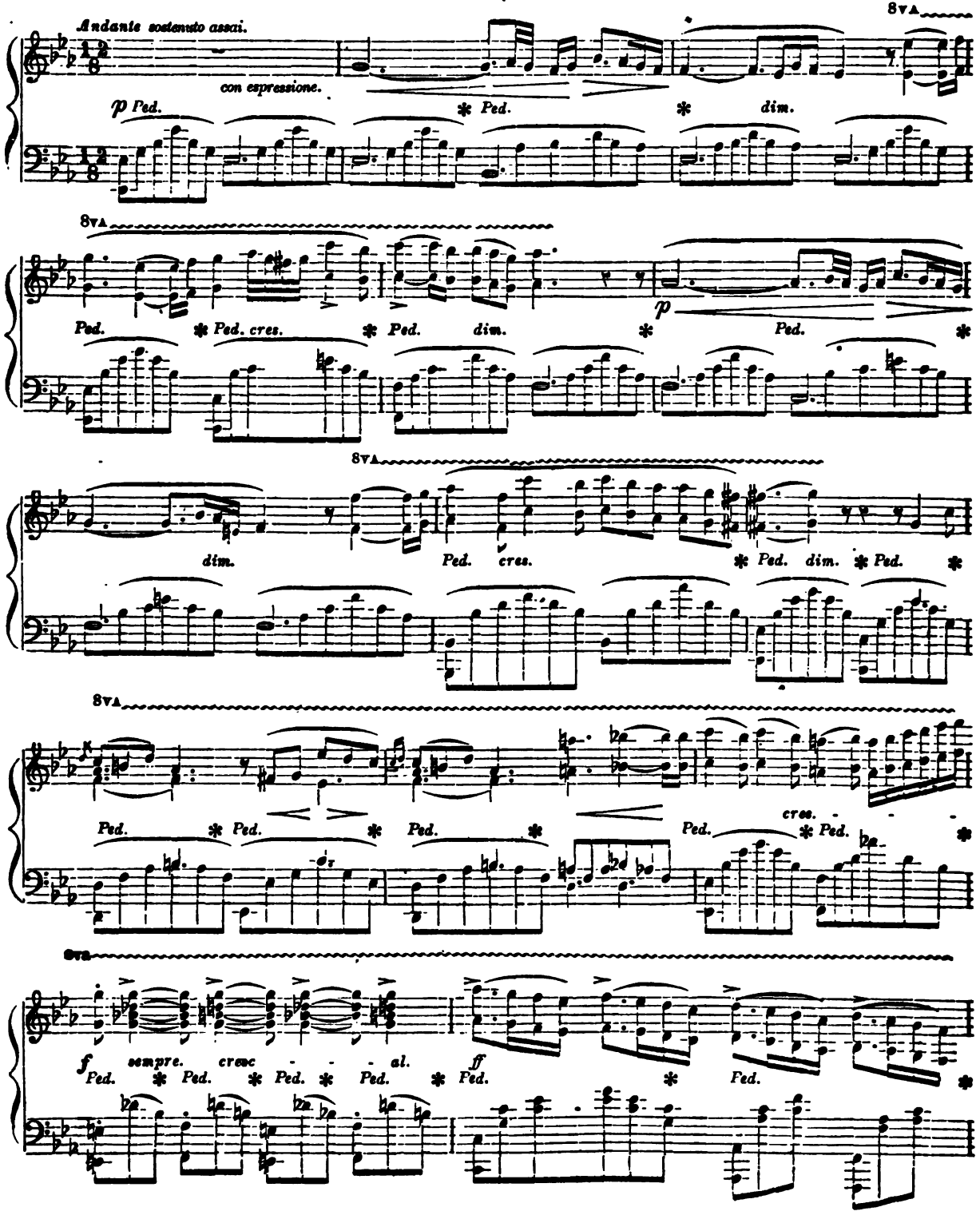
CASTA DIVA.

FROM NORMA.

D. KRUG.



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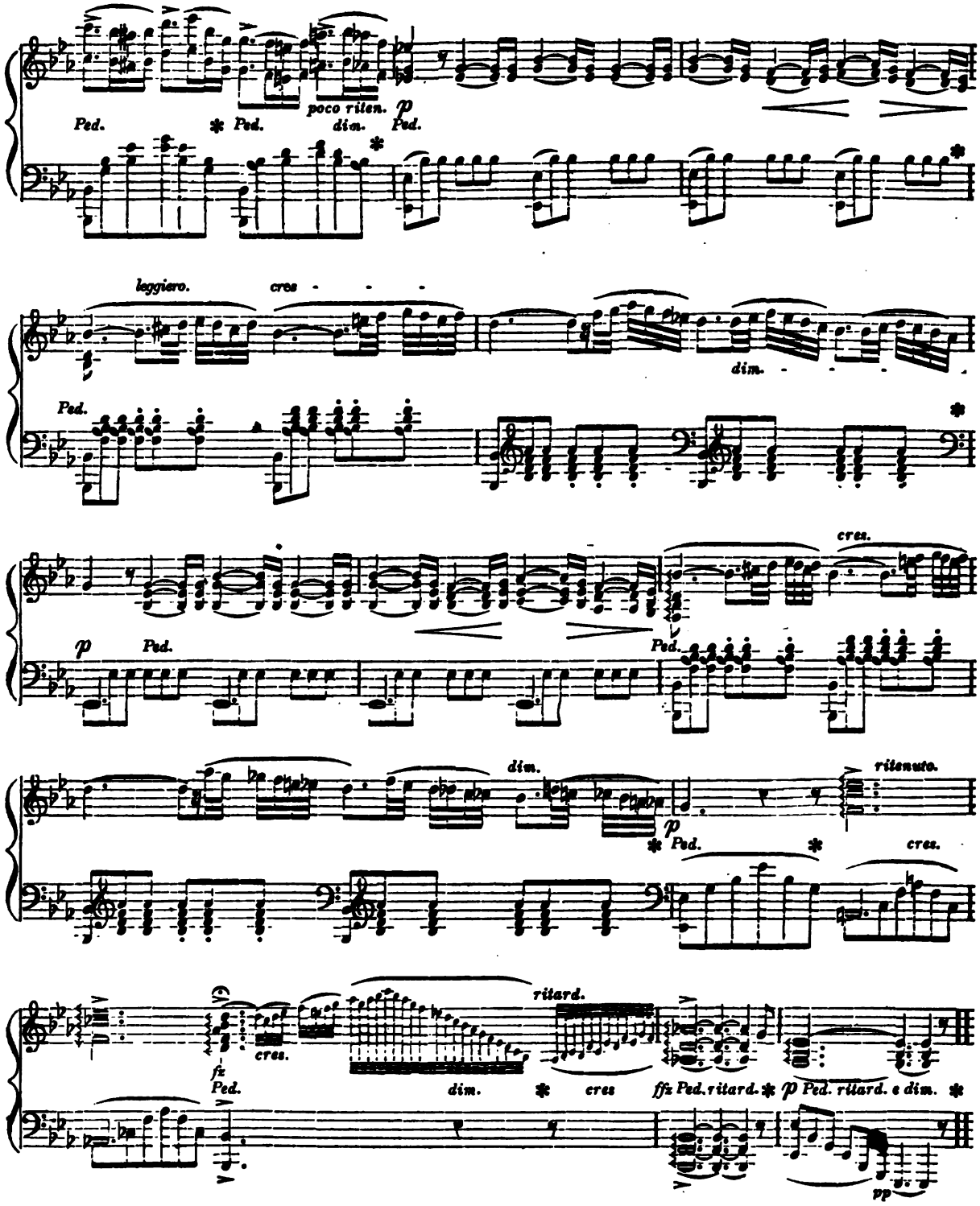

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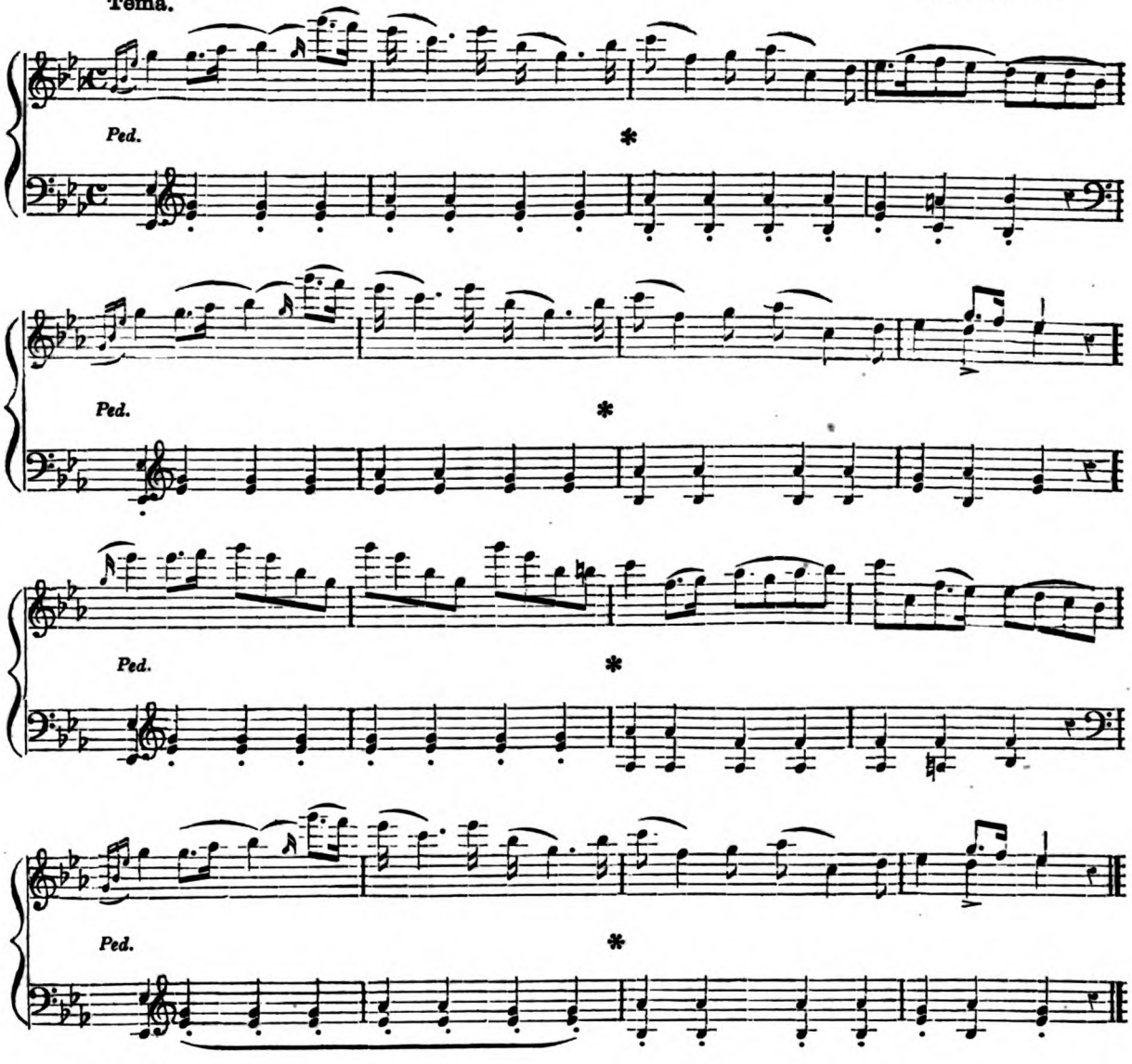
ARIA ALLA SCOZZESE.

VARIATIONS.

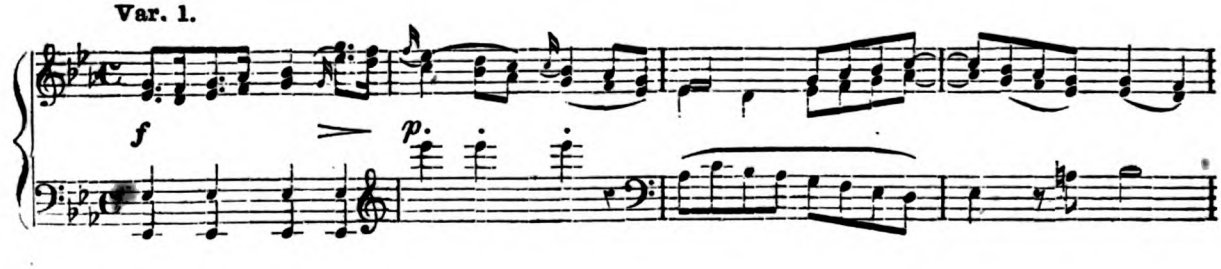
Andantino Grazioso.

Tema.

T. VALENTINE.



Var. 1.



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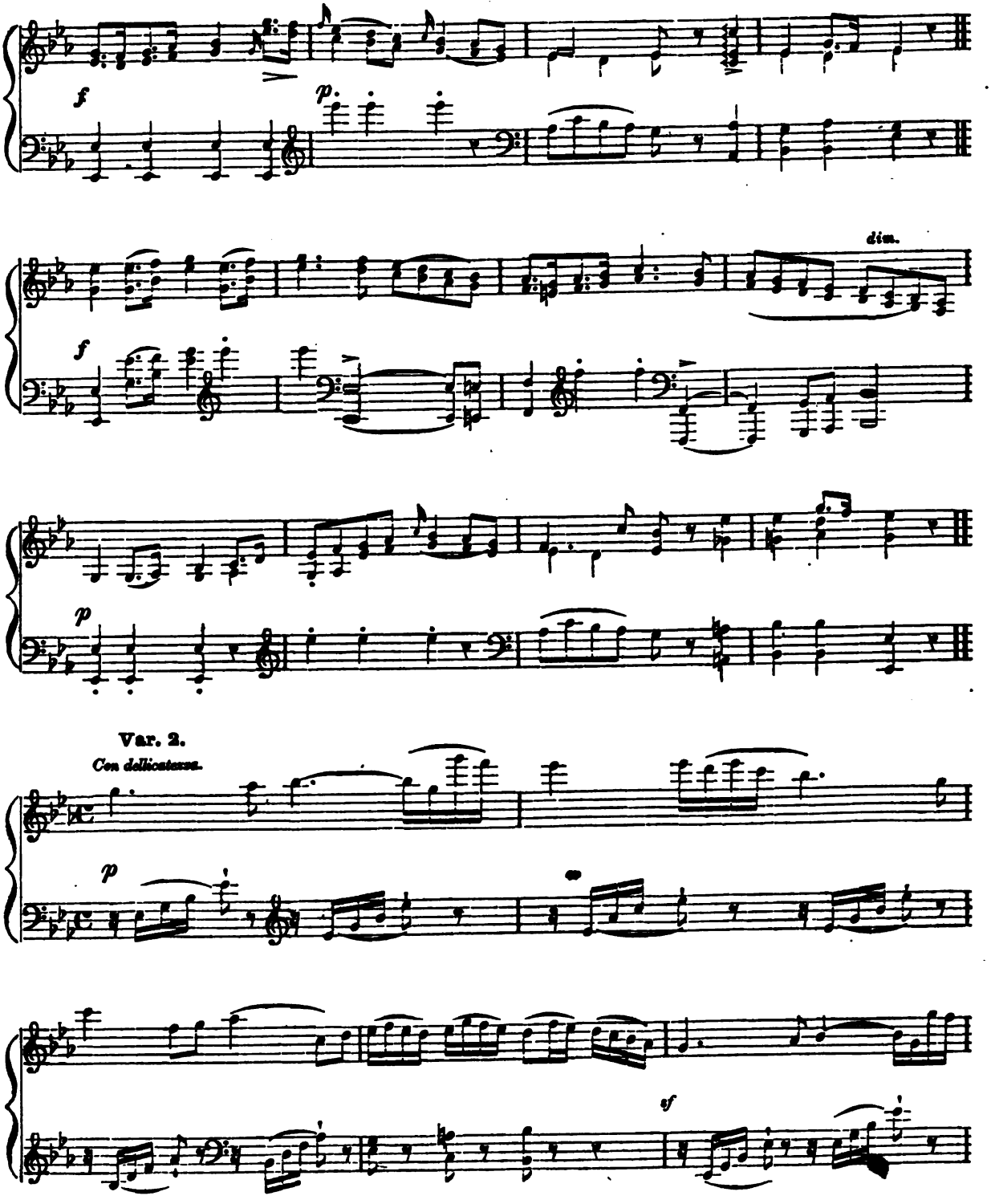
ARIA ALLA SCOZZESE.



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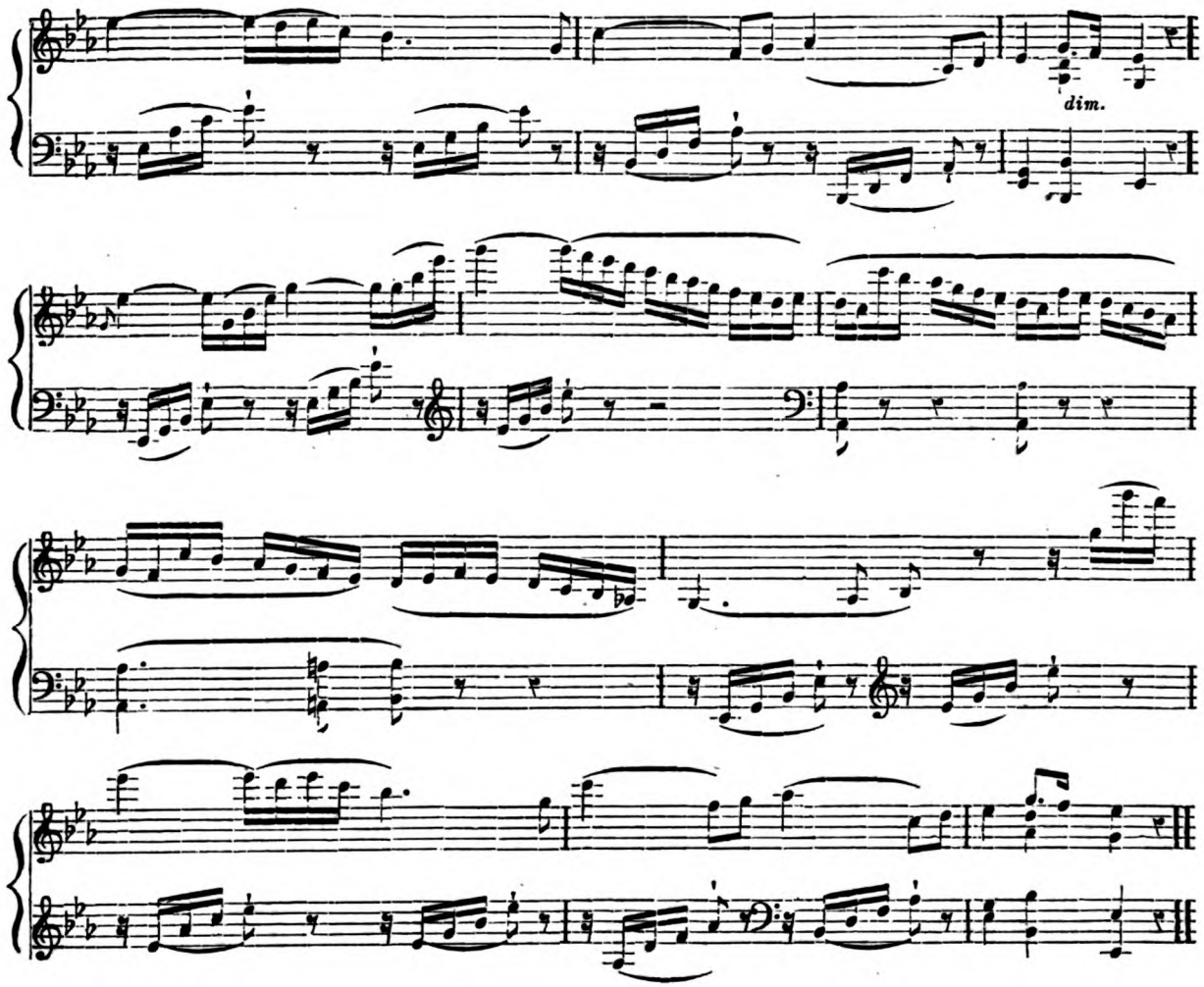
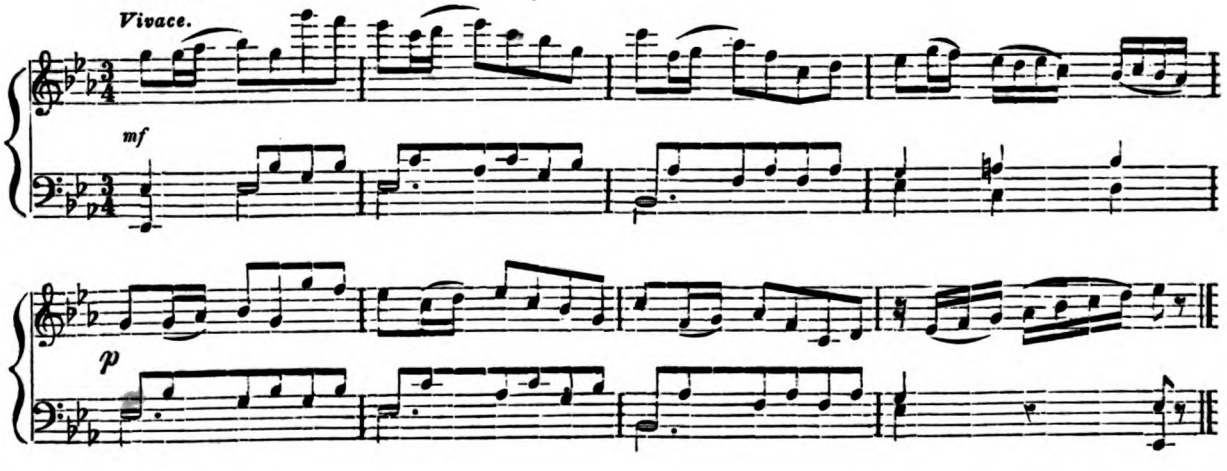
ARIA ALLA SCOZZESE.



Var. 3.

Vivace.



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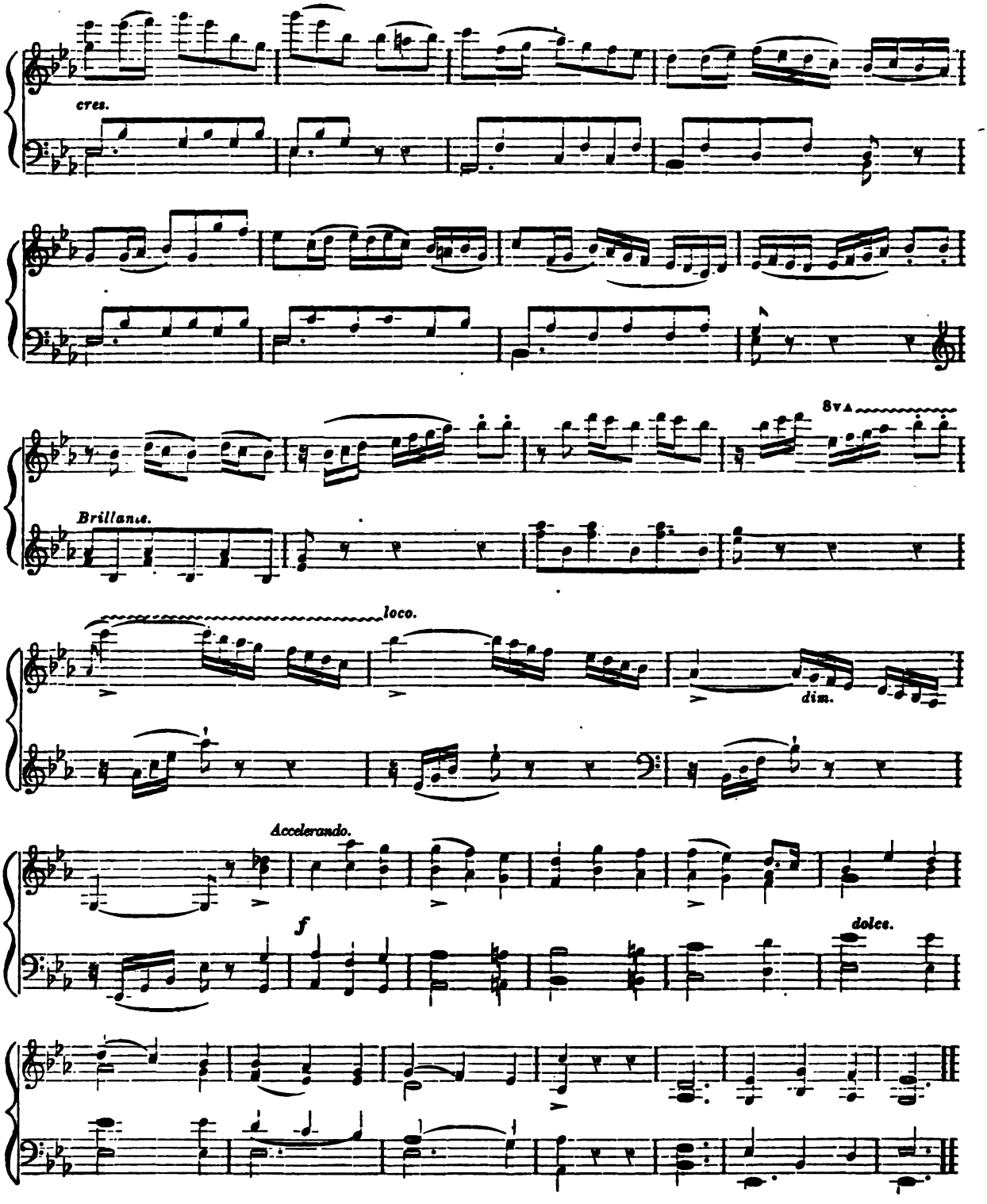

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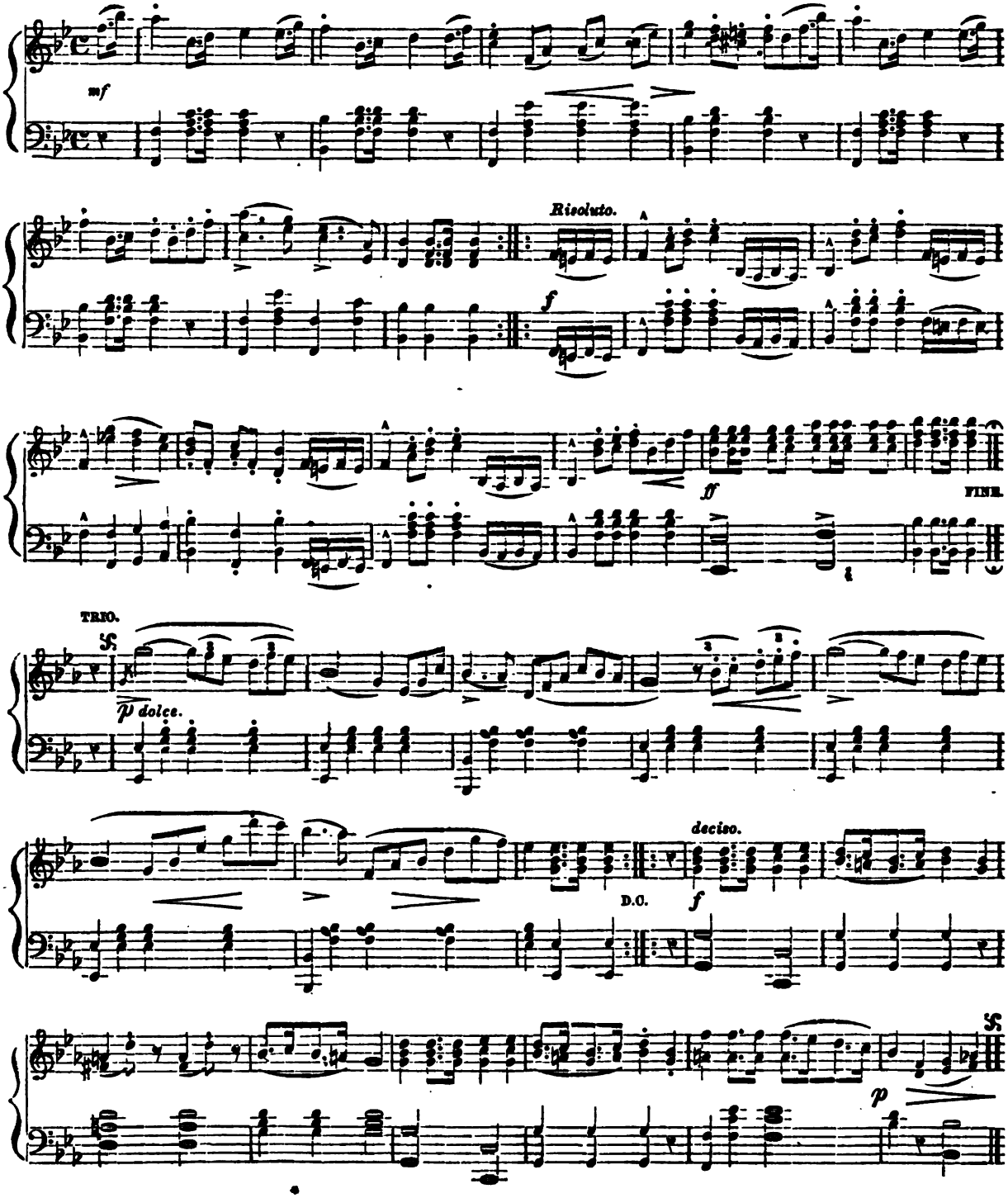

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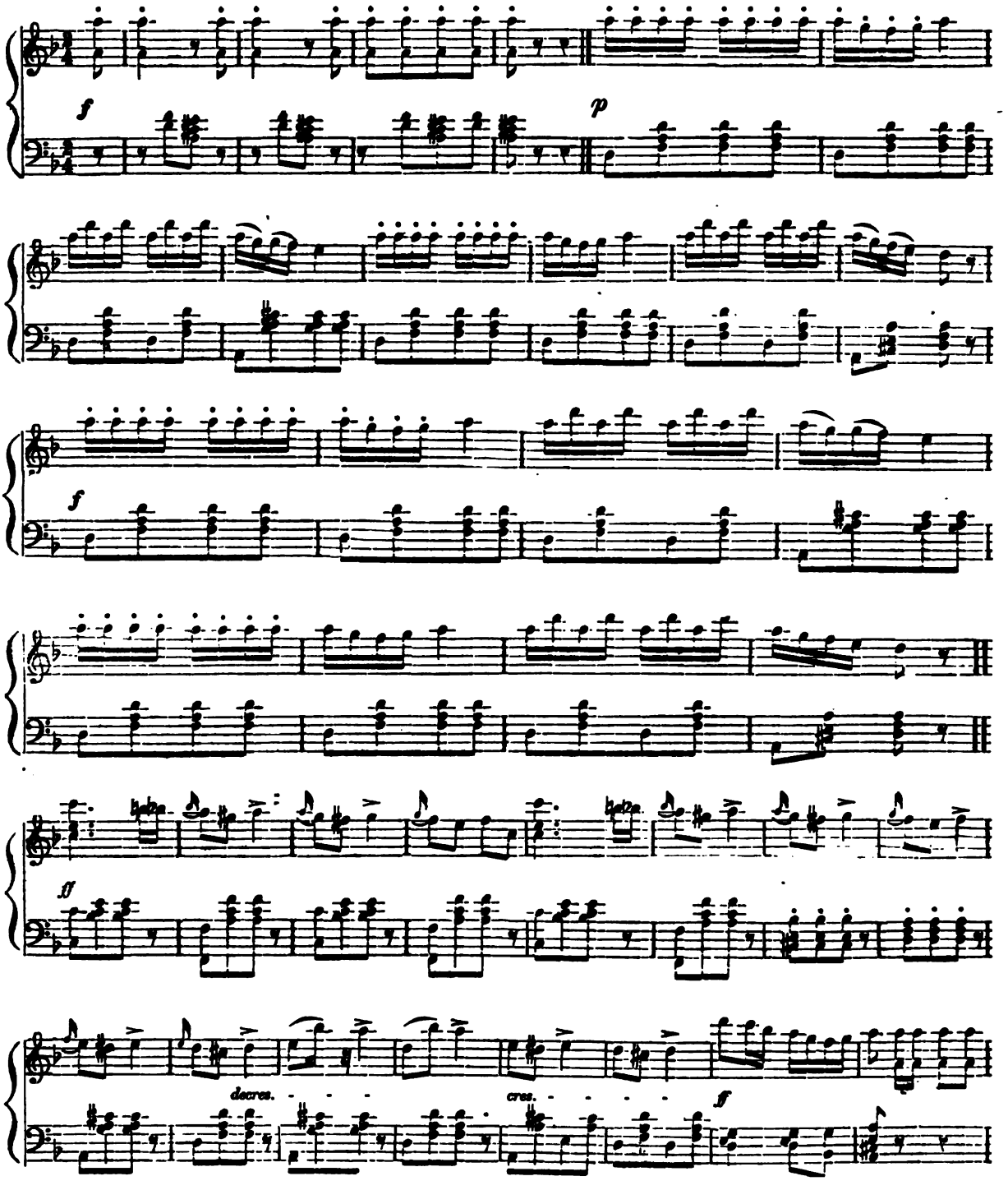

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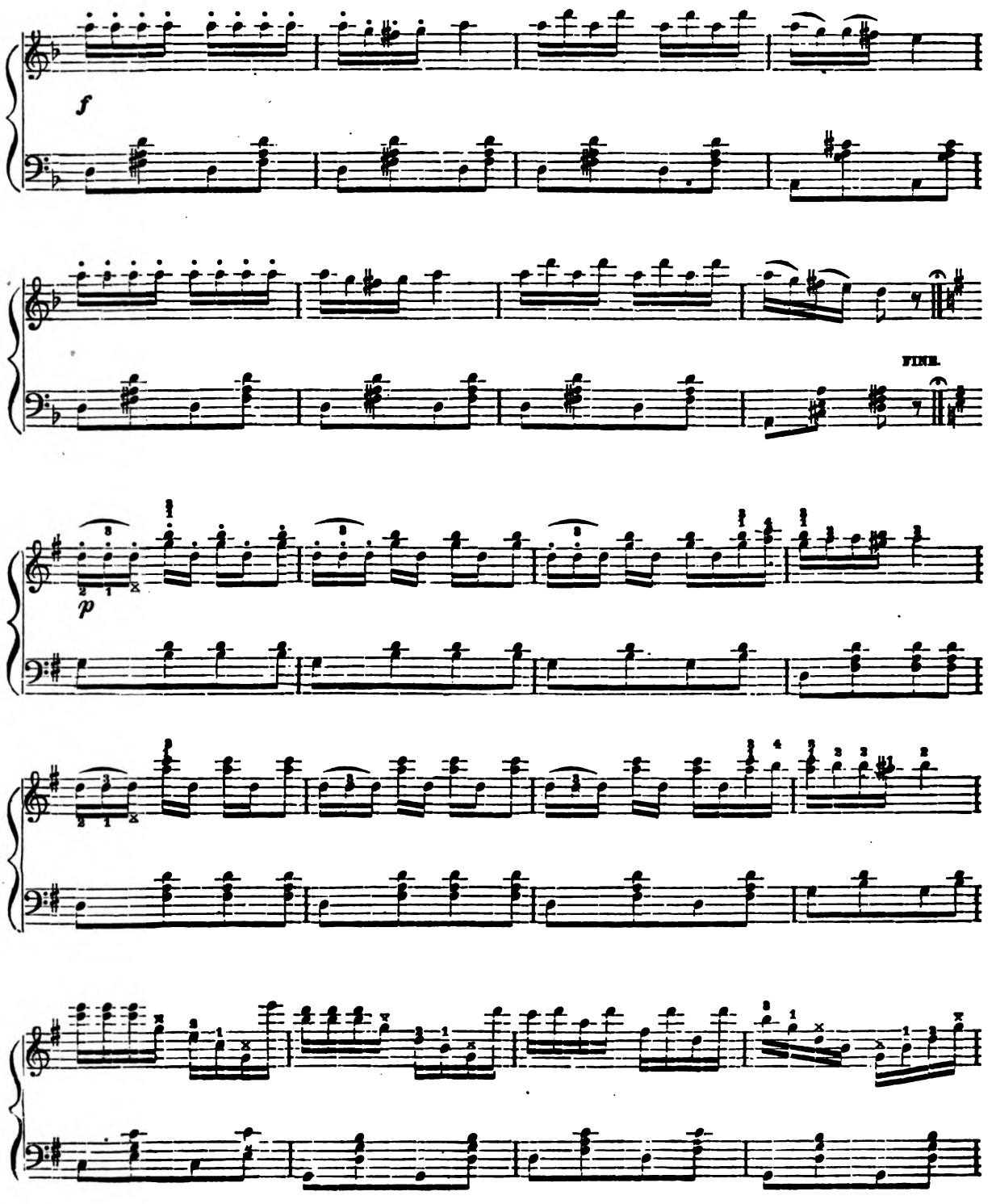

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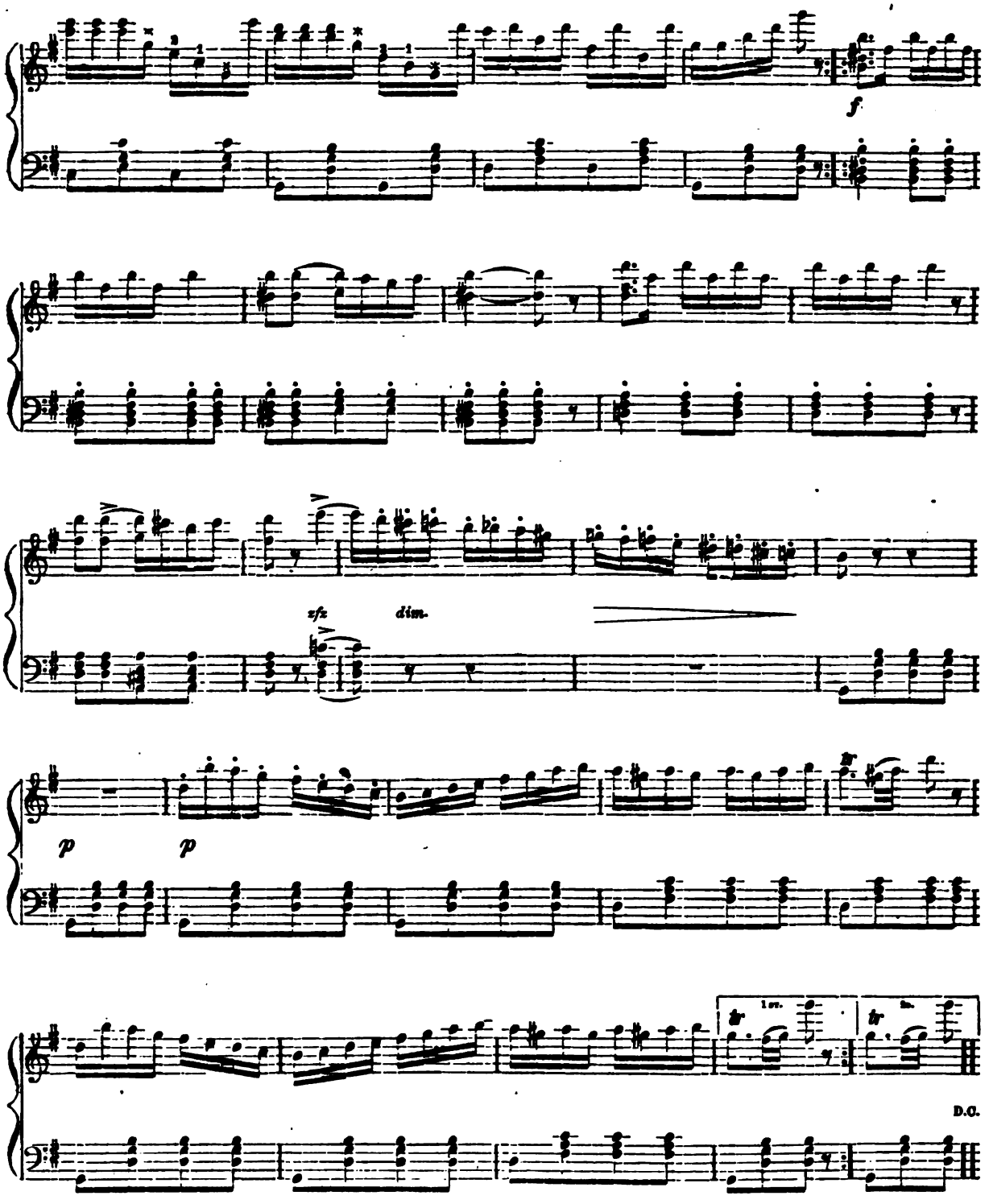

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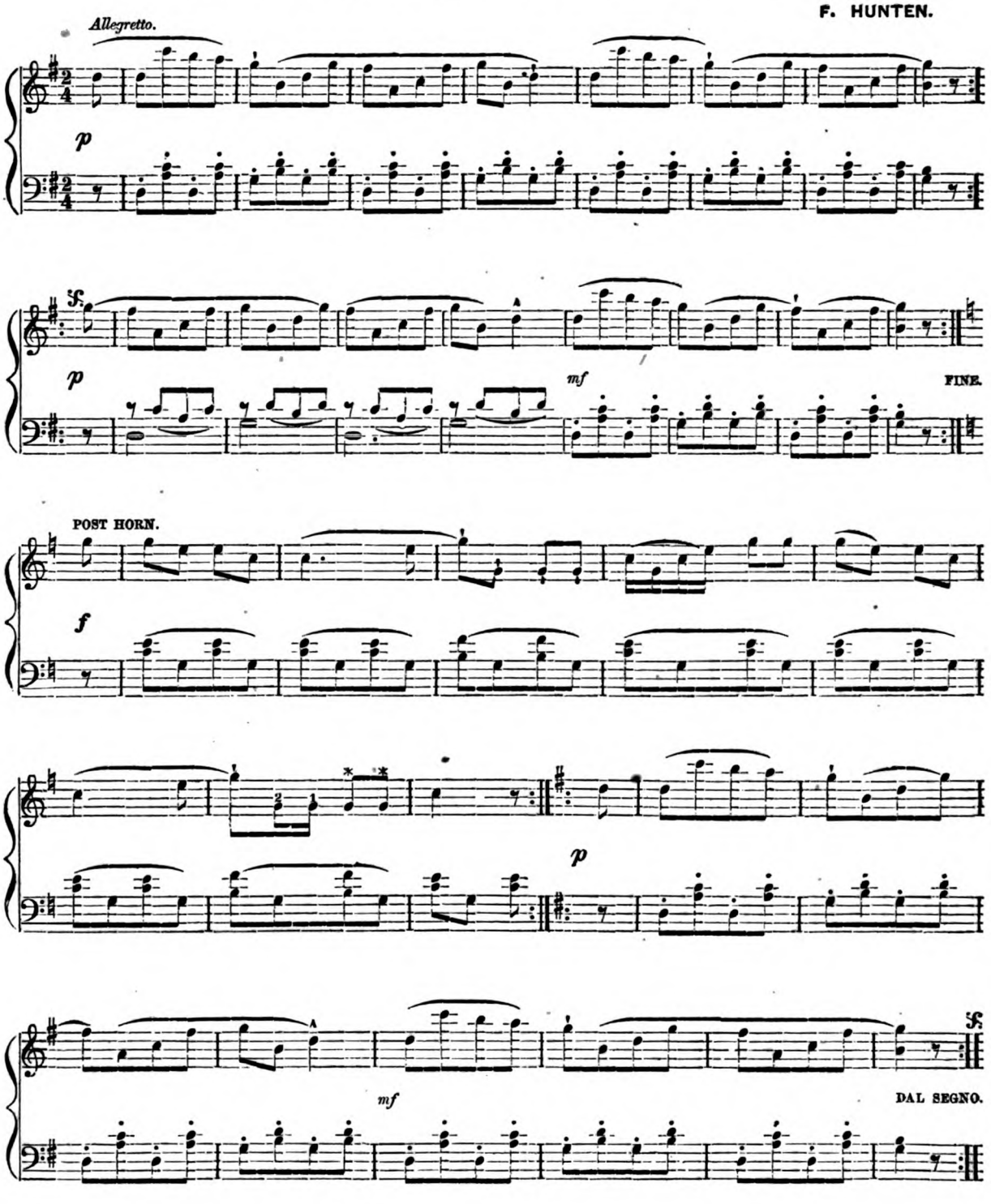

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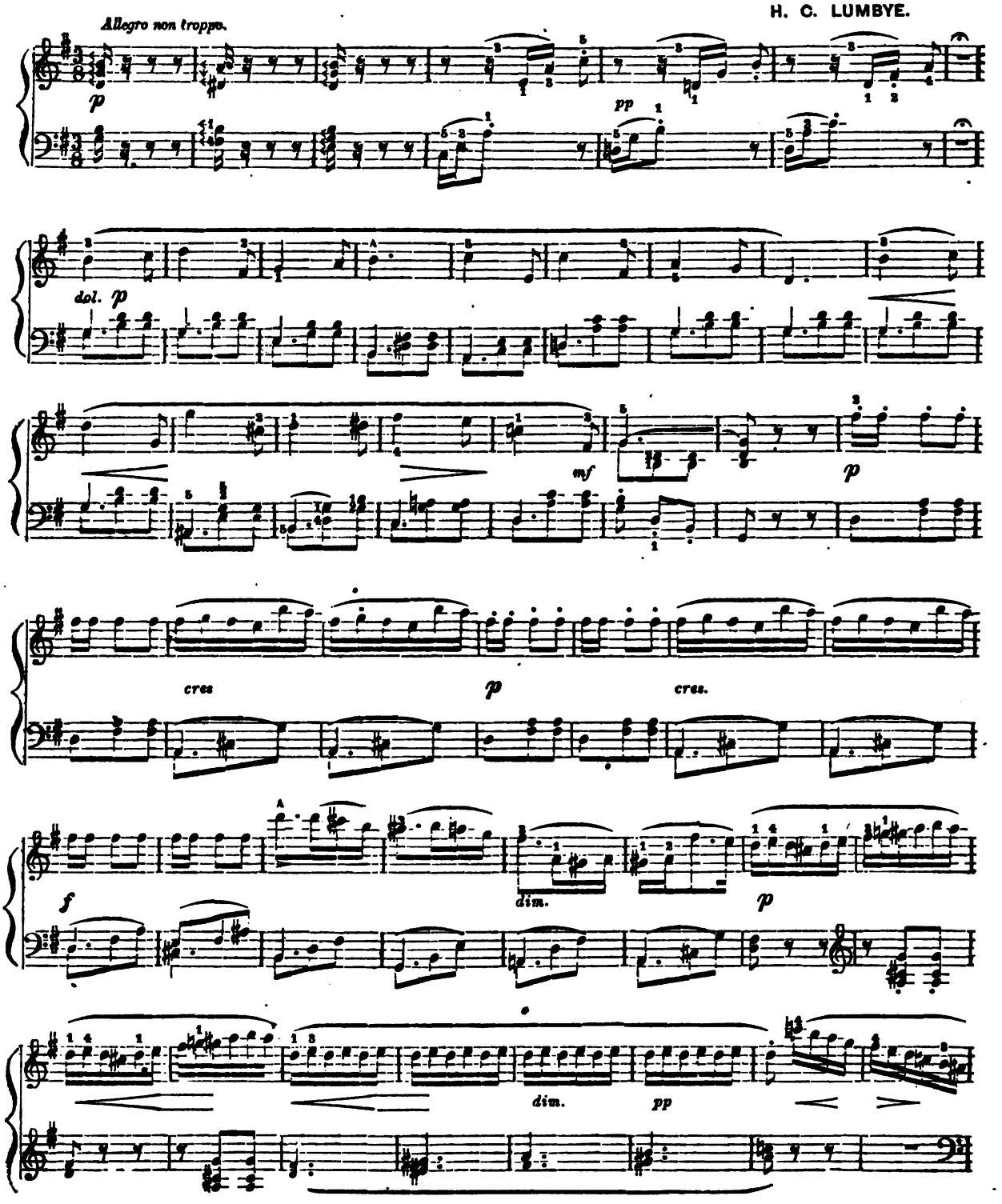

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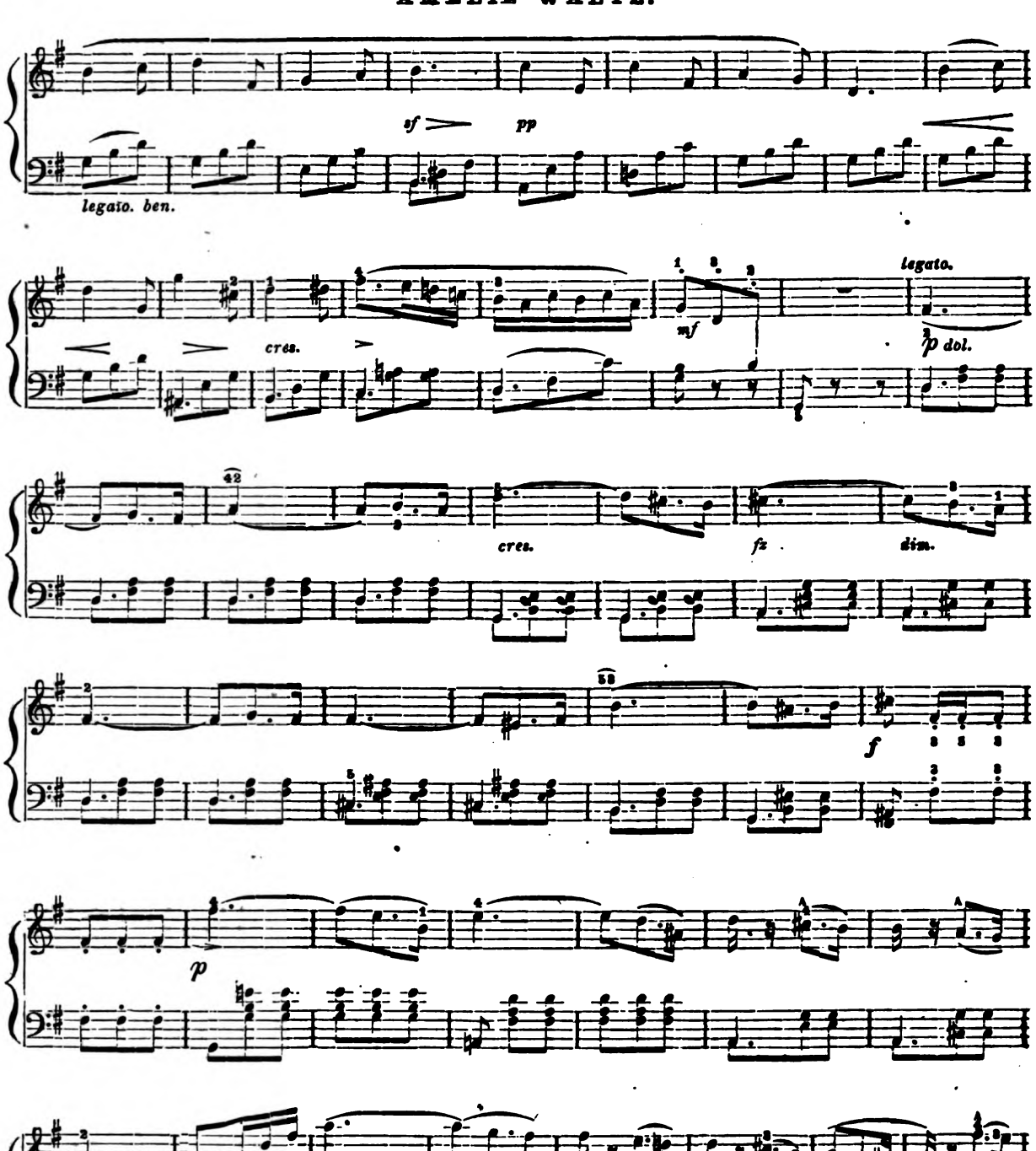

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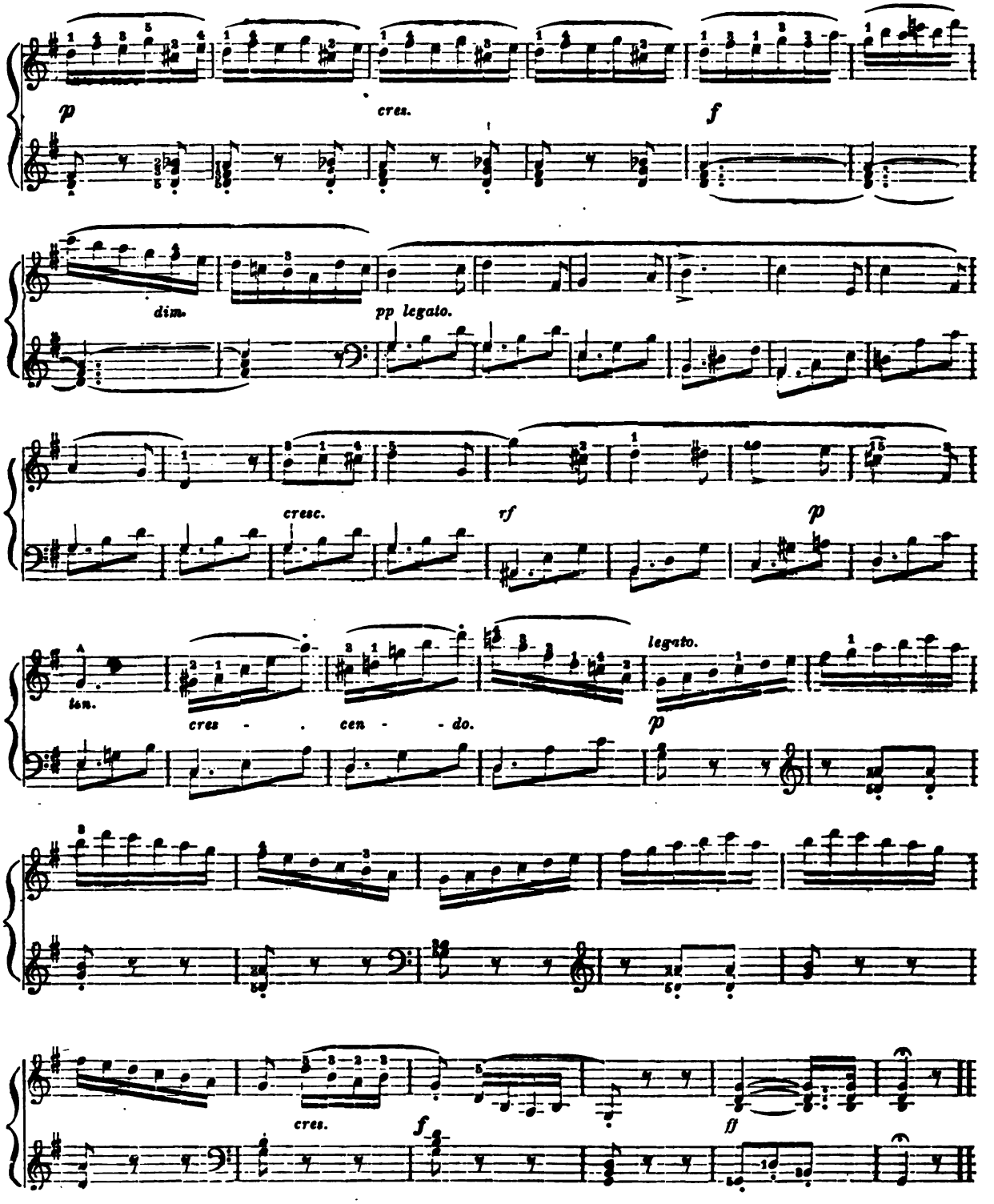

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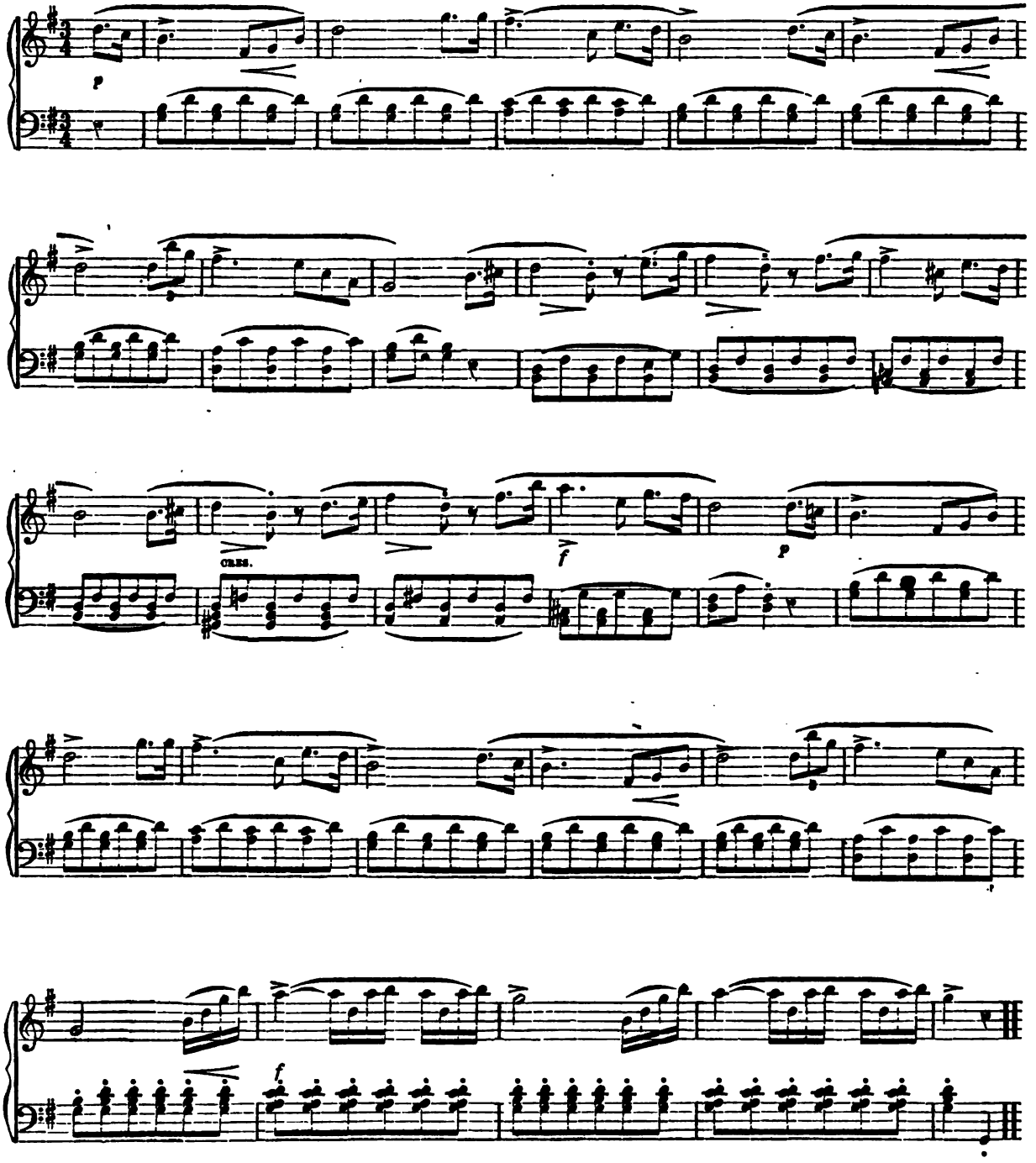

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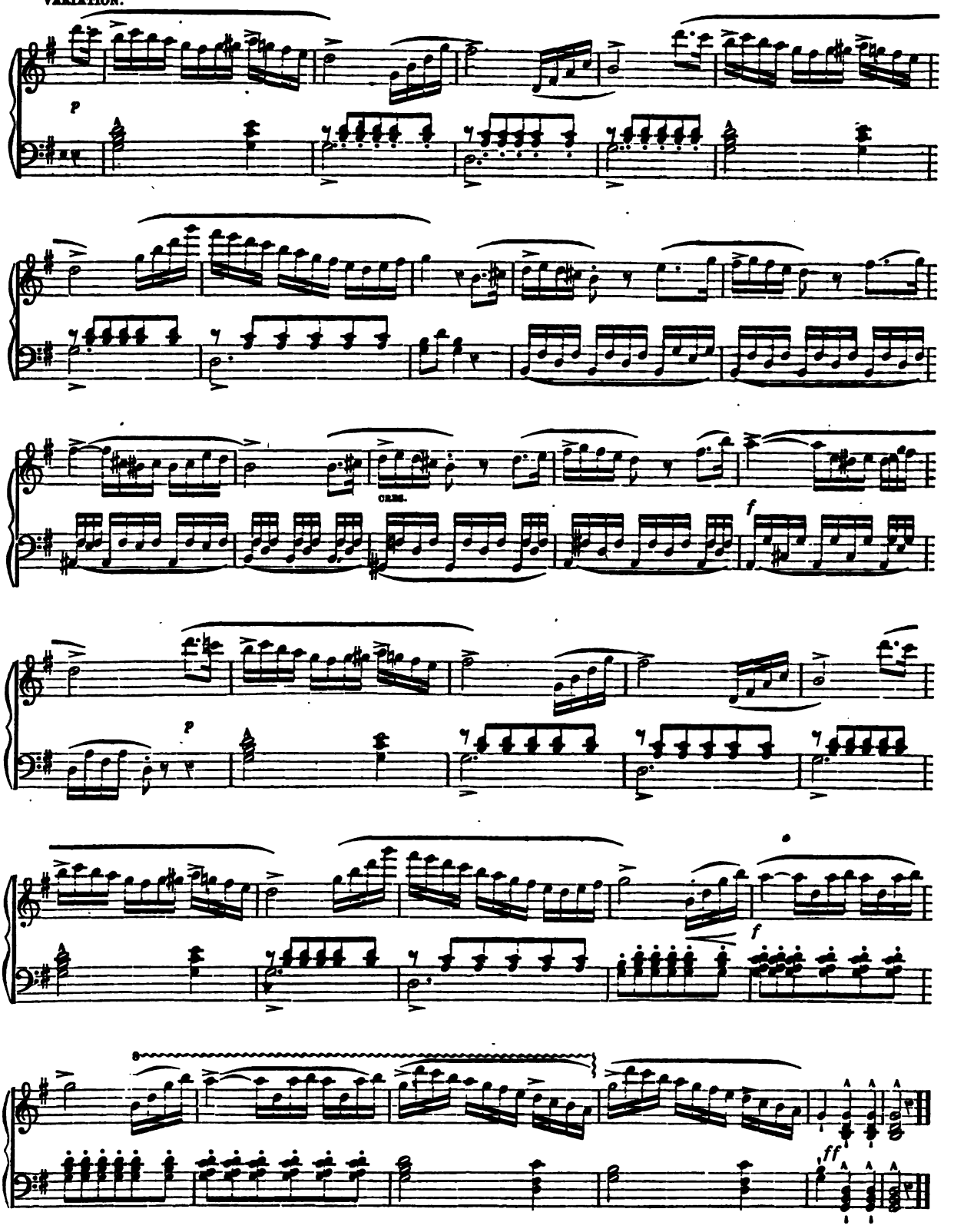

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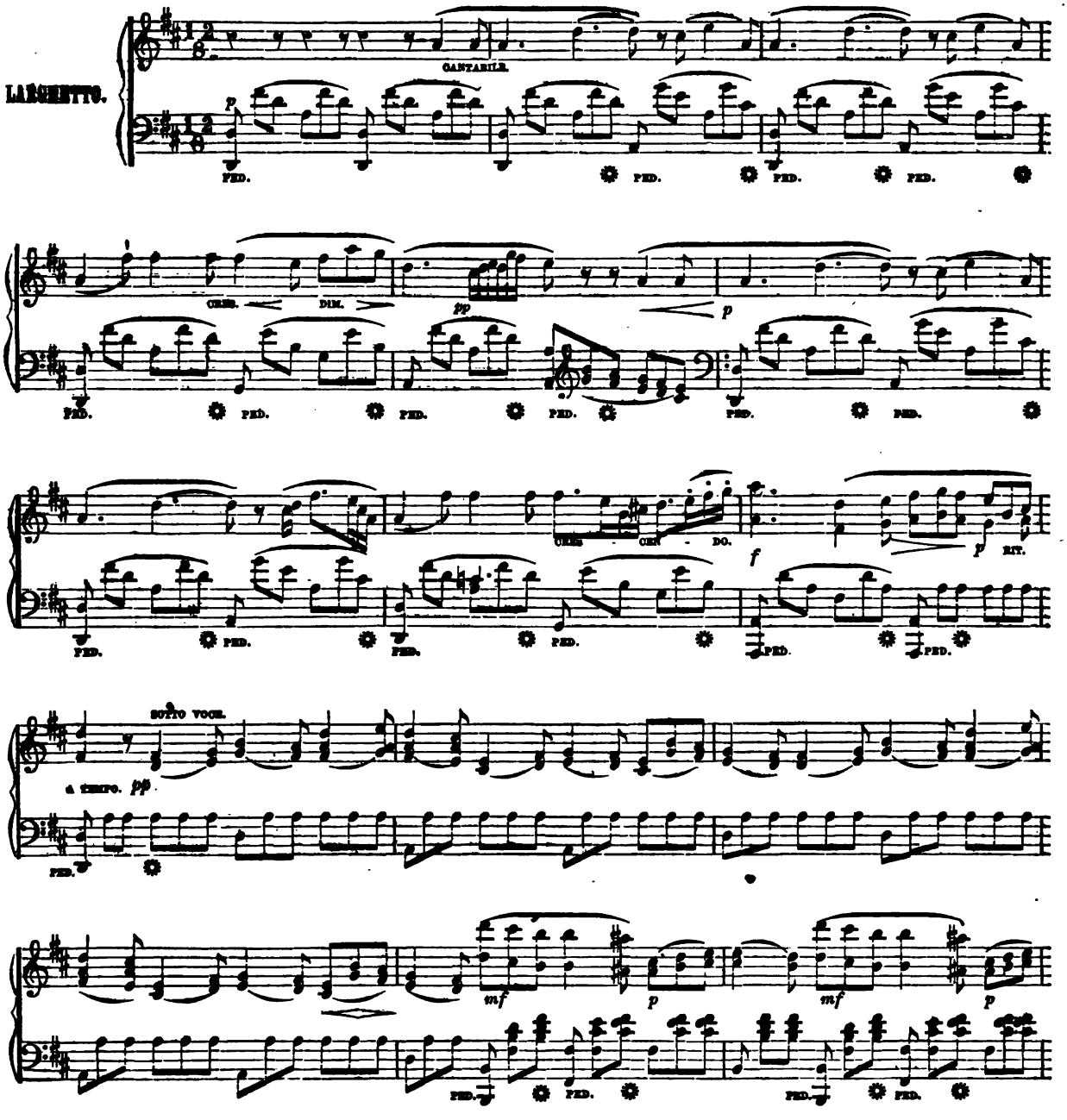

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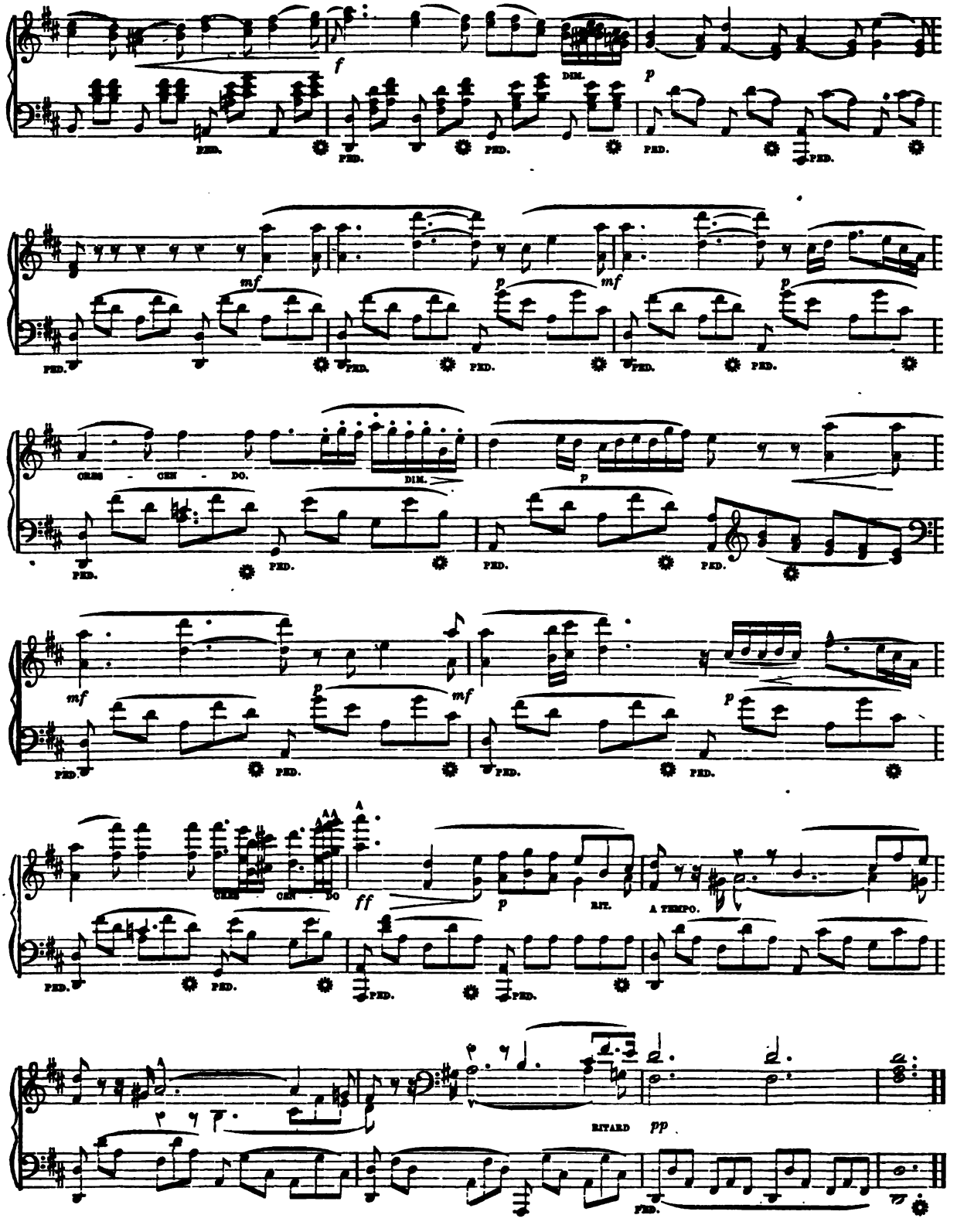

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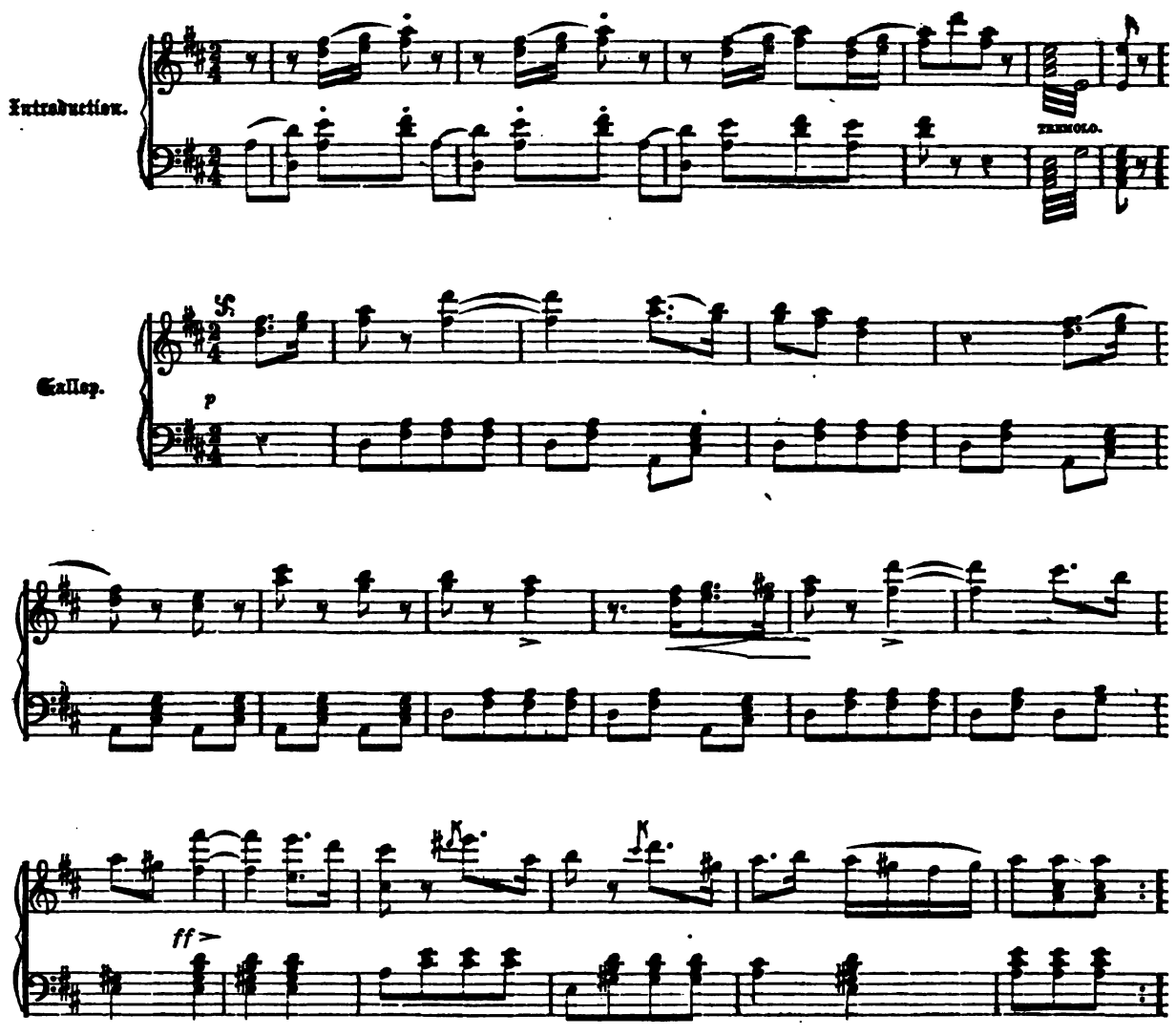

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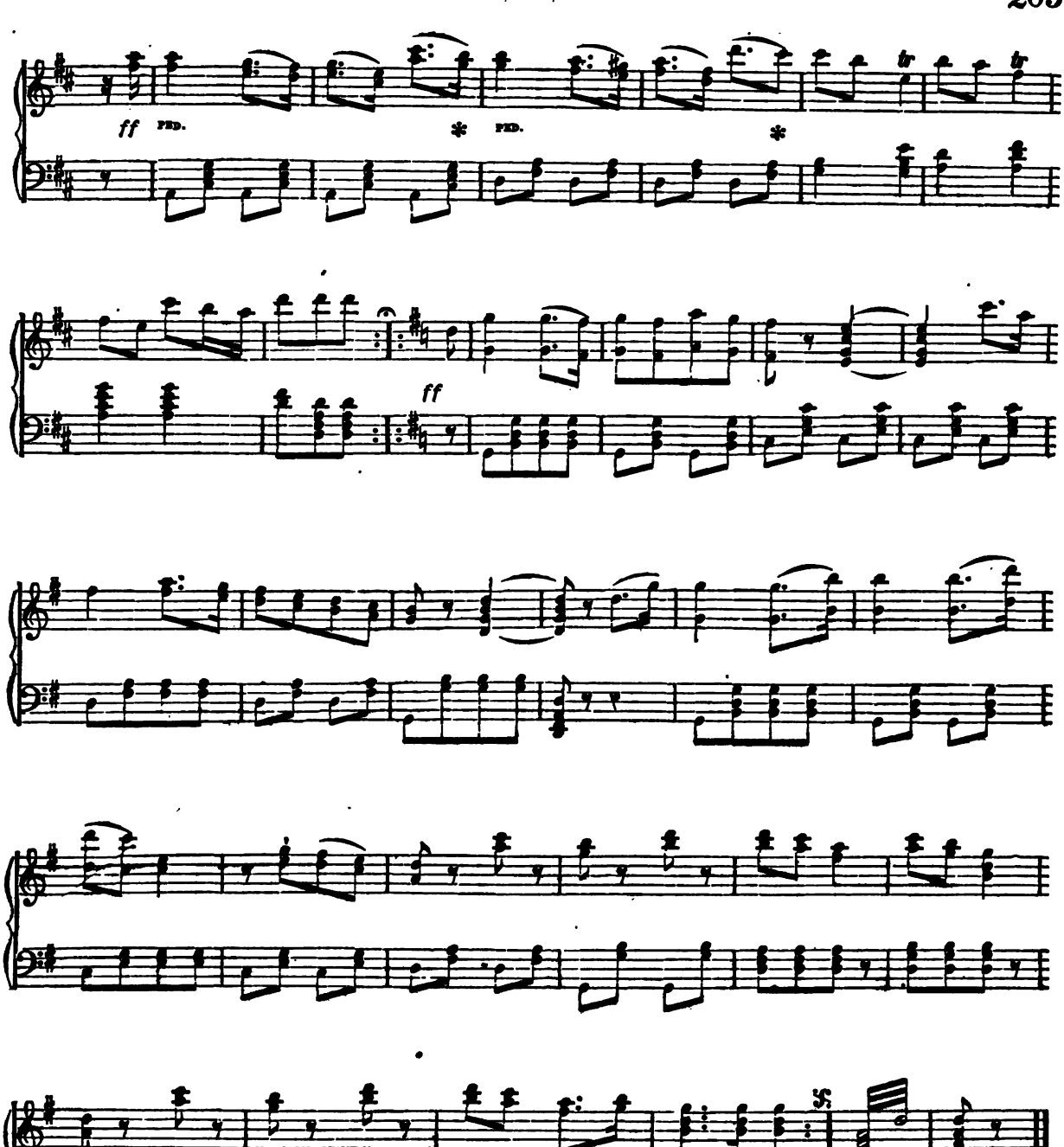

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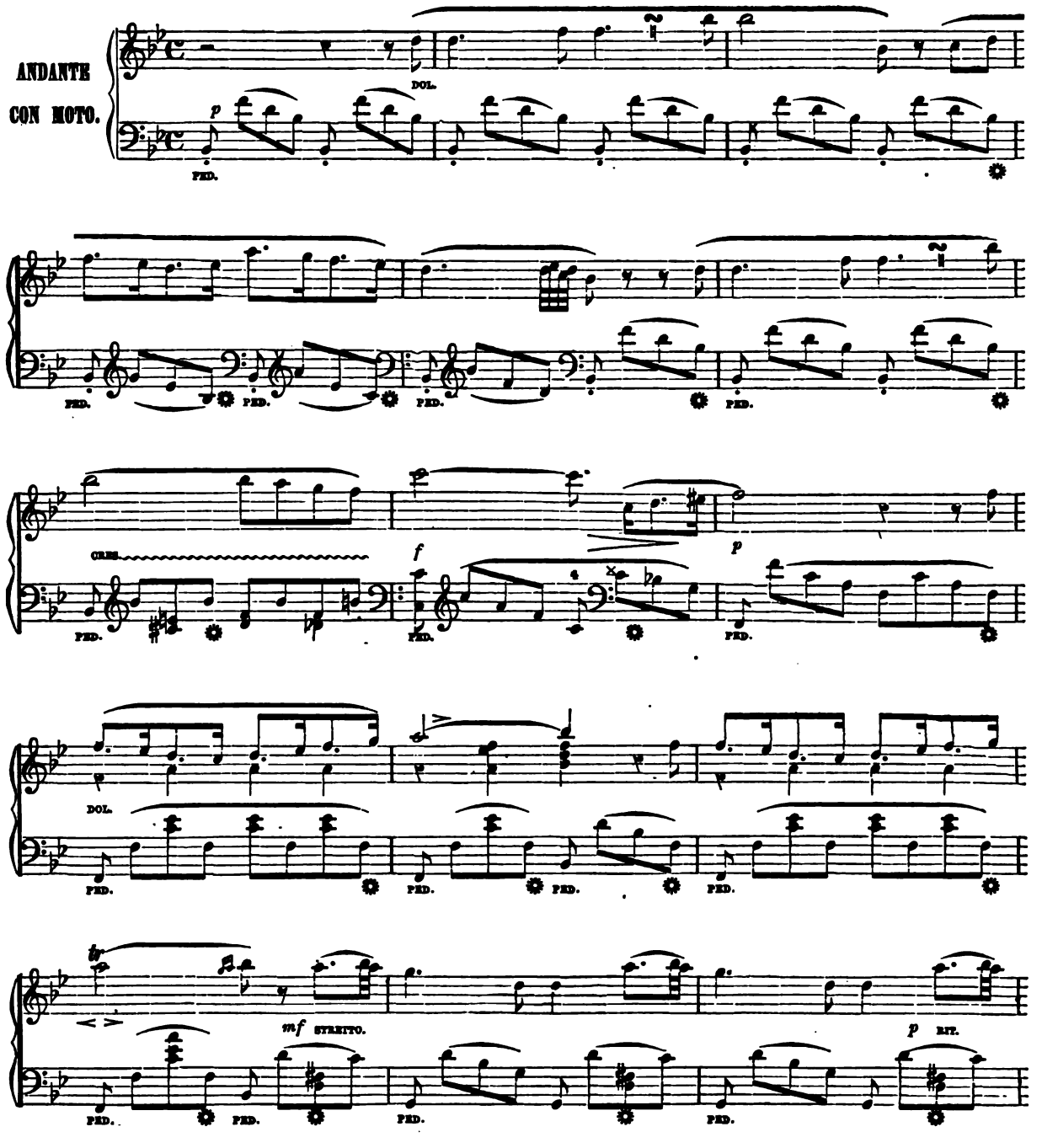

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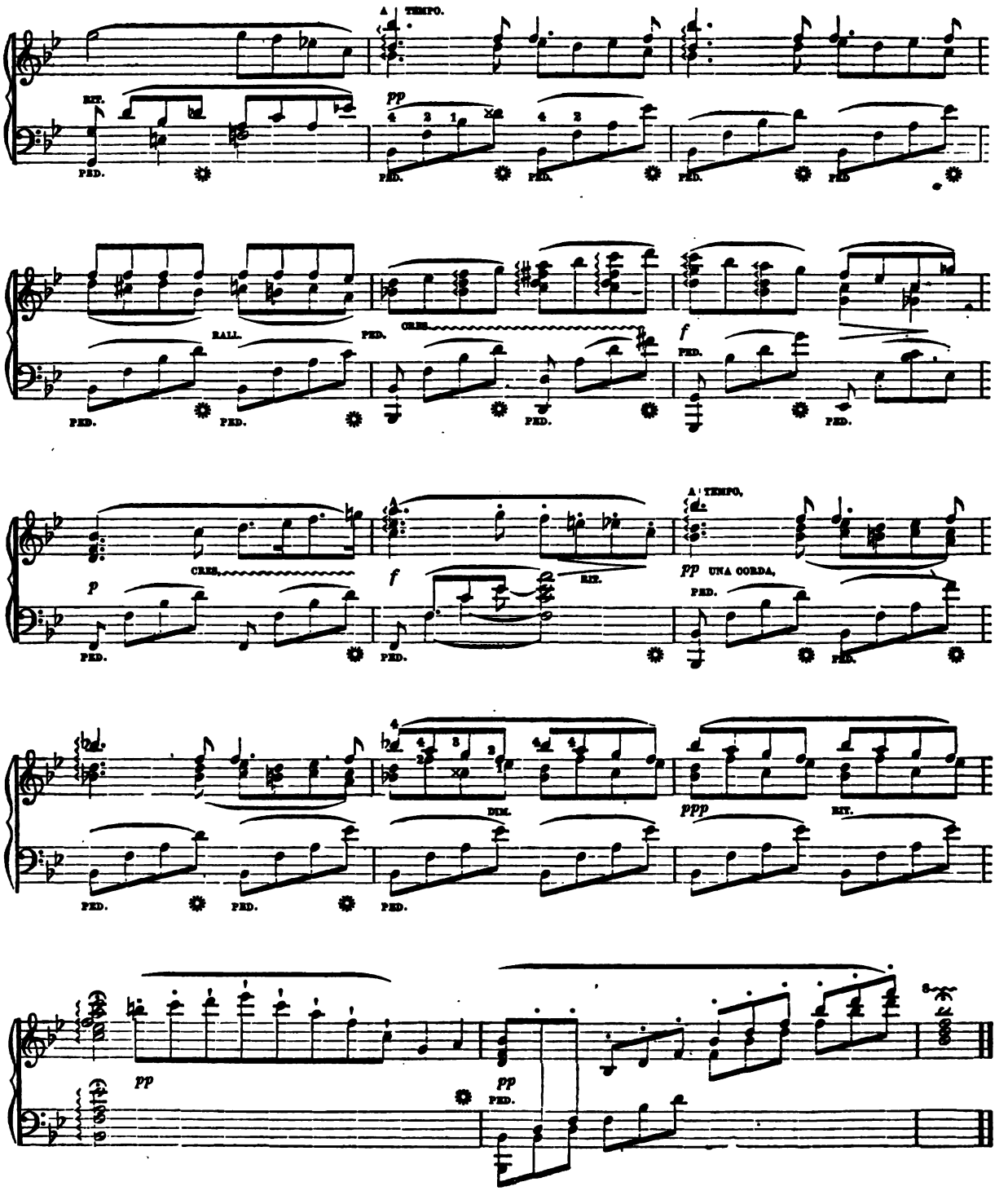

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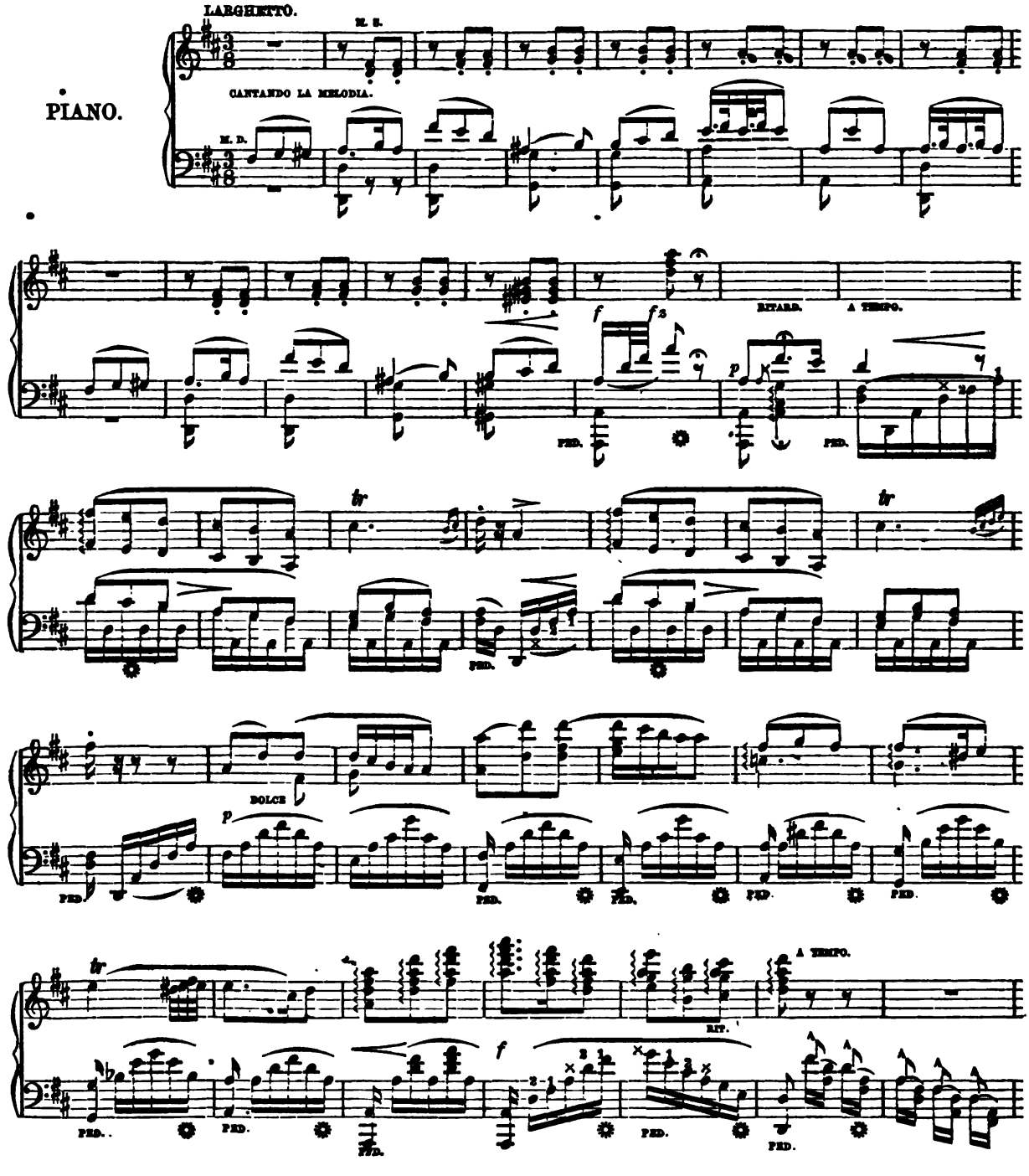

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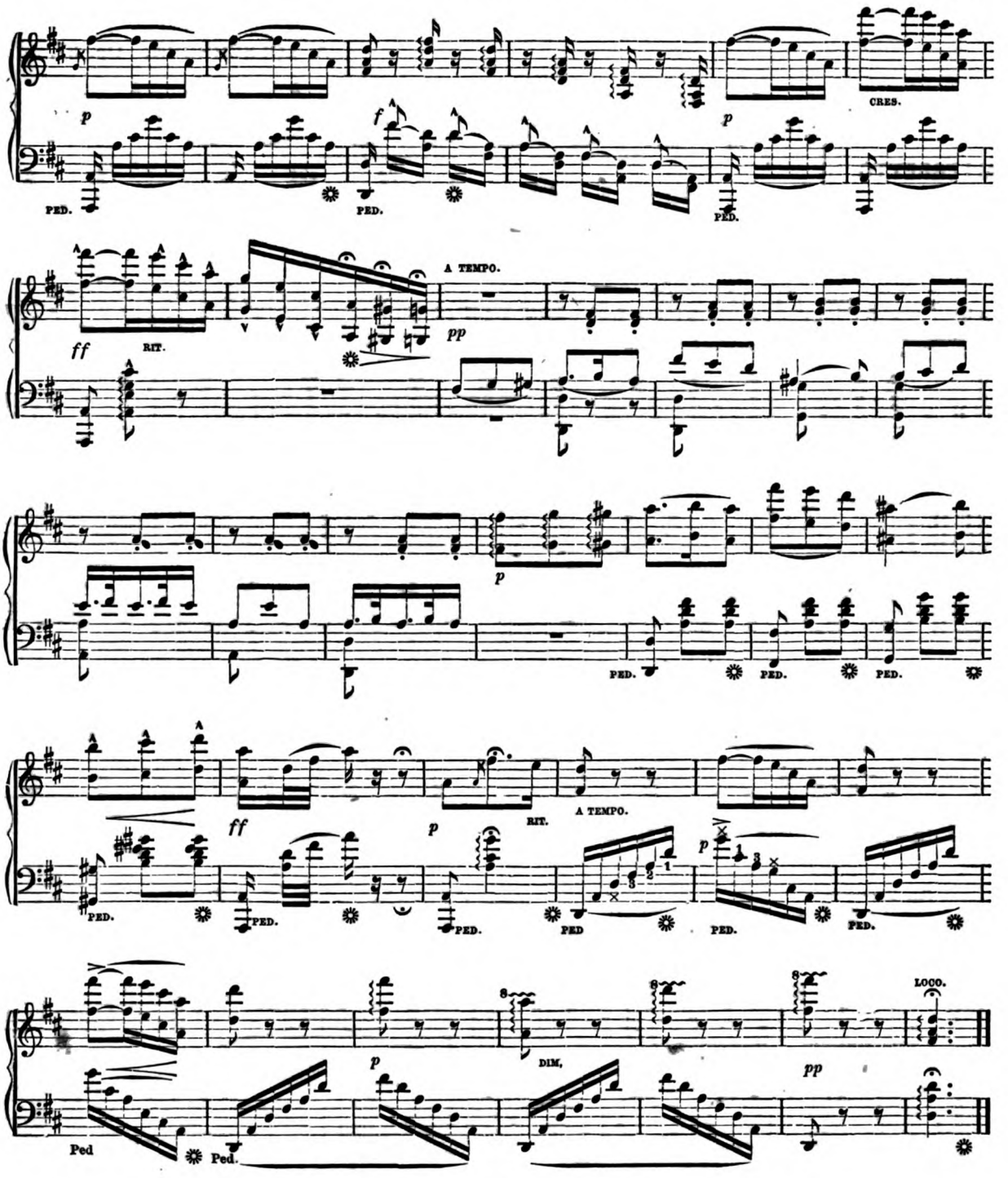

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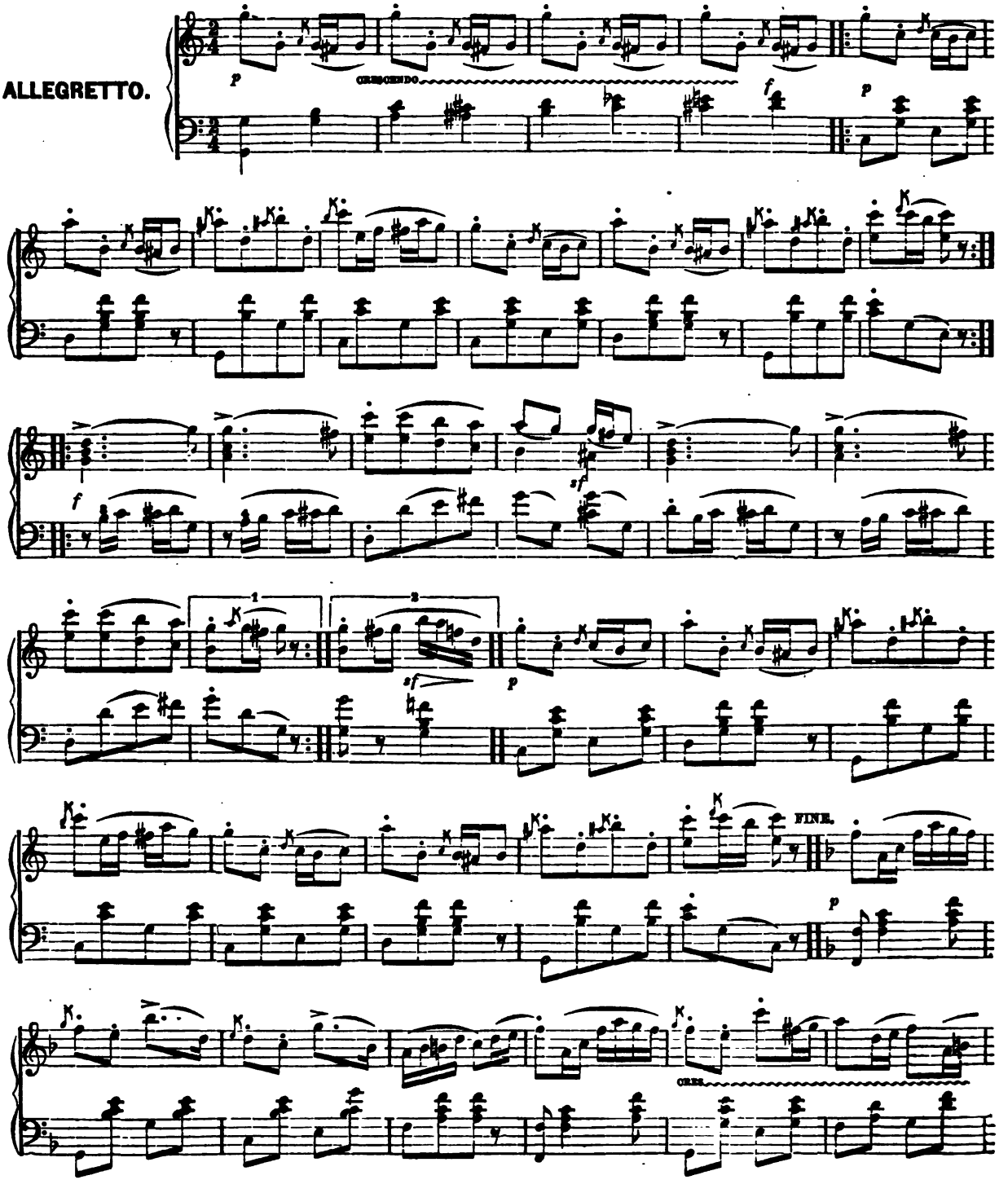

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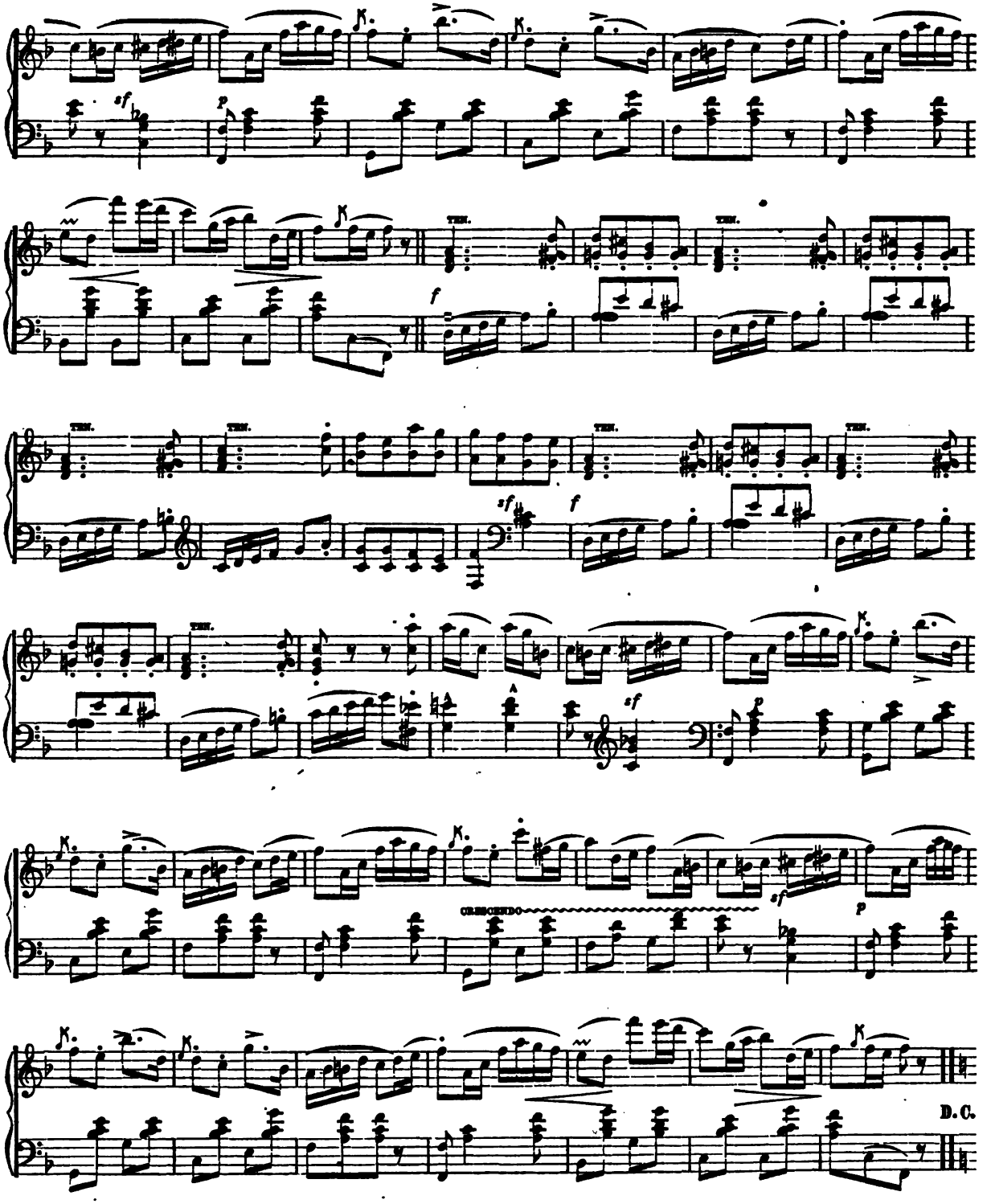

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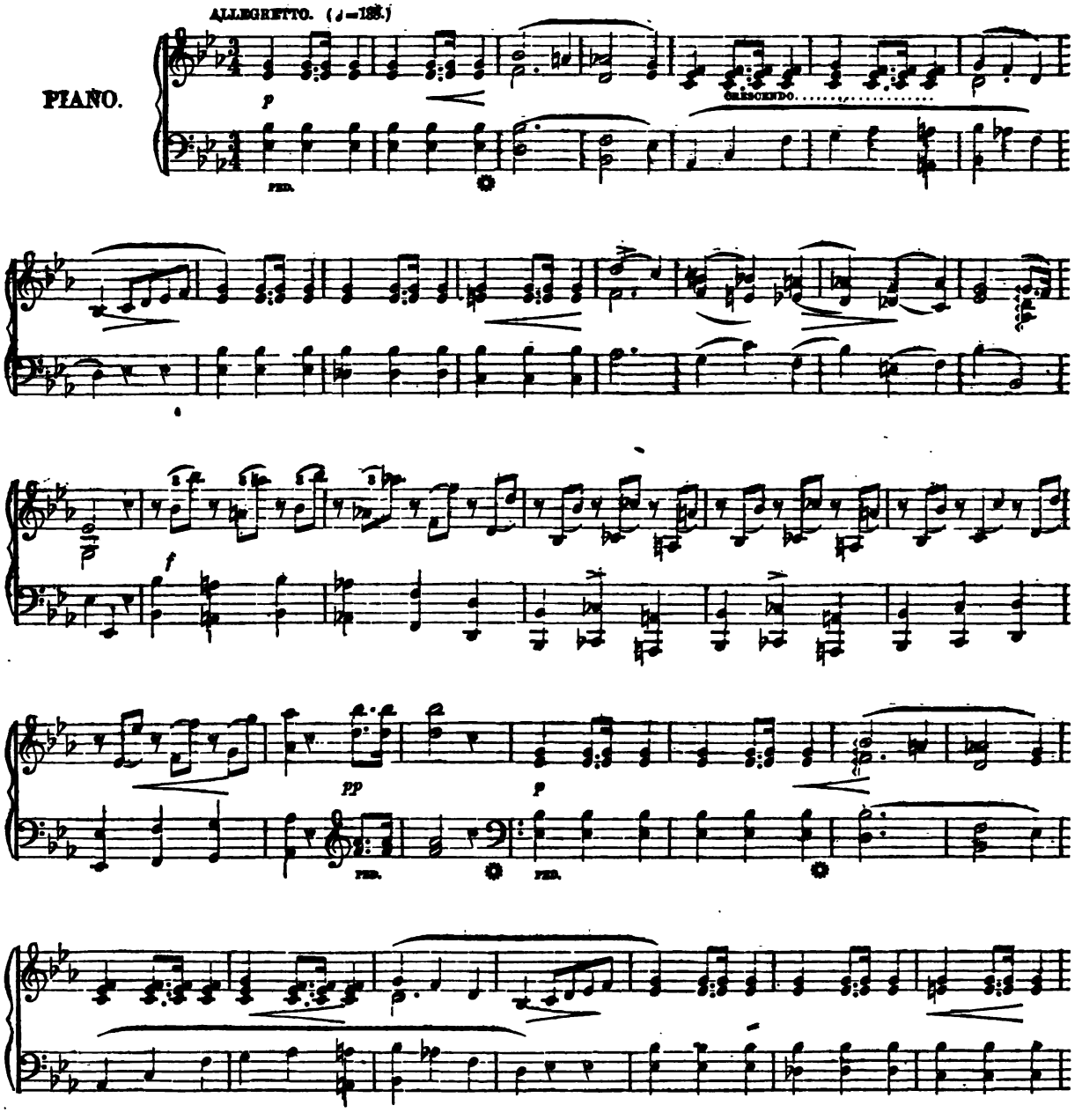

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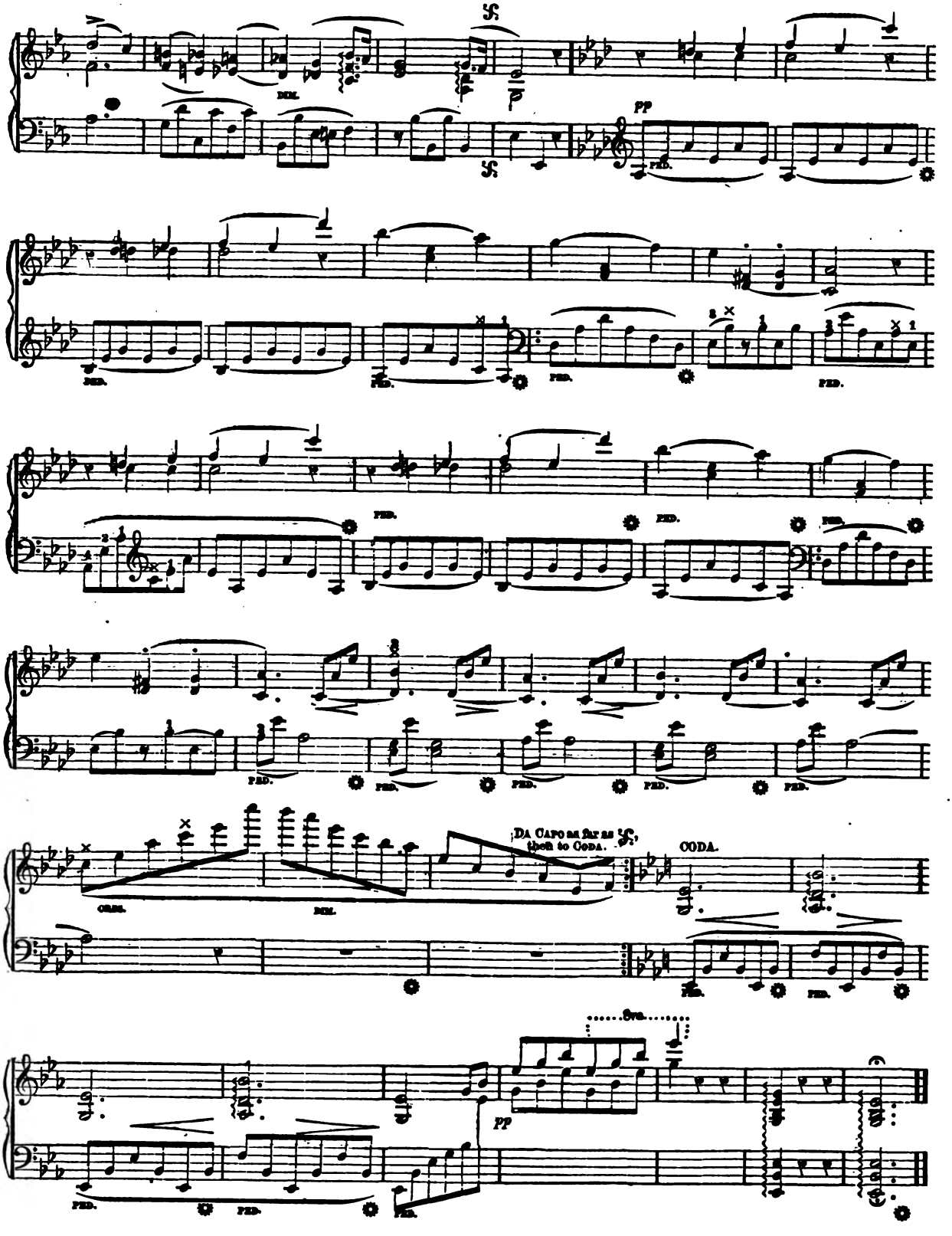

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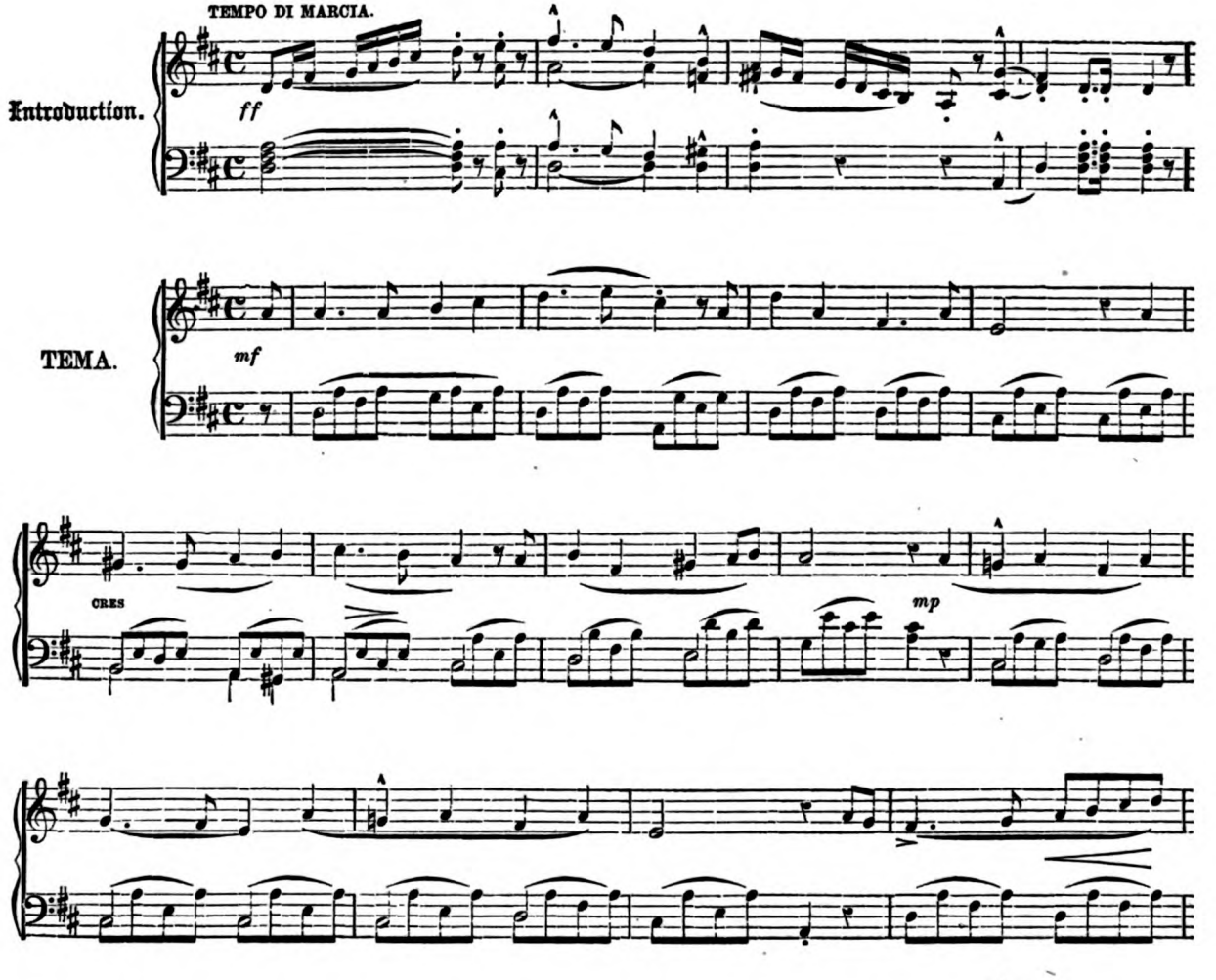

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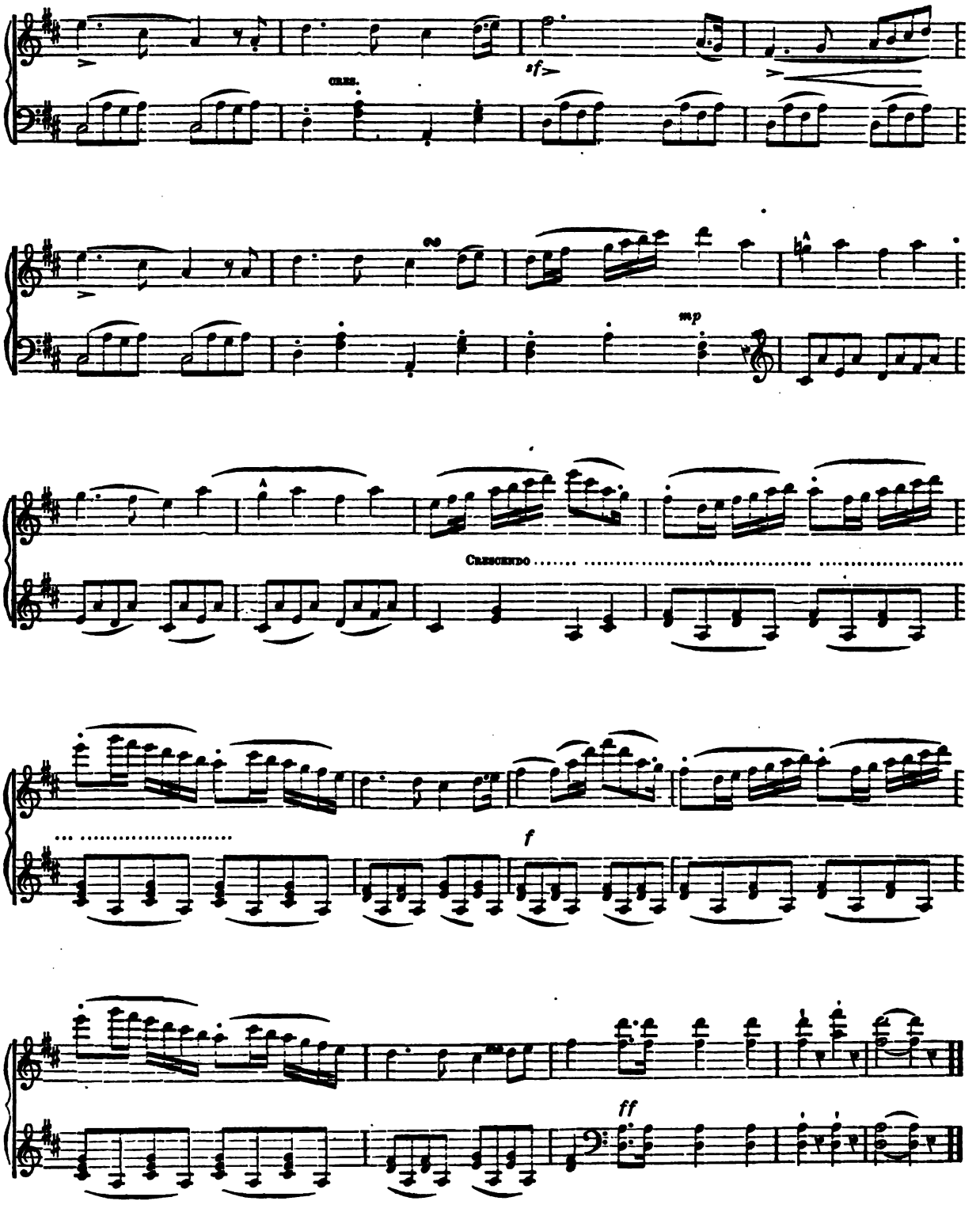

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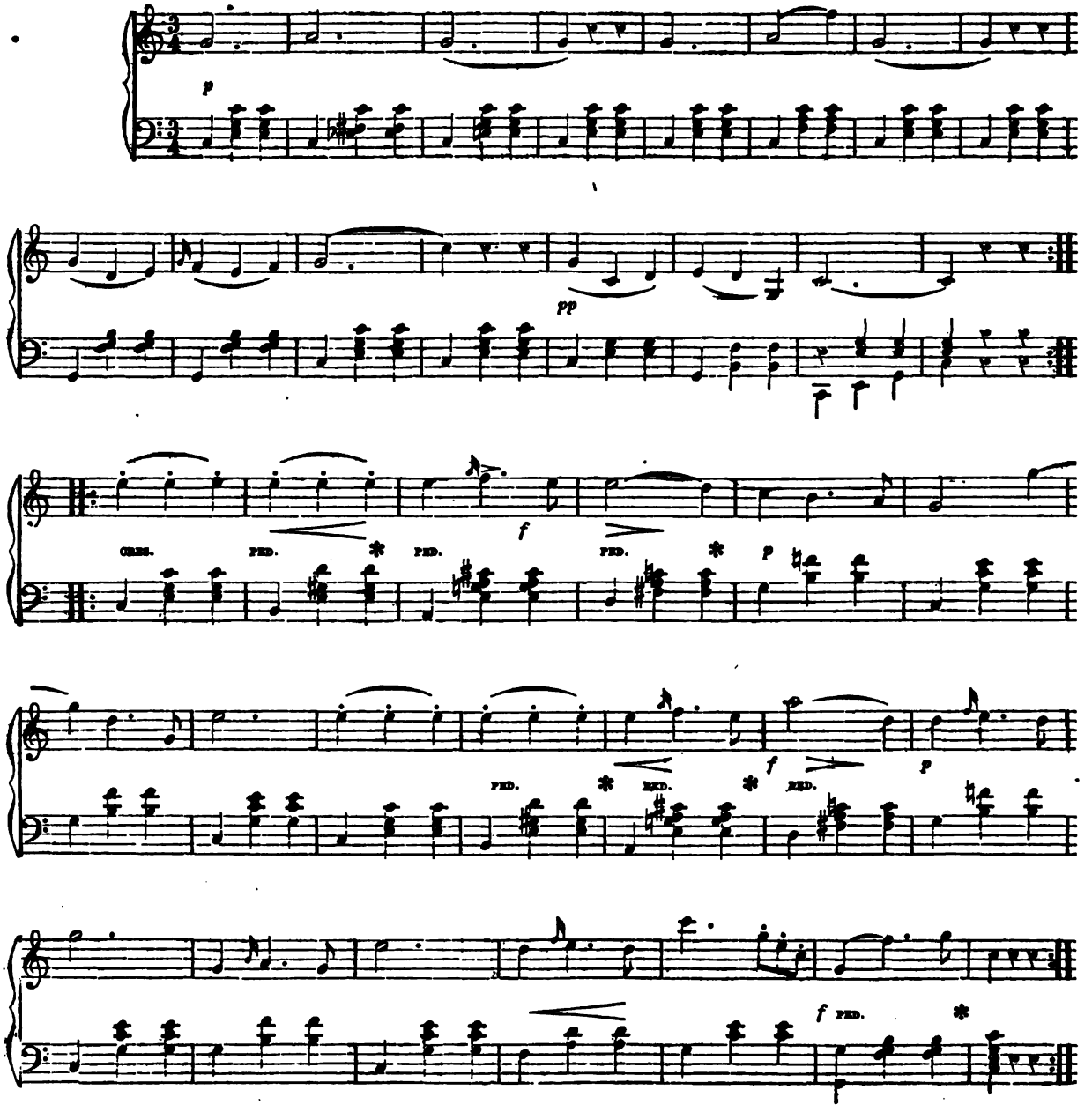

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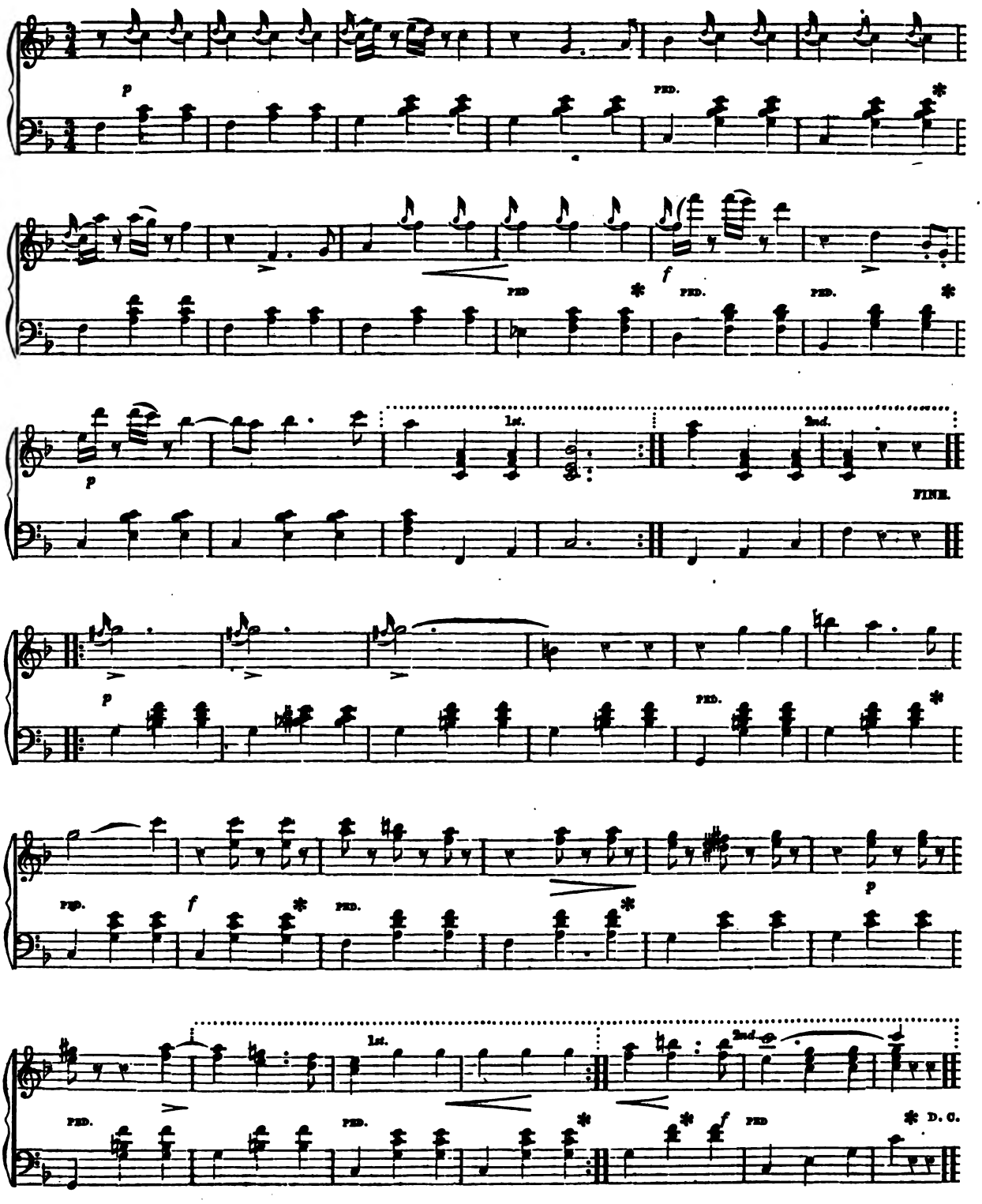

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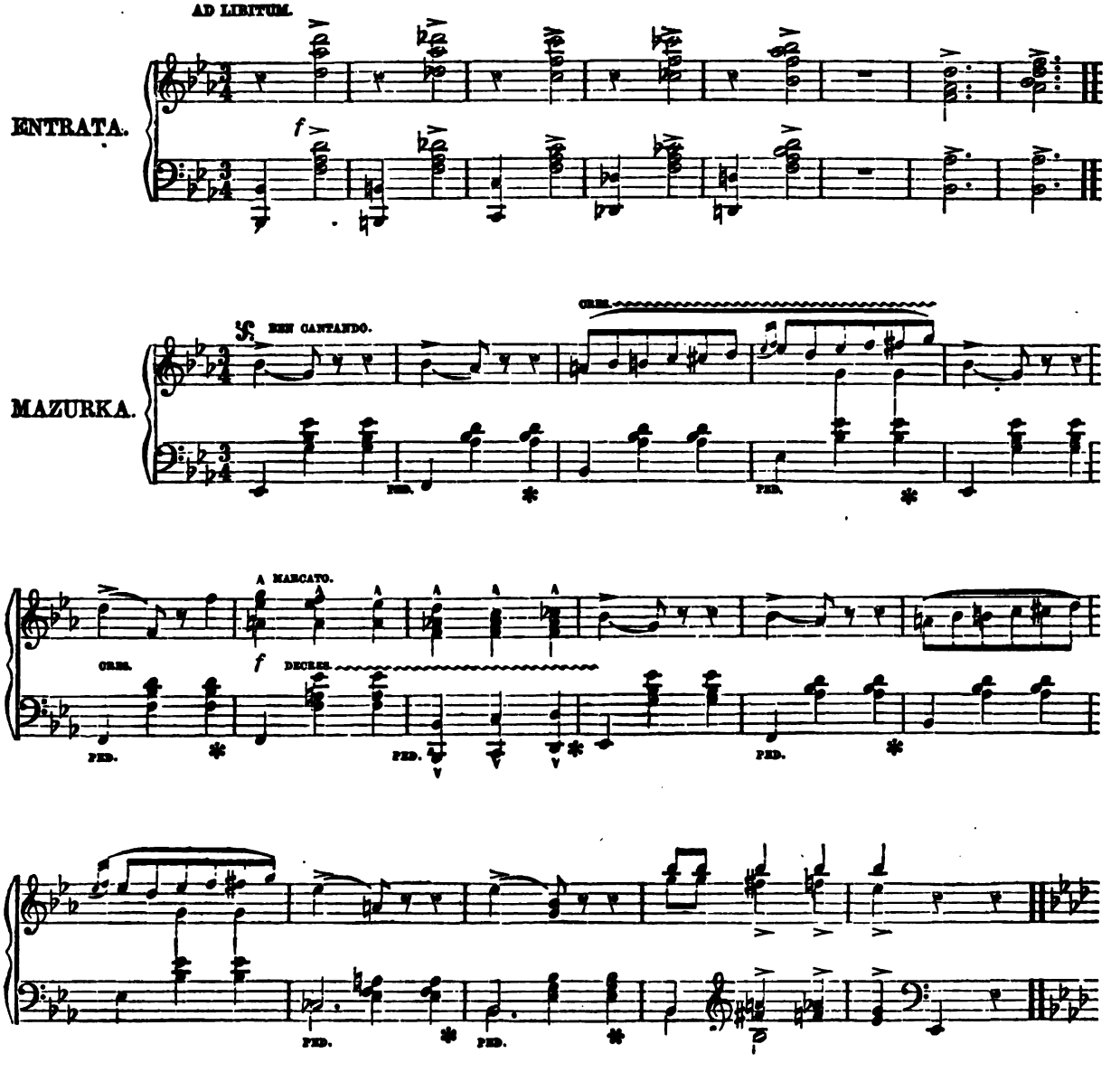
POLKA MAZURKA.

ED. VIÉNOT.



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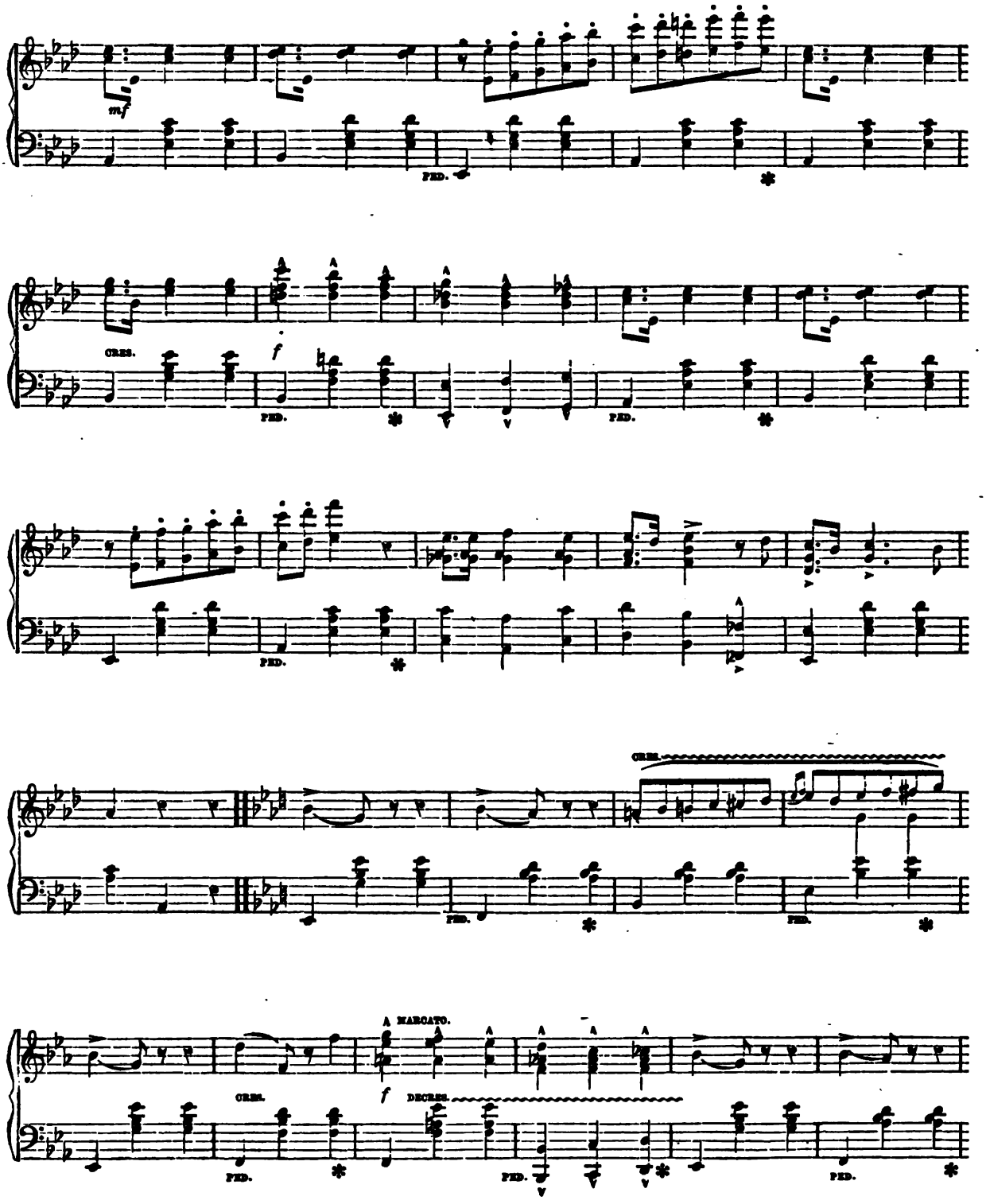

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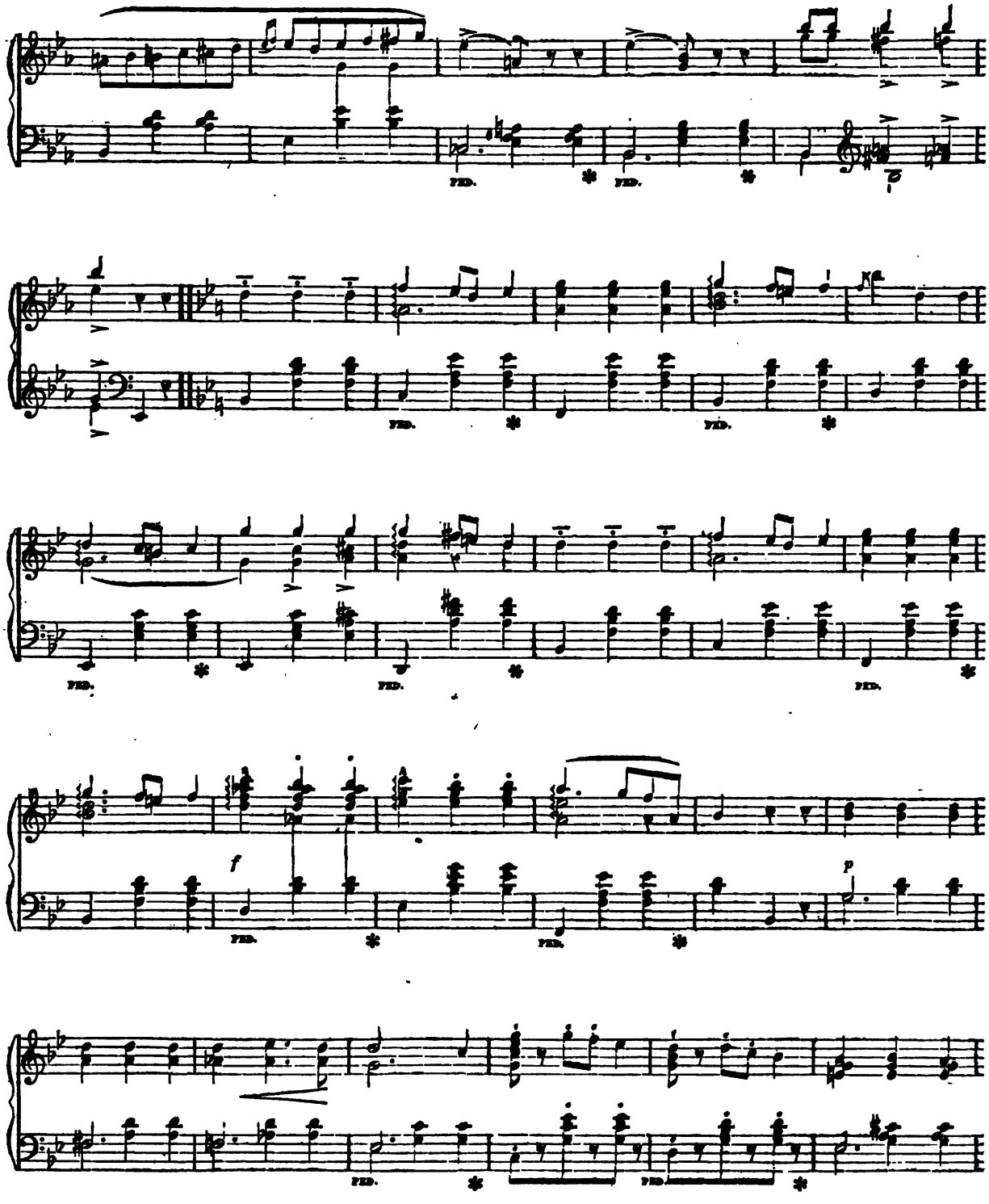

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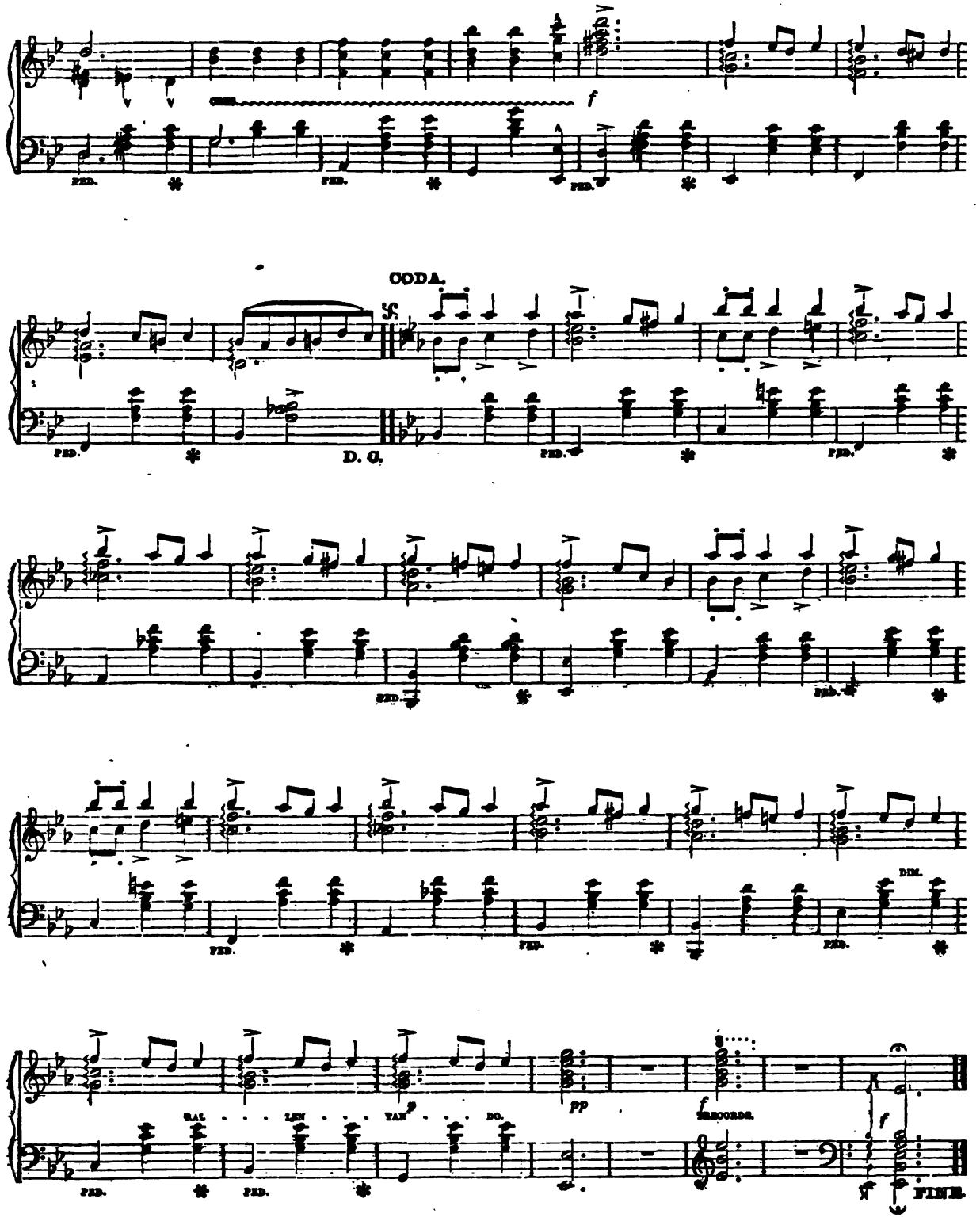

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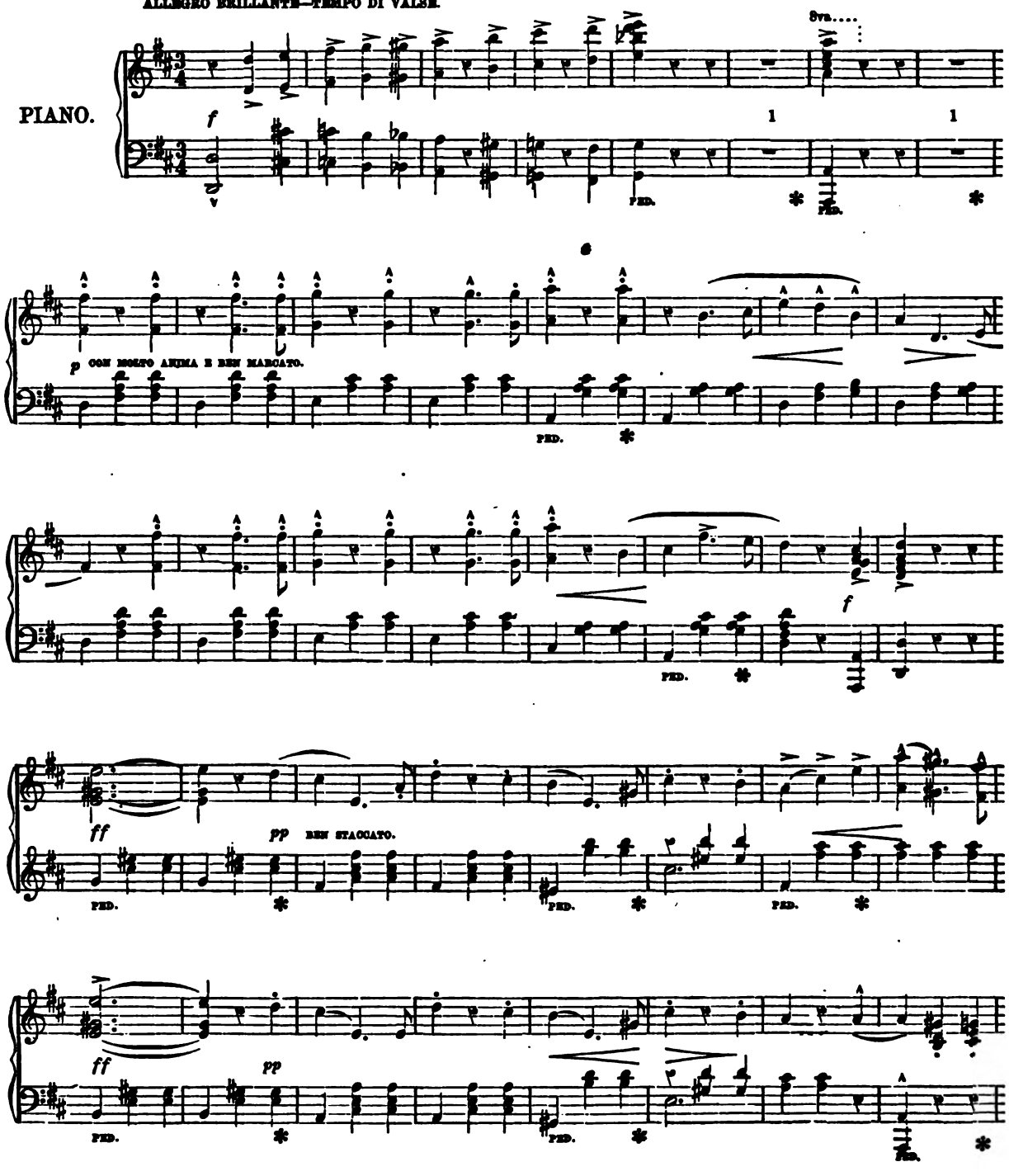

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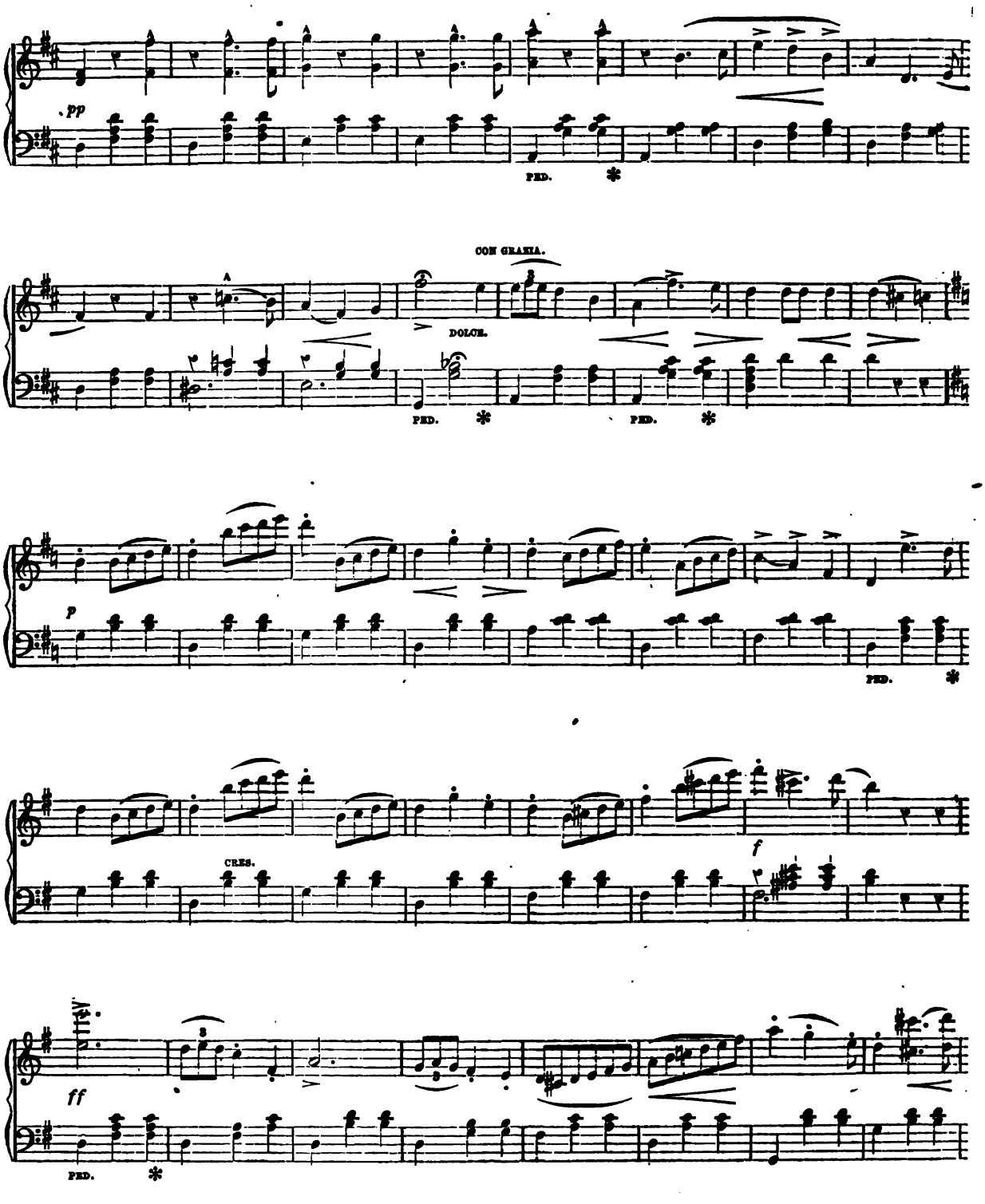

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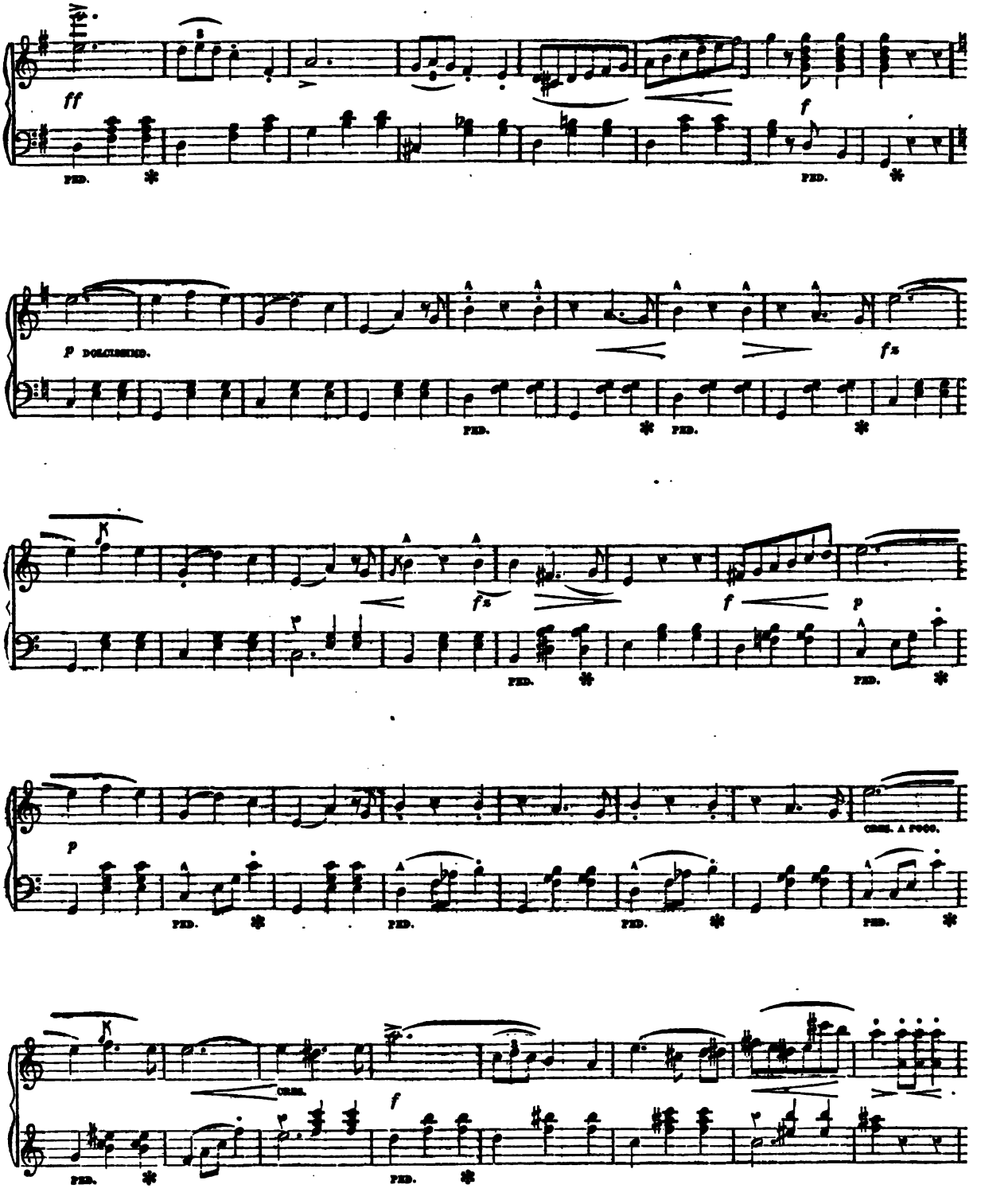

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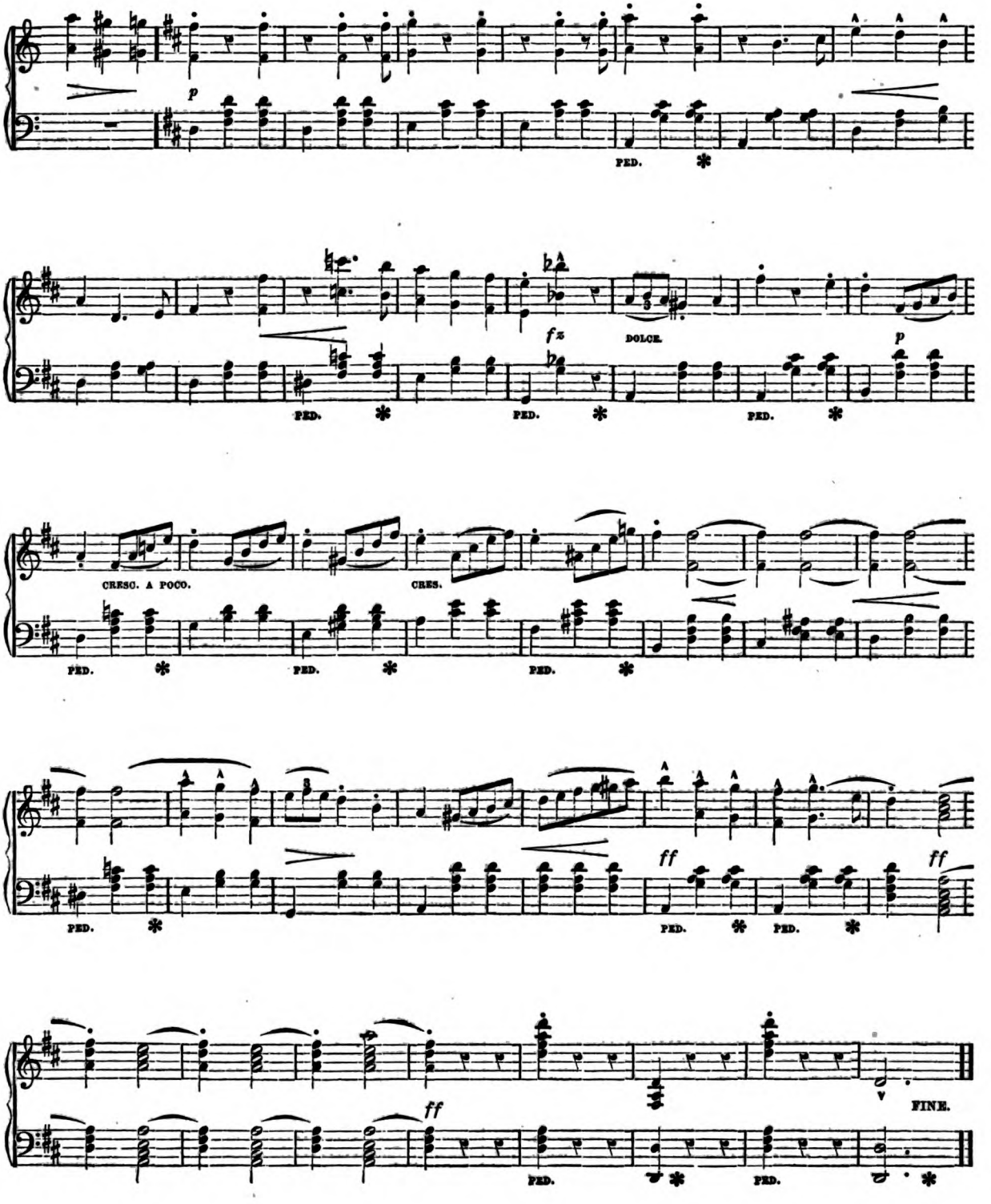

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